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IRISH 1798 COLLECTION

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MEMOIRS

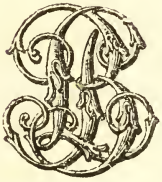
OF

LORD EDWARD

FITZGERALD,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.



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1835.

TO

MRS. BEAUCLERK,

THIS MEMOIR

OF

Her Illustrious Relative,

IS,

WITH THE HOPE THAT IT MAY NOT ALTOGETHER
DISAPPOINT HER ENTHUSIASTIC FEELING
FOR HIS MEMORY,

INSCRIBED

BY HER OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THOMAS MOORE.

PREFACE.

In order to guard against the suspicion of having been influenced in my choice of the subject of this work by any view to its apt accordance with the political feeling of the day, I think it right to state that the design of writing a Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been taken up by me some months before any of those events occurred which have again given to the whole face of Europe so revolutionary an aspect. I question, indeed, whether this fear, lest the public should mistake my object, and consider as meant for the occasion what is intended as historical, would not have prevented me, were I now to chuse, from undertaking such a work at such a juncture :—but, *having* undertaken and written it, I see no sufficient reason why I should shrink from publishing it.

With respect to Ireland, her situation at present is, in most respects, essentially different from that in which the crisis commemorated in these pages found her. Of the two great measures, Emancipation and Reform, the refusal of which was the sole cause of the conspiracy here recorded, one has already been granted, and with that free grace which adds lustre even to justice, while the other is now in triumphant progress towards the same noble and conciliatory result. That in the condition of Ireland there still remain grievances to be redressed and anomalies to be got rid of, is too manifest to be questioned. But, instead of having to contend, as in former times, with rulers pledged against her interest by a system traditionally hostile to all liberal principles, my country now sees in the seats of authority men whose whole lives and opinions are a sufficient security that, under their influence, better counsels will prevail; and though the traces still left among us of our "blind time of servitude [1]" are unfortunately too many and too deep to be all at once obliterated, the honest *intention* will not be wanting, on the part of our present rulers, and a generous confidence in them will go far towards giving the *power*.

[1] "Fuit enim illud quoddam *cæcum tempus servitutis*."—Cicero.

That I have regarded the task of writing this Memoir as one purely historical will appear,—too strongly, I apprehend, for the tastes of some persons,—in the free and abstract spirit with which I have here entered into the consideration of certain rights and principles which, however sacred and true in themselves, are in general advanced with more reserve, when either applied, or capable of being applied, to any actually existing order of things. For the fears, however, that can be awakened by the assertion, however bold, of any great and incontrovertible political principle, I am not inclined, I own, to feel much respect or pity;—well knowing that under such fears a consciousness of injustice, either done or meditated, is always sure to be found lurking. Recollecting, too, from the history of both countries, for the last sixty years, how invariably and with what instructive juxta-position of cause and effect, every alarm of England for the integrity of her own power has been followed by some long-denied boon to Ireland, I shall willingly bear whatever odium may redound temporarily upon myself, should any warning or alarm which this volume may convey, have even the remotest share in inducing the people of this country to consult, while there is yet time, their own peace and safety by applying prompt and healing remedies to the remaining grievances of Ireland.

In the portion of this work which relates to Lord Edward's private life, it may be thought, perhaps, that my selections from his correspondence might have been more sparing. But, besides that there is, in the simplicity and warm-heartedness of these letters, a charm which cannot but be attractive to most readers,—every word they contain answering so well to that description in Beaumont and Fletcher,

> There is no art in 'em,
> They lie disorder'd in the paper just
> As hearty nature speaks 'em,—

the striking contrast which their tone of feeling presents to the troubled course on which he afterwards entered, appeared to me a source of interest too touching and singular to be, from any critical fastidiousness, relinquished.

THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THERE is, perhaps, no name, in the ranks of the Irish peerage, that has been so frequently and prominently connected with the political destinies of Ireland as that of the illustrious race to which the subject of the following Memoir belonged, nor would it be too much to say that, in the annals of the Geraldines alone,—in the immediate consequences of the first landing of Maurice Fitzgerald in 1170,—the fierce struggles, through so many centuries, of the Desmonds and Kildares, by turns instruments and rebels to the cause of English ascendancy,—and, lastly, in the awful events connected with the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798,—a complete history of the fatal policy of England towards Ireland, through a lapse of more than six centuries, may be found epitomized and illustrated.

With the fate, indeed, of one of his gallant ancestors in the reign of Henry VIII, the story of Lord Edward himself affords but too many strong points of resemblance. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the son of the ninth Earl of Kildare, a youth described as being of the most amiable disposition and manners, but inheriting all his father's hatred to English domination, broke out, at length, into open rebellion, and after scattering, for some time, dismay among the loyal inhabitants of the Pale, was defeated, made prisoner, and, on the 2d of Februay, 1535, beheaded at Tyburn [1];—

[1] His five uncles, too, shared his fate. "Three of these gentlemen," says Holinshed, "were known to have crossed their nephew Thomas, to their power, in his rebellion, and therefore were not occasioned to misdoubt any danger. But such as in those days were enemies to their House incensed the King sore against it, persuading him that he should never conquer Ireland so long as any Geraldines breathed in the country."

thus, for the second time [1], but unfortunately not the last, bringing attainder on the princely blood of the Fitzgeralds, by a rash, no doubt, and miscalculating, but still noble thirst after national independence.

When Ireland, after the long sleep of exhaustion and degradation to which a code of tyranny unexampled in history had doomed her, was again beginning to exhibit some stirrings of national spirit, again was the noble name of Fitzgerald found foremost among her defenders; and the Memorial addressed by the first Duke of Leinster to George II, denouncing the political Primate, Stone, as a "greedy churchman, investing himself with temporal power, and affecting to be a second Wolsey in the state," marks another of those chapters of Irish history in which all the characteristic features of her misgovernment are brought together in their most compendious shape. This honest Remonstrance concludes with the following words :—"Your Majesty's interest in the hearts of your loyal subjects is likely to be affected by these arbitrary measures; as few care to represent their country in Parliament, where a junta of two or three men disconcert every measure taken for the good of the subject, or the cause of common liberty. Your Memorialist has nothing to ask of your Majesty, neither place, civil or military, neither employment or preferment for himself or his friends; and begs leave to add that nothing but his duty to your Majesty, and his natural hatred to such detestable monopoly, could have induced your Memorialist to this presumption."

Of this public-spirited nobleman, who, in the year 1747, married Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, the subject of these pages, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was the fifth son, being born on the 15th of October, 1763. In the year 1773, the Duke of Leinster died, and not long after, Lord Edward's mother became the wife of William Ogilvie, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family in Scotland, being the representative of the first holder, of that name, of the baronies of Milltoun and Achoynanie.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. Ogilvie and the Duchess of Leinster removed, with the greater part of her Grace's family, to France; and the Duke of Richmond having lent them his house at Aubigny, they resided for some time at that ancient seat. The care of the little Edward's education, which had, before their departure from Ireland, been intrusted chiefly to a private tutor of the name of Lynch, was now taken by Mr. Ogilvie into his own hands; and, as the youth was, from the first, intended for the military profession,

[1] The first Irish parliamentary attainder to be found in the Statute Book is that of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, in the reign of Henry VII. "for treason, in company with *one O'Connor,* besieging the Castle of Dublin."

to the studies connected with that pursuit his preceptor principally directed his attention. Luckily, the tastes of the young learner coincided with the destiny marked out for him; and, in all that related to the science of Military Construction,—the laying out of camps, fortification, etc.—he was early a student and proficient.

The following extract from a letter addressed by him to his mother during her absence at Paris, will show what pleasure he took, at that boyish age, in preparing himself for the profession he was destined to :—

"I have been very busy : I am now erecting a beautiful fortification in the Orangery, and am quite delighted with it. I wish you could see it; for I know you would think it very pretty. When it is finished, I intend to put the cannons of both our ships upon it, and to fire away. What is the pleasantest of all, I laid it out all myself.

"I also took a very pretty survey of the fields round the Garonne, and have (*though I coloured it*) made a very pretty plan; and Mr. Ogilvie did not touch it hardly at all. I just coloured the borders of the fields, and left the inside white, which makes a very good effect. I did all the trees in Indian ink. I have now tired you pretty well by my boastings; but you know I have always rather a good opinion of whatever I do."

The future politician breaks out in this letter as well as the soldier. "I was delighted," he adds, "to see by the last Courier that Lord North had been so attacked in the House of Commons, and that the Opposition carried off every thing. I think he cannot hold out much longer."

In the year 1779, the whole family left Aubigny for England, where, soon after, the young Edward made his first experiment of a military life in the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, was Colonel. It was not long before he became a special favourite of the Duke; and the knowledge he had acquired abroad in the art of castrametation had now, young as he was, an opportunity of displaying itself. An encampment being about to be formed for the regiment, and those intrusted with the task of pitching the tents having proved themselves wholly ignorant of the matter, Lord Edward, with the permission of his uncle, undertook to be their instructor, and performed his part in this extemporaneous architecture with so much adroitness as to excite general surprise. The following is his own account of the circumstance, in a letter to the Duchess, dated from Berner Camp :—"I have taken the first opportunity of giving you an account of your sweet dear boy; and that my letter may go down the better I write it without lines.—It began pretty straight and even, but I am afraid you will soon have a zigzag line. I am, however, sure you will not perceive it, your eye

will have got so accustomed to the zigzag walks of Stoke [1]. Our camp is very pleasant, though the ground is rough and bad; but when we have dressed it a little, it will be very beautiful. The Duke of Richmond has been very busy, and has staid out all day with us ever since we came to camp.—He altered the ground, which was quite wrongly marked out, and saw himself that it was right.—Before he let the men pitch, he left the pitching of his own company to me, and I was not one inch wrong. I like what I have seen as yet of my profession very much."

Pleased, however, as he was with this preliminary step to soldiership, it was not likely long to satisfy the ambition of a youth who, as appears from all his letters, was burning with impatience to be employed on some of those fields of active service which the hostile relations of England had now opened in almost every quarter of the world. A lieutenancy was accordingly procured for him in the 96th regiment of foot; and in the autumn of 1780 he joined his regiment in Ireland, uncertain, as yet, and, of course, anxious as to its ultimate destination. From Youghall he thus writes to his mother, who was then residing in Kildare-street, Dublin :—"We arrived here on Saturday, after a very wet march from five in the morning till four in the afternoon. I should have written to you then had I been able; but I had so much to do the minute I had got dry things, in looking out for lodgings, in seeing the men settled, and getting my baggage, that I may say I have not been off foot till this moment. I am not, however, the least tired, though I marched every step of the way, and almost every day's journey after Carlow was twenty miles over rugged mountains. This is a very pleasant quarter.

"I am lodged with Captain Giles, and like him better every day. I hope I shall be in the transport with him. We have not yet heard any thing about the transport, nor of our destination. There are orders for three more regiments to prepare to go with us, and one of cavalry; which makes me think it cannot be to Gibraltar, and this I am very glad of.

"There is to be a great assembly here to-night, and the misses are all in a great hurry to show themselves off to the officers. I have a great many civilities from the people here,—not from the misses,—but gentlemen of the town, especially from both the Uniacks; and the youngest, whom you saw, offered me his house, and has insisted on providing me with garden-stuff of all sorts from his country-house when we are to sail."

In a letter to Mr. Ogilvie, a few days later (November 9), he

[1] The seat of Lord George Lennox, where the Duchess was then staying.

says :—"I received your kind letter yesterday ; it gave me a great deal of pleasure, and particularly so, when I found that your sentiments so perfectly agreed with mine. But indeed whatever mine are, as well as any thing I have ever acquired, are mostly owing to your affection for me, both in forming my principles and helping my understanding; for which the only return I can make is my love for you; and that I am sure you are perfectly convinced of. I shall certainly follow your advice, and stick as close as possible to Captain Giles, for I find him grow more friendly, if possible, to me every day, as well as more anxious to improve me as an officer."

This letter to Mr. Ogilvie thus concludes : "I wish we may sail soon, though we hear nothing of it yet. If you do, pray write me word. I have my dearest mother's picture now before me : how obliged to you I am for it you cannot conceive. How happy should I be to see her! yet how happy shall I be when we sail!"

From the following extracts of a letter written in the same month, it will be perceived with what zeal he already entered into the true spirit of his profession, and, though so anxious for promotion, yet preferred availing himself of the first opportunity of seeing active service to any advancement that might, even for a short time, withhold from him that advantage :—

* * * * * *

"I went from thence to Lord Shannon's, where I met Lady Inchiquin, in the same old *marron*-coloured gown I saw her in when we left Ireland; only, indeed, I must say (to give the devil his due) that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her; she is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humoured;—in short, if I had had time, I should have fallen desperately in love with her; as it is, I am a little touched. Lady Inchiquin and she both go to Dublin to-morrow. I don't know what sort of an account Lady Inchiquin will give of me, but I am sure Miss Sandford will give a very good one.

"We have heard nothing of our destination as yet; but I believe we are to go with the Royals, who are in their transports ready to sail for Cork. I wish we were gone. I hope when Lord Carlisle comes over, Mr. Ogilvie and you won't forget to remind my brother about a company. I hear Lord Buckinghamshire's is quite deserted [1]. I suppose there is no chance of his being able to give me a company, though I think my brother ought to have got any thing almost from him. However, I do not wish to have one before we sail, as then I

[1] The late rejection of the Declaration of Irish Rights moved by Mr. Grattan had rendered Lord Buckinghamshire's administration very unpopular.

should effect an exchange with some captain in America with greater ease; for if a company were to hinder my going out, I should much rather take my chance there. I dare say Lord Strathaven, by being aide-de-camp, will get a majority sooner than I shall, though I may deserve it better; and as my brother had the naming of one of the aides-de-camp, and named Bury, I think if that is properly used, it may be of some help towards my proposition. If I had been to remain in Ireland, the situation of aide-de-camp would have been a very good thing for me towards promotion, but not towards learning my business and being a good officer, which you know is my great ambition."

The struggle which, in a preceding letter, he so naturally expresses between his regrets at leaving those he loved, and his impatience for departure, is thus further dwelt upon:

"Youghall, December 2d, 1780.

"DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,

"I cannot express how much your letter affected me. The only thing that could put me in spirits was a report that the transports were come into Cove. How odd are these feelings, and how strange must such sentiments appear to you, dear mother, who are the only person I have mentioned them to! I believe Mr. Ogilvie understands them; he is the only person besides yourself I could mention them to; so pray show this letter to nobody but him. How happy am I to have two people to whom I can thus express every sentiment of my heart!

"Do not think now, dear mother, that I am in low spirits: I am still *le plus gai* and happiest in the regiment. I am very busy, and have a great deal to do with my company, which, as the captain does not mind it much, is not a very good one, and I have taken it into my head that I can make it better. You will think me very conceited, but I depend greatly upon Captain Giles's instructions. I follow him very much, and he has been of the greatest service to me. I think by the time I have served a campaign or two with him, I shall be a pretty good officer. I like my duty every day better and better; and you know that is one great step towards knowing it well.

"Believe me, dearest mother, etc., etc."

In the Army List for 1782, Lord Edward's exchange from his first regiment into the 19th is set down as having taken place September 20th, 1780. But the following extract from a letter to the

Duchess, dated January 22d, 1781, will show that, at the time when it was written, this exchange had not yet been effected :—

* * * * * *

"As to that part where he desires me to ask leave for an exchange into the 19th, as I told Mr. Ogilvie before, it is impossible for me to get such an exchange except with the captain-lieutenants; and even of that now I have no hopes, for most likely the additional company will not go in the regiment. Now, suppose, instead of asking leave to get an exchange into the 19th, I were only to ask to be permitted to go out with that regiment to wherever they are destined, and there to be appointed to serve in some capacity or other; as I own His Majesty's late promise has only given me a still greater desire to serve abroad; and even promotion would be unacceptable if it kept me at home, and deprived me of that pleasure. I do not think it unlikely but that the Foudroyant may convoy us, as we shall have, I believe, the grand fleet till we get out of the Channel. Some people now say that we are going to the East Indies. I wish it may be, if we do we shall come back as rich as nabobs, and I suppose I shall have some commissions for the Black Rock. So believe me "Yours,

"EDWARD FITZGERALD."

In a short time after the above was written, his exchange into the 19th must have been effected, as we find him writing thus to his mother, on the 14th of February, 1781 :—

* * * * * * *

"I have heard nothing more about my company, and must say, that if I do get it, it will not give me pleasure, as leaving the 19th when going abroad, to lead the idle life of a recruiting-officer, does not at all agree with the intentions I had when I took leave of you; and the pleasure of seeing you, dear mother, which you may be sure is the greatest happiness to me in the world, will still not be the same as it would have been after two or three campaigns in America."

It was not till the latter end of March, as appears by a letter dated from on board the London transport, that he set sail for his place of destination. He had been staying, for some days previous to embarking, at Lord Shannon's seat at Castle Martyr, and was, as the letter announces, to sail from thence in the course of three hours, for the purpose of joining the other transports waiting at Cork.

At the beginning of June, Lord Edward's regiment, and the two others that sailed with it from Cork, landed at Charlestown. Their

arrival at this crisis was an event most seasonable for the relief of the English forces acting in that quarter, who were, by the late turn of the campaign, placed in a situation of great difficulty. The corps under Lord Rawdon's command at Charlestown having been found hardly sufficient for the defence of that capital, he was unable, with any degree of safety, to detach from his already inadequate force such aid as, in more than one point, the perilous state of the province required. Post after post had fallen into the hands of the Americans, and the important fort called "Ninety-Six," which had been for some time invested by General Greene, was now also on the point of being lost for want of those succours which the straitened means of Lord Rawdon prevented him from affording.

In this juncture the three regiments from Ireland arrived, and gave an entirely new aspect to the face of affairs. Though destined originally to join Lord Cornwallis, they were, with a prompt sense of the exigencies of the moment, placed, by the officer who had the command of them, at the disposal of Lord Rawdon, and thus enabled his Lordship, not only to relieve the garrison of Ninety-Six, but also to follow up this impression with a degree of energy and confidence, of which even his enterprising gallantry would have been without such aid incapable. It was, indeed, supposed that the American general was not a little influenced in his movements by the intelligence which he had received, that the newly arrived troops were "particularly full of ardour for an opportunity of signalizing themselves."

That Lord Edward was among these impatient candidates for distinction can little be doubted; and it was but a short time after their joining he had the good fortune to achieve a service which was not only brilliant but useful, and brought him both honour and reward. The 19th regiment, being posted in the neighbourhood of a place called Monk's Corner, found itself menaced, one morning at daybreak, with an attack from Colonel Lee, one of the ablest and most enterprising of the American partisans. This officer having made some demonstrations, at the head of his cavalry, in front of the 19th, the colonel of that regiment (ignorant, as it appears, of the nature of American warfare), ordered a retreat;—a movement wholly unnecessary, and rendered still more discreditable by the unmilitary manner in which it was effected: all the baggage, sick, medicines, and paymaster's chests being left in the rear of the column of march, where they were liable to be captured by any half-dozen stragglers. Fortunately, Lord Edward was upon the rear-guard, covering the retreat of the regiment, and, by the firm and determined countenance of his little party, and their animated

fire, kept the American corps in check till he was able to break up a small wooden bridge over a creek which separated him from his pursuers, and which could not be crossed by the enemy without making a long detour. Having secured safety so far, Lord Edward reported the state of affairs to the colonel; and, the disreputable panic being thus put an end to, the regiment resumed its original position.

Major Doyle, now General Sir John Doyle,—an officer whom but to name is to call up in the minds of all who have the happiness of knowing him whatever is most estimable and amiable, both in the soldier and the man,—was, at this time, at the head of Lord Rawdon's staff; and to him, acting as adjutant-general, the official report of the whole affair was made. Without delay he submitted it to his noble chief, who was so pleased with this readiness of resource, in so young an officer, that he desired Major Doyle to write instantly to Lord Edward in his name, and offer him the situation of aide-de-camp on his staff.

This appointment was, in every respect, fortunate for the young soldier, as, besides bringing him into near relations with a nobleman so amiable, it placed him where he was enabled to gratify his military tastes by seeing war carried on upon a larger and more scientific scale, and, it may be added, under one of the very best masters. He accordingly repaired to head-quarters, and from thence accompanied Lord Rawdon in his rapid and successful movement for the relief of Ninety-Six.

It was in the course of this expedition that Lord Edward exhibited,—or rather was detected in,—a trait of personal courage, of that purely adventurous kind which is seldom found but in romance, and of which the following particulars have been related to me by the distinguished person then acting as adjutant-general.

"Among the varied duties which devolved upon me, as chief of the staff, a most material one was obtaining intelligence. This was effected partly by the employment of intelligent spies in various directions, and partly by frequent *reconnoissances;* which last were not devoid of danger, from the superior knowledge of the country possessed by the enemy. Upon these occasions I constantly found Lord Edward by my side, with the permission of our noble chief, who wished our young friend to see every thing connected with real service. In fact the danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this brave young creature. In approaching the position of Ninety-Six, the enemy's light troops in advance became more numerous, and rendered more frequent patrols necessary upon our part.

"I was setting out upon a patrol, and sent to apprise Lord

Edward; but he was no where to be found, and I proceeded without him, when, at the end of two miles, upon emerging from the forest, I found him engaged with *two* of the enemy's irregular horse: he had wounded one of his opponents, when his sword broke in the middle, and he must have soon fallen in the unequal contest, had not his enemies fled on perceiving the head of my column. I rated him most soundly, as you may imagine, for the undisciplined act of leaving the camp, at so critical a time, without the general's permission. He was,—or pretended to be,—very penitent, and compounded for my reporting him at the head-quarters provided I would let him accompany me, in the hope of some other enterprise. It was impossible to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenious manner would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself. In the course of the day we took some prisoners, which I made him convey to head-quarters, with a *Bellerophon* message, which he fairly delivered. Lord Moira gravely rebuked him; but I could never find that he lost *much ground* with his chief for his *chivalrous valour*."

After the relief of Ninety-Six, Lord Rawdon, whose health had suffered severely from the climate, found it advisable to return to England, in consequence of which Lord Edward rejoined his regiment.

The calm that succeeded Lord Rawdon's departure from South Carolina, owing to the activity with which he had retrieved the affairs of the royal forces, and thus established an equipoise of strength between the two parties, could be expected, of course, only to last till one of them had become powerful enough to disturb it. Accordingly, in the autumn, General Greene, having received reinforcements from another quarter, proceeded, with his accustomed vigour, to resume offensive operations; and, by his attack upon Colonel Stuart, at Eutaw Springs, gave rise to one of the best fought actions that had occurred during the war. Though the meed of victory, on this occasion, was left doubtful between the claimants, that of honour is allowed to have been fairly the due of both. So close, indeed, and desperate was the encounter, that every officer engaged is said to have had, personally, and hand to hand, an opportunity of distinguishing himself; and Lord Edward, who, we may take for granted, was among the foremost in the strife, received a severe wound in the thigh, which left him insensible on the field.

In this helpless situation he was found by a poor negro, who carried him off on his back to his hut, and there nursed him most tenderly, till he was well enough of his wound to bear removing to Charlestown. This negro was no other than the "faithful Tony,"

whom in gratitude for the honest creature's kindness, he now took into his service, and who continued devotedly attached to his noble master to the end of his career.

It had been intended that Major Doyle, on the departure of Lord Rawdon, should resume the station he had before held on the staff of Lord Cornwallis; but in consequence of this irruption of new forces into the province, he was requested by General Goold, who had succeeded to the chief command, still to continue to him the aid of his local knowledge and experience, so as to avert the mischiefs which a total want of confidence in most of the persons newly appointed to command now threatened. Major Doyle therefore again took upon himself the duties of adjutant-general and public secretary, and proceeded, vested with full powers, to the scene of the late action, for the purpose both of ascertaining the true state of affairs, and of remedying the confusion into which they had been thrown. Here he found Lord Edward slowly recovering from his wound, and the following is the account which he gives of his young friend :—"I am not sure that he was not then acting as aide-de-camp to Stuart, as the 19th, I think, was not there. At all events, he had been foremost in the mêlée, as usual, and received a very severe wound in the thigh. At this same time, Colonel Washington, a distinguished officer of the enemy's cavalry, was severely wounded and made prisoner; and while I was making preparations to send them down comfortably to Charlestown, Lord Edward, forgetting his own wound, offered his services to *take charge* of his gallant enemy. I saw him every day till he recovered, about which time I was sent to England with the public despatches."

To the notices of a part of his lordship's life, hitherto so little known, it would be unjust not to add the few words of comment, as eloquently as they are cordially expressed, with which the gallant writer closes his communication to me on the subject :—

"Of my lamented and ill-fated friend's excellent qualities I should never tire in speaking. I never knew so loveable a person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his valour almost chivalrous, and, above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits, which bore him up against all fatigue; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits —it was a valour *sui generis*.

"Had fortune happily placed him in a situation, however difficult, where he could *legitimately* have brought those varied qua-

lities into play, I am confident he would have proved a proud ornament to his country."

It may not perhaps, though anticipating a period so much later, appear altogether ill-timed to mention in this place, that when Lord Edward lay suffering under the fatal wounds of which he died in 1798, a military man connected with government, who had known him at this time in Charlestown, happening to allude, during a visit to him in prison, to the circumstances under which they had first become acquainted, the gallant sufferer exclaimed—"Ah! I was wounded then in a very different cause;—that was in fighting *against* liberty—this, in fighting *for* it."

It is indeed, not a little striking that there should have been engaged at this time, on opposite sides, in America, two noble youths, Lafayette and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose political principles afterwards so entirely coincided; and that, while one of them was fated soon to become the victim of an unsuccessful assertion of these principles, it has been the far brighter destiny of the other to contribute, more than once, splendidly to their triumph.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at York Town,—with which humiliating event the war on the continent of America may be said to have closed,—the scene of active operations between England and her combined foes was transferred to the West Indies, where, at the beginning of 1783, we find Lord Edward, on the staff of General O'Hara, at St. Lucia. The following are extracts of letters written by him from this island:—

"St. Lucia, Feb. 4, 1783.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"In my last, I believe, I told you Gen. O'Hara was to command at Barbadoes; but affairs were altered, and we returned here to take the command of this island, which I am very glad of, as, if any thing is to be done, it will be here; and in the mean time we are working hard at the fortifications, which was very necessary; for although we have had the island four years, yet, either by the ignorance or indolence of those in command, nothing has been done. I am also of some use by talking Franch. Gen. O'Hara pleases me more every day, both in his public and private character. In his manner of carrying on business he puts me very much in mind of dear Mr. Ogilvie, particularly in that of not trusting what is to be done to others, but always seeing it done himself; and also in his eagerness in all his works. We have unluckily three blockheads of engineers (as they please to call themselves), who are not of the least assistance.

"I was over at Martinique the other day, with a flag of truce,

with prisoners. It was a very pleasant jaunt. I staid there a week, and received every civility possible from le Marquis de Bouille and the rest of the officers, but met nobody I knew before. It is a much finer island than any of ours, and much better peopled. St. Pierre, the capital, is a very fine town, and full of amusements. I was at a ball every night. The women are pretty; dance and dress very well; and are, the French officers say,—to use dear Robert's words,—vastly good-natured. When I went over first, they expected the peace every day; but there came in a French frigate, called the Venus, with accounts that the treaty was entirely broken off, both with France and Spain, though settled with the Americans, and that Monsieur d'Estaing was to be out immediately. We are anxious to hear something about this affair, as the peace frightens every body.

"I hope, dearest mother, you will get me what I have so long been troubling you about, and shall still persist in, which is a company in the guards. In that case I shall be able to see you, and not trouble you with sending any thing here. I have now been four years in the army;—but I need not mention *that*, as it does not entitle me to any thing. I only name the time, as people have had a company in less. In short, my dear mother, if you exert yourself, I am sure you can do it. If there do not come troops here, I can do nothing for myself. There are at present only four regiments here in the West Indies; so that I look to Europe for any promotion I may have. If it were not possible to get the company in the guards, I might get the rank of lieutenant-colonel by going to the East Indies, which, as it seems to promise to be an active scene, I should like extremely. I see by the newspapers, and have heard by parade letters, that Lord Cornwallis is going to command there, which, as I said before in one of my letters, would be a good opportunity."

"St. Lucia, March 3, 1783.

"What would I not give to be with you, to comfort you, dearest mother! But I hope the peace will soon bring the long-wished for time. Till then my dearest mother will not expect it. My profession is that of a military man, and I should reproach myself hereafter if I thought I lost any opportunity of improving myself in it, or did not, at all times, do as much as lay in my power to merit the promotion I am entitled to expect. Not that the idea of promotion should enter into competition with the happiness of my dearest mother, if, as I said before, I did not think my honour and character concerned. I am of my brother's and Mr. Ogilvie's opinion concerning a lieutenancy in the guards, and would not accept of one if given me for nothing.

"I am sorry to see my hopes of a company destroyed. The Duke of Richmond, in saying that he did not like to ask a favour, is, I think, wrong; for, as a minister, he does not ask a favour, the thing being in the gift of the ministry. It is I who receive the favour from his majesty or his ministry. I shall, however, write to thank him for having interested himself at all in my behalf, hoping that *ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*. I think my dearest mother might try Lord Shelbourne, who seems to have a great deal of interest at present. As you, however, have no interest to give him in return, I am afraid there is not much hope. If I cannot get this company, what I mentioned in my letter of February is, I think, very practicable, and what I should like still better, as giving me a better opportunity of doing something for it; for here there is nothing I can possibly expect, except being taken by Monsieur d'Estaing, who is expected out every day. We have no troops in the West Indies, either to act or expect promotion with.

"My brother wishes me to come home next spring to settle about my estate. I shall tell him that any arrangement he may make with your consent I shall always attend to. I own, if I sell entirely, I should feel afraid of myself; but, on the contrary, if I were to have so much a year for it, I think I should get on more prudently. If it could be settled so that I might have so much ready money, and so much a year for my life, I should like it better. However, you may be sure I shall approve of any thing you settle. As to going home, I shall certainly not go home about it.

"I like the idea of going to Aubigny much, and am not like my brother Charles in hating every thing French: on the contrary, I have made a second trip to Martinique, where I spent a week very pleasantly. I met there with a very agreeable young man, the Duc de Coigni's son, colonel of the regiment de Viennois, who was in England some time. I am to go to his chateau to spend some time with him whenever we meet in France. As he intends coming to England immediately at the peace, I shall have an opportunity of making him known to you. I do assure you that when I go to Martinique I am received as well, if possible better than I should be at the peace. Believe me,

"Dear, dear Mother, etc., etc."

Not long after the date of the above extract, he returned to Ireland, and, a dissolution of parliament having taken place in the summer of this year, he was brought in by the Duke of Leinster for the borough of Athy. How insipid he found the life he was now doomed to lead, after the stormy scenes in which he had been lately engaged, appears from various passages of his letters at this time:—

"I have made," he says, in a letter from Carton (August 3), "fifty attempts to write to you, but have as often failed, from want of subject. Really a man must be a clever fellow who, after being a week at Carton, and seeing nobody but Mr. and Mrs. B., can write a letter. If you insist on letters, I must write you an account of my American campaigns over again, as that is the only thing I remember. I am just now interrupted by the horrid parson; and he can find nothing to do but sit by my elbow."

Again, writing to his mother, who was then in England, he says :—

"Sept. 1, 1783.

"I cannot give a good account of my studies, nor of Blackstone; but I hope my Black Rock scheme will help that also. You cannot think, my dearest mother, how delighted I feel at your proof of love for me in not going abroad; as literally your being in Ireland is the only thing that can make me happy in it. If it were not for you, I really believe I should go join either the Turks or Russians; for I find, since you are gone, this home life very insipid."

For the two following years we are left wholly unprovided with that only safe clue through the lesser details of life, which letters, however otherwise unimportant, furnish. This chasm in his lordship's correspondence with his family is thus, in a few words, interestingly accounted for :—"The interruption," says Mr. Ogilvie, "in the correspondence for 1784 and 1785 arose from my beloved Edward having spent these two years with his mother and me, principally at Frescati, but partly in Dublin and partly also in London. He was with us, indeed, wherever we went, and those were the happiest years of any of our lives."

Being now anxious to improve, by a regular course of study, whatever practical knowledge of his profession he had acquired, he resolved to enter himself at Woolwich, and, at the beginning of 1786, proceeded to England for that purpose.

Young, ardent, and—to a degree rare in man's nature—affectionate, it was not likely that his heart should remain long unattached among the beauties of the gay and brilliant circle he now moved in; and, accordingly, during his late stay in Dublin, he had become, as he thought, deeply enamoured of the Lady Catharine Mead, second daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, who was, in five or six years after, married to Lord Powerscourt. To this lady, under the name of "Kate," he alludes in the following correspondence; and, however little that class of fastidious readers who abound in the present day may be inclined to relish the homely style and simple feeling of these

letters, there are many, I doubt not, for whom such unstudied domestic effusions—even independently of the insight they afford into a mind destined to dare extraordinary things—will have a more genuine charm, and awaken in them a far readier sympathy, than even the most ingenious letters, dictated, not by the heart, but head, and meant evidently for more eyes than those to which they are addressed. It is, besides, important, as involving even higher considerations than that of justice to the character of the individual himself, to show how gentle, generous, light-hearted, and affectionate was by nature the disposition of him whom a deep sense of his country's wrongs at length drove into the van of desperate rebellion, and brought, in the full prime of all his noble qualities, to the grave.

In few of his delineations of character is Shakspeare more true to nature than in the picture of a warm, susceptible temperament, which he has drawn in the young and melancholy Romeo;—melancholy, from the very vagueness of the wishes that haunt him, and anticipating the passion before he has yet found the true object of it. In something of the same state of mind was Lord Edward, at this period, under the persuasion that he had now formed a deep and unalterable attachment; and the same sad and restless feelings were, as the following letters prove, the result:—

"1786.

"My dearest Mother,

"I am much obliged to you for your dear affectionate letters; they made me happier than you can imagine. You cannot think what pleasure it gives me to hear from Ireland. My not writing to you was entirely, as you say, because I depended upon Ogilvie, who, I am sure, can give you a much better account of me than I can of myself; for I really forget every thing I do. Nothing interests me enough to make me remember it. I get up in the morning hating every thing,—go out with an intention of calling on somebody,—and then with the first person I meet go any where, and stay any time, without thinking the least what I am about, or enjoying the least pleasure. By this means I have been constantly late for dinner wherever I have dined. By the by, I have been engaged every day to dinner somewhere or other since I came; so much so, that, till to-day, Ogilvie and I have not had one quiet dinner together. We are, however, to dine to-day *téte à téte*. But to return to my daily proceedings:—from dinner somebody or other (quite indifferent to me who) carries me to wherever I am asked, and there I stay till morning, and come home to bed hating every thing as much as when I

got up and went out. All this is, however, what I used to call a life of pleasure. I have been at balls almost every night, and, as I said before, always stay till morning.

"Ogilvie has just been here, and read your letter; he says he will scold you; he is in great good humour, but not at all soft or tender. Dear fellow! I shall be very sorry when he is gone.—He calls here every morning, and I find it the pleasantest part of the day. I make him talk of Kate, whether he will or not; and indeed of you all. I find, now I am away, I like you all better than I thought I did. I am sorry to say I am quite tired of my friends in London, though they have been as kind as possible. I go to Woolwich on Sunday.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I have not seen the Siddons yet, nor do I think I shall, as I go out of town so soon. I never think of going to any thing pleasant myself; I am led to it by somebody. I depend entirely upon other people, and then insensibly *je m'amuse;* but as for saying 'I will go see this,' or 'that it will be very pleasant,' *il ne m'arrive jamais.* I find I am writing a very foolish tiresome letter: pray do not show it to any body.

"E. F."

"Woolwich, June 16, 1786.

"I am as busy as ever: it is the only resource I have, for I have no pleasure in any thing. I agree with you perfectly in trying to drive away care; I do all I can, but do not succeed. My natural good spirits, however, and the hopes of some change, keep me up a little. If I thought there was no hopes of the latter, I believe the other would soon give way; and I should be very unfit for this place, or indeed any other, with an idea of doing any good; for I should not then care a pin about what happened me, either in fortune or person; at least so I think now, but I am determined to give myself as long a trial as I can bear. This is all I can do, as long as I think this way. I hope you will try and make me as happy as you can by giving accounts in your letters.

"You say Henry spends all the night with * * and her company. I suppose by that he goes on very well. I wish him success with all my heart. The cottage party will be delightful for him. Think of my not being there! I must comfort myself by hoping you all missed me, and wished for me. Lady Clan will certainly have been there. Are you upon your high horse with her, or are you gracious? I need not say I hope you are kind to pretty dear Kate; I am sure you are. I want you to like her almost as much as I do;—it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively. Did you not feel to love her very much, and wish for me, when you saw her look pretty at

the cottage? I think I see you looking at her, and saying to yourself, 'I wish my dear Eddy was here.' One does not know how much one loves people till we find ourselves separated. But I am sure I must grow stupid;—I write as if *you* were confined at Woolwich also, and in the same spirits as I am."

"July 7, 1786.

"Now Ogilvie is gone, and that I cannot depend upon any body to give you some account of me, I will do it myself. By the by, I wish Tony could write. I have been up since before six, and it is now near nine, and I have been hard at work in the laboratory pulverizing saltpetre; so you may guess how dreadfully hungry I am. You cannot conceive how odd the life I lead now appears to me. I must confess if I had *le cœur content*, I should like best the idle, indolent one. Getting up between 11 and 12, breakfasting in one's jacket *sans souci*, *se fichant du monde*, and totally careless and thoughtless of every thing but the people one loves, is a very pleasant life, *il faut le dire*. I would give a great deal for a lounge at Frescati this morning.

"You cannot think how sorry I was to part with Ogilvie. I begin to find one has very few real friends, whatever number of agreeable acquaintance one may have. Pray do not let Ogilvie spoil you; I am sure he will try, crying, 'Nonsense! fool! fool! all imagination!—by heavens! you will be the ruin of that boy.' My dear mother, if you mind him, and do not write me pleasant letters, and always say something of pretty Kate, I will not answer your letters, nor indeed write *any* to you. I believe if any thing can make me like writing letters, Woolwich will,—for to be here alone is most melancholy. However, I like it better than London, and am not in such bad spirits. I have not time hardly. In my evening's walk, however, I am as bad as ever. I believe, in my letter to Henry, I told him how I passed my day; so shall not begin again. You will see by that what my evening's walk is; but, upon my honour, I sometimes think of *you* in it.

"I wish, my dear mother, you would *insist* on my coming to you;—but stop—if I go on thus thinking and writing, I shall be very unfit for mortars, cannons, etc. So, love to every body—God bless you!"

In the summer of this year, the Duke of Richmond, being called away in his official capacity, on a tour of inspection to the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, etc., took Lord Edward with him; and it will be seen by the following letter that the young military student was not insensible of the value of those opportunities of instruction

which such a survey, under circumstances so favourable to inquiry, offered.

"St. Helier, July 31, 1786.

"My dearest Mother,

"We have been here five days, and are to stay two more, and then go to Cherbourg. We have had as yet a very pleasant time. I have been in much better spirits, every thing being new, and the changes of scene having kept me from thinking so much. I shall get a great deal of knowledge of a part of my profession by this tour; for the Duke goes about looking at all the strong posts, and I have an opportunity of hearing him and Colonel Moncrief talk the matter all over. The Duke and he are at present employed in fixing some works that are to be built, and chusing some positions in case of an attack. The whole tour has been a kind of military survey. I shall be glad to see Cherbourg, as it certainly will be hereafter a very famous place, by the works that are erecting there. We go from thence to Havre for Madame de Cambise.

"Don't you think I may come home after this tour? I begin now, my dearest mother, to wish much to see you; besides I think that, after all this, I could do a great deal of good at Black Rock with Mr. Ogilvie, as my mind has really taken a turn for business. Thinking of Kate disturbs me more than seeing her would do. I do really love her more, if possible, than when I left you. Have you seen her lately at any thing? I always feel happy when I think you have seen her; because it must put her in mind of me. Have you seen the presents yet? Guilford waited till he got some also for Lady Anne, that she might not be jealous, and that the thing might be less suspicious. Kate herself thinks that it is Guilford that gives them her. I made Guilford promise not to say I gave them, for fear she should not take them. I must come home; really, my dearest mother, it is the only chance I have against *la dragonne;* for you see by her speech to Ogilvie, she will do all she can to make Kate forget me.

"Do not be afraid that I shall do no good in Ireland; you know when I have a mind to study, I never do so much good as when I am with Ogilvie. I could go over all my mathematics (which is the most useful thing I could do), much better there with him than here with any body else. I know Ogilvie will be against my coming; but no matter,—*you* will be glad to have me on any terms, and I am never so happy as when with you, dearest mother; you seem to make every distress lighter, and I bear every thing better, and enjoy every thing more when with you. I must not grow senti-

mental; so good b'ye, dearest of mothers. No one can love you more than, etc."

"Goodwood, August 8, 1786.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"We arrived here the day before yesterday. Our tour has been shorter than at first intended. We came last from the island of Sark, which we meant only to visit in our way to Alderney, where we were to part with the Duchess, who was to sail for England in a small vessel we had with us; while the Duke and the rest of us went in a yacht to Cherbourg; but the wind came on so strong, the Duke was afraid to let the Duchess go in the small vessel, and thought it better to return with her; I never was so disappointed in my life,—I had set my heart on seeing Cherbourg with the Duke and Colonel Moncrief. The Duke goes to London to-day, stays there a few days, then goes to Portsmouth, from whence he sails to bring Madame de Cambise. I had intended, during the time he was doing all this, to go to Moncrief at Portsmouth; but alas! walking yesterday evening, I sprained my ancle violently, and am not able to stir: I am afraid I shall be laid up for a week or ten days, at least. I do think, what with legs and other things, I am the most unlucky dog that ever was. However, I intend to make the best of my misfortune, and take the opportunity of beginning a course of mechanics with Mr. Baly: the Duke and he both say that if I apply hard, in the course of three months I should have a pretty tolerable knowledge of them. Mr. Baly says, to do it properly, I should go over again some of my Euclid and algebra, both of which, I am ashamed to say, I have pretty nearly forgot. I wish I had my books here, they would be of great use to me now.

"What do you think of this scheme, is it practicable for me? do you think I have resolution or application enough to give the attention that will be necessary? Stoke is within three miles—very tempting; this place will be by and by full of company; the shooting will be going on: all these things may draw me off,—*je suis foible*; the Duke himself may, perhaps, be going about, and will wish me to follow him: I never do good in that way. Let me know what you advise. I find every day that the knowledge of mathematics is absolutely necessary in every thing that an officer should know; and as I have a good foundation, it is a pity I should not improve it. If I have resolution to apply, this is a good and pleasant opportunity; but I am doubtful of myself. In turning all this over in my head, a scheme has occurred to me, which I know would be the best thing in the world for me, could I but put it in execution;—but then it requires a great effort. You know I have from the

latter end of August till January, when the parliament meets, four months; what do you think of my spending that time at some university in Scotland? it certainly is the best place for the branch of learning I want; there I should not be so easily drawn off; I should have my masters cheap, live cheap, and be able to give my whole mind to the business. But I cannot bear the thoughts of seeing none of you for four months; and then, Kate—I do not know what to do—pray write and advise me.

"You say in your letter that Lady Clanwilliam goes to the country for the autumn; if she goes to the north, how pleasant! I might then be with dearest Harry, and see her very often. It is now three months since I have seen you, dearest mother, and four more is a great while. If you go abroad, I go with you, I am determined, and stay with you till the parliament meets. I hope Henry will come too, I long to see him. What becomes of dear Robert? I hate missing him; I wish he would come here.

"I hope you got my letters safe from Guernsey and Jersey; I got two of your dear letters here; how happy they made me!—but you said very little of pretty Kate: I do not think you like her enough, my dearest mother; I want you to love her as much as I do. Pray tell me really what you think of her? yet I am afraid, — but no matter, speak!—if you should find fault,— but it is impossible, you *must* love her. Show the sensible part of this letter to Mr. Ogilvie, but none of the last. He says, *tout court,* in his letter, 'she drank tea here,'—did not you think of me? *Tell truth,* did *she* think of me at all? for I am sure you observed. Your words, 'if she only likes you,' frighten me, if it is only *that,* I dread her mother's influence,—it is very strong. Suppose you were here, and to say to me, 'If you ever think of that girl, I will never forgive you,' what should I do? even I, who dote on Kate; and then, if she only likes me, I am sure being there would be of no use to me. God bless you, etc."

"Stoke, August 19, 1786.

"My dearest Mother,

* * * * * * *

"Now I have given you all the answer I can at present, I will talk a little of myself. You will find, by my last, that I intend going with you in case you go; for being in Ireland, and not seeing Kate, I should hate. Though I have been here ever since the Duke went, I am as constant as ever, and go on doting upon her; this is, I think, the greatest proof I have given yet. Being here has put me in much better spirits, they are so delightful. I dote on G**; the other two have been at Selsey, but come back to-day. We all go to a ball at

Mr. Barnwell's. You see by the beginning of this letter I am a favourite of Lady Louisa; she has been pleasanter than any thing can be; I love her very much.

"I have not been so happy since I left Frescati as I have been here. Do not be afraid that I am idle: I get up at five o'clock every morning, go to Goodwood, and stay and study with Mr. Baly till two, and return here to dine. You cannot think how much I like the thoughts of going abroad with you, and being once more comfortably settled with you; besides, now I am in a good habit, I can do a great deal with Mr. Ogilvie. I am sorry to find dear little Gerald is in bad spirits. I shall write to him, as I think nothing does one more good when in that way than getting letters from any body one likes. Good bye, dearest mother.

"Yours, etc."

"Goodwood, Sept. 2, 1786.

"My dearest Mother.

"I received your letter from Carton yesterday. I cannot write to Sophia to give her any advice, it is one of those cases where friends ought to be very cautious what they do; the persons concerned I think are always the best judges; it neither requires cleverness, or parts, or knowledge, to know what will make one happy or unhappy, I should never answer it to myself hereafter, if, from taking my advice, she found herself in the least degree unhappy. Pray write me word how things go on; — I own I am afraid. At the same time, dearest Sophy has so much feeling, and so much heart, that the least thing will make her, perhaps, happy, or unhappy for ever; if she was not so very *sensible*, I should not be near so afraid about her. My dearest mother, she has all your tenderness and sensibility *without* your good understanding and excellent judgment to manage it. Not that I think her *deficient* in either the one or the other, and should, indeed, be sorry to see her get more of *either* quality; if she was to give up the *least* of her good heart for it. Being at a distance makes me serious about it. If I were with you, I am afraid I should be Marplot, and giggle a little.

"I am glad sweetest Kate is grown fat. I love her more than any thing yet, though I have seen a great deal of G**. I own fairly I am not in such bad spirits as I was, particularly when I am with G**, whom I certainly love better than any of her sisters. However, I can safely say, I have not been *infidèle* to *Kate*,—whenever I thought of her, which I do very often, though not so constantly as usual: this entirely between you and me. The Duke goes again to Portsmouth to-morrow, and I go with him: we are only to stay a day

there. He does not like to give up his shooting : while *he* is out shooting, I always attend little Baly. I go on very well, and the Duke is, I believe, very well pleased with me. There is nobody here yet but Madame de Cambise, who is a delightful creature : I am grown very fond of her. I am becoming quite impatient to see you, now that I expect you. I love nothing in comparison to you, my dearest mother, after all.

"Yours, etc."

During the absence of the Duke, Lord Edward passed his time chiefly at **, the seat of Lord **, which was not far from Goodwood; and the tone of the letters he wrote from thence must have sufficiently prepared his mother's mind for the important change his affections were now about to undergo.

I have already remarked that, in the state of Lord Edward's mind, at this period, — in the fond restlessness with which, enamoured more in fancy than in heart, he dwells upon the image of his absent "Kate,"—there is something akin to the mood in which the great painter of human passions has described his youthful lover as indulging, when first brought upon the scene, before the strong and absorbing passion that was to have such influence over his destiny took possession of him. The poet well knew that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true "thirst from the soul" is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another. An ordinary painter of character would not only have shrunk from the risk of exhibiting his hero so fickle, but would have gladly availed himself of the romantic interest which a picture of first love and singleness of affection is always sure to inspire. But, besides that, in Juliet, he had an opportunity of presenting a portraiture of this kind, such as no hand ever before sketched, he was well aware that in man's less pliant heart, even where most susceptible, a greater degree of previous softening is required, before it can thus suddenly and, at the same time, deeply be penetrated; and that it was only by long dwelling, in imagination, upon a former love that his hero's mind could be supposed to have attained such a pitch of excitement as, at first sight, to drink in an intoxication of passion which has rendered the lovers themselves, and the poet that has commemorated them, immortal.

How entirely in nature, and in the nature, too, of ordinary life, is this delineation of the dramatist's fancy, cannot be more clearly exemplified than in the process by which Lord Edward's excitable

heart now found itself surprised into a passion which became afterwards such a source of pain and disappointment to him; which, by the cloud it threw over his naturally joyous disposition, first conduced, perhaps, to give his mind a somewhat severer turn, and to incline it towards those inquiries into the state of "the world and the world's law," which, at length, acting upon his generous and conscientious nature, enlisted him in the cause to which he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

The rapid progress already made by the charms of Miss **, — unconsciously, on her part, and almost equally so, at the beginning, on his, — in effacing the vivid impression left by a former object, is described in the foregoing extracts more naturally than it could be in any other words. For some time he continued to struggle against this new fascination, and, though without any of those obligations to constancy which a return of his first love might have imposed, seemed reluctant to own, even to himself, that his affections could be so easily unrooted. The charm, however, was too powerful to be thus resisted; and the still fainter and fainter mention of Lady Catharine in his letters, till at length her name wholly disappears, marks as plainly the gradual disaffection of his heart as the deserted sands tell the slow ebbing of the tide.

In the autumn of this year the Duchess of Leinster and her family arrived in England, on their way to the continent, — meaning to pass the summer months at Nice, and in the south of France, — and to Lord Edward was intrusted the task of securing lodgings for her Grace at Chichester. The hospitality, however, of the noble owners of Goodwood and Stoke would not hear of her sojourning elsewhere than under their roofs. In writing to announce this determination to his mother, he concludes his letter thus: —

"Do not stay long at Oxford, for if you do I shall die with impatience before you arrive. I can hardly write, I am so happy. I do not at all envy you seeing Mrs. Siddons; I cannot envy any body at this moment, for I certainly am the happiest dog in the world. Think of seeing Henry, Sophia, and you, all in one day! I may as well stop, for I cannot write."

On the departure of his mother and sisters for Nice, Lord Edward accompanied them, and remained there till the opening of parliament made it necessary for him to attend his public duties in Ireland. On the few important questions that were brought, during this session, before the House, his name is invariably to be found in the very small minority which the stock of Irish patriotism, at this time but scanty, supplied. From the opinions, too, respecting his brother legislators, which he expresses in the following letter, it will be seen that the standard by which he judged of public men and their con-

duct was, even at this period, of no very accommodating nature; and that the seeds of that feeling which, in after days, broke out into indignant revolt, were already fast ripening. His animadversions here upon what he calls the "shabby" behaviour of his uncle, Mr. Conolly, refer to the line taken by that gentleman on the question of the Riot Bill — a bill, which Mr. Wolfe declared to be "so hostile to the liberties of the people, that every man should raise his voice and almost wield his sword against it." On this measure Mr. Conolly took part with the Castle, and opposed an amendment to the Bill moved by Mr. O'Neil. Upon a proposal, too, by Mr. Grattan for a Resolution concerning Tithes, Mr. Conolly again appears among the supporters of government; while the name of Lord Edward is found, as usual, shining by the side of those of Grattan and Curran, among that small, but illustrious band, — "the few, fine flushes of departing day," — that gave such splendour to the last moments of Ireland, as a nation. The following is the extract of Lord Edward's letter to which I refer: —

"Dublin, February 26th, 1787.

"You desire me to give you an account of myself; I do not think you could ask a more difficult thing, for though I have been doing nothing but the common John-trot things, yet I have been thinking of a great many others, both serious and trivial, and to give an account of one's thoughts requires a better pen than mine. I have been greatly disappointed about politics, though not dispirited. Ogilvie, I dare say, has told you how ill we have gone on. Conolly, I think, behaved shabbily, and as long as the Bishop Cloyne has got hold of him, he will do no good. We came over so sanguine from England, that one feels the disappointment the more. William is behaving as well as possible; so that, by perseverance and steadiness, I am sure we shall get right again. When one has any great object to carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to every body that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the *whole;* for really I believe those *we* act with are the best. All this is between you and me: you must not mention any thing of it even to Mr. Ogilvie, for even to him I put on a good face, and try to appear not disappointed or dispirited."

In the determination here expressed, as politic as it is manly, not only to persevere, in spite of disgust and difficulty, towards the object he had in view, but even to assume an air of confidence in his cause when most hopeless of it, we have a feature of his character disclosed to us which more than any other, perhaps,

tended to qualify him for the enterprise to which, fatally for himself, he devoted the latter years of his life. In a struggle like that, of which the chances were so uncertain, and where some of the instruments necessary to success were so little congenial to his nature, it is easy to conceive how painfully often he must have had to summon up the self-command here described, to enable him to hide from those embarked with him his own hopelessness and disgust.

In another part of the same letter, he thus, with a depth and delicacy of filial tenderness which few hearts have ever felt so strongly, addresses his beloved mother :—

"You cannot think how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête à tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you ; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there, that evening, I determined to see you in my way, supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it;—and now coolly, if I can afford it, I certainly will."

A subsequent letter (March 3d) relating chiefly to some domestic misfortune which had befallen a French family of his acquaintance, contains passages full of the same filial fondness, which all mothers, at least, will thank me for extracting : —

"It is time for me to go to Frescati. Why are not you there, dearest of mothers? but it feels a little like seeing you too, to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you I miss you in Ireland very, very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of every thing, and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do,—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections; and in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*;—but God bless you."

It had been his intention, as soon as released from his parliamentary duties, to rejoin the Duchess at Nice, and from thence proceed, in the summer, to meet his friends M. and Madame de Levis, and the Puységurs, in Switzerland. "This," he says in one of his letters, "is my pleasant, *foolish* plan;—it would certainly

be charming. My *sensible* plan is to go and stay at Woolwich till autumn, and then meet you all at Paris. If I do the latter (which I do not think I shall, for it is a great deal too wise), I should come to Paris with great eclat, for I should by that time be very rich, and be able to live away a little, so far as keeping horses and a phaeton. The other plan would oblige me to live rather economically at Paris. Pray, consider my case, and take Madame de Levis into the consultation, for she can, I know, give very good advice."

Instead of either of the projects here contemplated, a visit to Gibraltar, with the ulterior object of a journey through Spain and Portugal, was the plan upon which he at length decided for his summer tour.

From Gibraltar, where he appears to have arrived about the latter end of May, he thus writes to the Duchess : —

"Gibraltar.

"My dearest Mother.

"I am delighted with this place; never was any thing better worth seeing, either taking it in a military light, or merely as a matter of curiosity. I cannot describe it at all as it merits. Conceive an immense high rugged rock, separated by a small neck of land from a vast track of mountainous or rather hilly country, whose large, broad, sloping eminences, with a good deal of verdure, make a strong contrast with the sharp, steep rock of the place. Yet when you come on the rock you find part of it capable of very high cultivation; it will in time be a little paradise. Even at present, in the midst of some of the wildest rockiest parts, you find charming gardens, surrounded with high hedges of geraniums, filled with orange, balm, sweet oleander, myrtle, cedar, Spanish broom, roses, honeysuckles, in short, all the charming plants of both our own country and others. Conceive all this, collected in different spots of the highest barren rock perhaps you ever beheld, and all in luxuriant vegetation; on one side seeing, with a fine basin between you, the green hills of Andalusia, with two or three rivers emptying themselves into the bay; on another side the steep rugged and high land of Barbary, and the whole strait coming under your eye at once, and then a boundless view of the Mediterranean; all the sea enlivened with shipping, and the land with the sight of your own soldiers, and the sound of drums and fifes, and all other military music : — to crown all, the finest climate possible. Really, walking over the higher parts of the rock, either in the morning or evening (in the mid-day all is quiet, on account of the heat), gives

one feelings not to be described, making one proud to think that here you are a set of islanders from a remote corner of the world, surrounded by enemies thousands of times your numbers, yet, after all the struggles, both of them and the French to beat you out of it, keeping it in spite of all their efforts. All this makes you appear to yourself great and proud,—and yet, again, when you contemplate the still *greater* greatness of the scene, the immense depth of the sea under you, the view of an extensive tract of land, whose numerous inhabitants are scarcely known,—the feeling of pride is then gone, and the littleness of your own works in comparison with those of nature makes you feel yourself as nothing. But I will not say any more, for every thing must fall far short of what is here seen and felt.

"I really think if one had all the people one liked here, one could live charmingly. The General gives all officers that chuse gardens, and numbers have got them. Vegetation is so quick that you can have peas, beans, and French beans in five weeks after you plant them: you have a very tolerable tree in three years; poplars, in two, grow to a great size. O'Hara and I walk the whole day, from five in the morning till eight or nine at night; he is pleasanter than ever, and enters into all one's ideas, fanciful as well as comical. We divert ourselves amazingly with all the people here; but this is when he is not 'all over General, as he calls it. Elliot dotes on him, and says, he goes away content, as he leaves the garrison in the hands of such an able officer. Elliot is, from what I have seen of him, a delightful man, and an excellent officer; he talks highly of Robert. I feel grown quite a soldier again since I came to this place, and should like to be in a regiment here very much. I shall stay here about ten days longer at most; then go to Cadiz, by way of Tavira through Portugal, to avoid a quarantine which the Spaniards lay on this place.

"I wrote you the other day a letter, which I was ashamed to send; I had got up, *particularly* fond of you, and had determined to give up all improvement whatever, and set out to you by the shortest road without stopping. I have now settled my tour, so that I hope to be with you in July; that I may accomplish it. I shall give up my visit to Madrid and Granada, and take them some other time. I really cannot stay much longer without seeing you. If I feel thus here, you may guess how much stronger it will be when I leave this place, and am left to myself. Often when I see a ship sailing, I think how glad I should be if I were aboard, and on my passage to you. I have got some seed of a beautiful plant that grows like ivy, with a purple flower and fine smell; it is called Dolcom;

I never saw any at home : I think it will do very well for your passage at Frescati. God bless you.

"Yours affectionately,

"E. F.

"A dreadful scrawl, but I am in haste. I am to dine with a dreadful Mrs. S. who has been up to the elbows in custards to receive the general."

At Lisbon, to which city he next proceeded,—wishing to have a glimpse of Portugal before he pursued his journey into Spain,—he was lucky enough to make acquaintance with some of the principal Portuguese nobility; and, as his frank, popular manners, even still more than his personal beauty and rank, secured him a welcome reception wherever he became known, he found the society of this city so agreeable as to induce him to delay longer there than he intended.

From all the places which he now, in succession, visited,—Cadiz, Granada, Madrid, etc.—he still wrote, as usual, punctually to his mother; and through all his letters, unpretending as they are in a literary point of view, there still breathes, with unfailing charm, the same spirit of enjoyment, the same natural freshness both of mind and heart. To beauty, in all its visible forms, whether in the varied scenery of nature, the simple grace of children, or that most perfect of its manifestations, woman's loveliness, he had a heart peculiarly susceptible; and among the themes he chiefly dwells on in these letters, are the enchanting views of the country, the mirth and prettiness of the little Andalusian children with their guitars, the graceful mixture of song and dance in the seguidillas of the female peasants, and, occasionally, a comparative estimate of the respective claims of the women of Portugal and Spain to beauty. His manner of travelling was highly characteristic of his simple and independent mind. "I am," he says, "charmed with the people here; and by the way I travel I see a great deal of them. I always set out about three in the evening and travel till one or two; and as I do not sleep as much as my companions Tony and the muleteer, I generally walk next morning about the town or village I am in; and the people are so fond of the English that a Cavallero Ingles is asked into almost every house, and made to sit down and eat or drink. By this means, there is hardly a place I go through that I do not make some acquaintance whom I feel quite sorry to leave."

Of the Alhambra he says—"It is, in fact, the palaces and gardens of the Arabian Nights realized. The paintings that still remain are much beyond any thing of the kind we do now, both in the colouring and the finishing; and I was surprised to find that almost all our

modern patterns are taken from hence. The painting of one of the rooms is even now better than that of the gallery at Castletown, or at Monsieur Regnard's at Paris, and much in the same style."

But the great charm of these letters lies neither in the descriptions nor reflections, much livelier and profounder than which might, in this age of showy and second-hand cleverness, be parroted forth by persons with not a tithe of Lord Edward's intellect,—but in that ever wakeful love of home and of all connected with it, which accompanies him wherever he goes; which mixes, even to a disturbing degree, with all his pursuits and pleasures, and would, it is plain, could his wishes have been seconded by the fabled cap of Fortunatus, have been for ever transporting him back into the family circle. In some of the remembrances he sends to his sisters, that playfulness of nature which, to the end of his life, and through some of its most trying scenes, never deserted him, rather amusingly breaks out. For instance, after observing that all the little Portuguese and Spanish girls put him in mind of his sister Ciss, he adds, "You are by this time settled at Barege, and I hope have had neither bickerings nor pickerings. One certainly avoids them by being alone, and it is that, I believe, that makes it so tiresome. I really, at this moment, long to have a little quarrel with somebody. Give my love to all of them. I am sorry poor dear Charlotte is not better, —glad Lucy is quite well, and hope Sophia is not lachrymose. I sincerely hope Mimi is grown obstinate, passionate, and disobedient to all the girls, and that she don't mind a word M^e^ Clavel says to her; that when she is at her lesson, she only keeps her eyes on the book, while, all the while, she is thinking of riding on Bourra; and that the minute you are out of the room, she begins talking to Cecilia. God bless you."

From Madrid he writes thus :—

"I have been but three hours in Madrid. I wanted to set off to you by post, and should have been with you, in that case, in seven days. It was to cost me 40*l.*; but Tony remonstrated and insisted that it was very foolish, when I might go for five guineas, and,—in short, he prevailed."

The warm attachment to Miss * *, of which we have already traced the first dawnings, continued unaltered through all this change of scene and society; though, from his silence on the subject, in every letter he wrote home, it would appear that, even to his mother, the habitual depositary of all his thoughts, he had not yet confided the secret of his new passion. On his return to England, however, but a very short time elapsed before it became manifest not only how deeply and devotedly he was attached, but, unluckily,

how faint were the hopes of his ever succeeding in his suit. The Duke of Richmond, who felt naturally a warm interest in both parties, was very desirous, it seems, that the union should take place; but the father of the young lady decidedly opposed himself to it; and the more strongly to mark his decision on the subject, at length peremptorily forbade Lord Edward his house.

To be thus frustrated in any object whatever would have been, to a sanguine spirit like his, sufficiently mortifying; but in a pursuit like this, where he had embarked all his fondest hopes, nor was without grounds for flattering himself that, but for this interference, he might have been successful, the effect of such a repulse in saddening and altogether unhinging his mind may be, without difficulty, conceived.

Finding that his spirits, instead of rallying, were, on the contrary, sinking every day, more and more, under this disappointment, while, from the want of any active and regular employment, his mind was left helplessly the victim of its own broodings, he resolved to try how far absence and occupation might bring relief; and as his present regiment, the 54th, was now at New Brunswick, in Nova Scotia, he determined on joining it. Fortunately, this resolution found a seconding impulse in that love of a military life which was so leading a feeling with him; and, about the latter end of May, without acquainting even his mother with his design, lest, in her fond anxiety, she might interpose to prevent it, he sailed for America.

The following series of letters, written by him at this time, will, I have no doubt, be read with interest.

"Halifax, June 24th, 1788.

"DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER,

"I got here three days ago, after a passage of twenty-eight days, one of the quickest almost ever known. We had a fair wind every hour of the way. Depend on it, dearest mother, I will not miss an opportunity of writing to you. Tony has followed your directions very implicitly, for there has not passed a day yet without his telling me I had best write now, or I should go out and forget it.

"I can give you no account of the country yet, or the people. By what I hear, they are all Irish, at least in this town: the brogue is not in higher perfection in Kilkenny. I think I hear and see *Thamis* in every corner of the street. I am lodged at a Mr. Cornelius O'Brien's, who claims relationship; and I accept the relationship, —and his *horse*, for thirty miles up the country. I set out to-day. My regiment is at St. John's, in New Brunswick: the distance is a

hundred and twenty miles from here to Annapolis, and at Annapolis you embark across the bay of Fundy to St. John's, which is opposite, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the common route; but, to avoid the Bay of Fundy (which is a very disagreeable navigation, and where one sometimes happens to be a fortnight out), I go another road, which takes me round the bay. It is longer, and very bad, but by all accounts very wild and beautiful. I shall cross rivers and lakes, of which one has no idea in England. I go down one river called Shubennacadee for thirty miles, which they tell me is so full of fish, that you kill them with sticks. They say the banks of it are beautiful—all the finest wood and pasture, but quite in the state of nature. By all I hear, this will be a journey after my own heart. I long to hear from you. I love G** more than ever.

"I hope my journey will do me good: one thing I am glad to find is, that I am likely to have a separate command, which will give me a good deal to do. Good bye again. God bless you a thousand times.

"Yours, etc."

This journey to St. John's appears to have been all that he anticipated; and the quiet and affecting picture of an evening in the woods, detailed with such natural eloquence in the following letter, affords one of those instances where a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it;—his very unconsciousness of the effect he is producing being, in itself, a charm which no art or premeditation could expect to reach.

"St. John's, New Brunswick, July 18th.

"My dearest Mother,

"Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what it was: it was more like a campaign than any thing else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the musquitos, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure: the millions of them are dreadful. If it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these: the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the refugees from the other parts of America: the last seem the most civilized.

"The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, but lead a very comfortable life: they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy any thing. They ought to be the happiest people

in the world, but they do not seem to know it. They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it: every thing is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with every thing, and yet not having a shilling in money. Any man that will work is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable farm: the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for the year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose-deer; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard-working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose skins, making sugar out of the maple-tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish, who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country) from 1000 *l.* to 3000 *l.*

"The equality of every body and of their manner of life I like very much. There are no gentlemen; every body is on a footing, provided he works and wants nothing; every man is exactly what he can make himself, or *has* made himself by industry. The more children a man has the better: his wife being brought to bed is as joyful news as his cow calving; the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their work. By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and in a few years, if they work, they will thrive.

"I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy; they had been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, etc., from

each child, according to the share he got of the land; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are, than for gain.

"I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning; it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight,—and there finding a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing any thing but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

"The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide sitting with them, all on one log. The difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this little corner of the world, to see any thing I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, etc., etc.,—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.

"However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I could be with G** in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife, whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than

it otherwise would have been ; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well,—but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England. Tell Ogilvie I am obliged sometimes to say to myself, 'Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin,' when I find things disagreeable ; but, on the whole, I do not repent coming ; he won't believe me, I know. He will be in a fine passion when he finds I should have been lieutenant-colonel for the regulated price, if I had stayed in the 60th ; however, as fate seems to destine me for a major, I am determined to remain so and not purchase. Give my love to him : I wish I could give him some of the wood here for Kilrush."

"New Brunswick, August 5.

"My dear Ogilvie,

I have hardly time to tell you more than that I am well, and, I think, going on in a good way. I know you will be glad to hear I read a great deal, get up early, and am trying to make use of my time (of which I have plenty) for reflection. I grow fonder of my profession the more I see of it, and like being major much better than being lieutenant-colonel, for I only execute the commands of others. I have a good deal to do, which keeps up my spirits ; and if it was not being away from dearest mother, am happier here than I should be any where else ; the distance from her, and indeed all of you, comes over me strongly now and then. I hope you miss 'that little dog, Edward,' sometimes. Good bye ; I don't like thinking of you at this distance, for it only makes me melancholy. You will be much disappointed in your hopes of my staying here two years ; my lieutenant-colonel says, I shall have his leave whenever I chuse, as he intends staying till the regiment returns ; so that next spring, by which time I shall have seen Niagara and the lakes, and enjoyed a little of the savage life, you may expect to see me."

"St. Ann's, New Brunswick,
"August 16, 1788.

"Dearest Mother,

"Since my last I have changed quarters, and much for the better. This place is 100 miles up the river ; the country is beautiful, and the weather charming. At St John's the weather is very bad ; the fogs constant, and for more than three weeks I was there, we had only five days on which we saw the sun rise. You may believe I was very glad to come up to this place ; besides, I have the command here, which gives me more employment ;—*ça me pèse*, now and then ; but, on the whole, it is very good for me.

"Pray tell Ogilvie I am obliged to *think*,—I know he will be glad to hear it. I get up at five o'clock, go out and exercise the men from six till eight, come home and breakfast; from that till three, I read, write, and settle all the different business of the regiment; at four we dine; at half after six we go out, parade and drill till sundown; from that till nine, I walk by myself, build castles in the air, think of you all, reflect on the pleasant time past as much as possible, and on the disagreeable as *little* as possible, think of all the pleasant things that may yet happen, and of none of the unpleasant ones; when I am tired of myself, at nine o'clock, come home to bed, and then sleep till the faithful Tony comes in the morning: — his black face is the only thing that I yet feel attached to.

"Dearest mother, I do sincerely long to see you; I think if I could carry you here, I should live tolerably happy. There is certainly something in a military life that excites and keeps up one's spirits. I feel exactly like my uncle Toby at the sound of a drum, and the more I hear it the more I like it; there is a mixture, too, of country life and military life here that is very pleasant. I have got a garden for the soldiers, which employs me a great deal. I flatter myself next year that it will furnish the men with quantities of vegetables, which will be of great service to them. Another of my amusements is my canoe; I have already had two expeditions in it. I and another officer went up the river in her for thirty miles; we stayed two days, and had our provisions and blankets with us, and slept in the woods; one of the nights cooked our victuals, and did every thing ourselves.

"It is very pleasant here sometimes to go in this way exploring, ascending far up some river or creek, and finding sometimes the finest lands and most beautiful spots in nature, which are not at all known, and quite wild. As soon as our review is over, I am to go on one of these parties, up a river, the source and course of which is yet unknown. There is a great convenience in the canoes, they are so light, two men can carry them easily on their shoulders, so that you go from river to river without any trouble: it is the only method of travelling in this country. A canoe here is like a post-chaise at home, and the rivers and lakes your post-horses. You would laugh to see the faithful Tony and I carrying one.

"Good bye, dearest mother, I do all I can not to think of you, but in vain. Give my love to every body. I love G** more than ever, and, if she likes me, can never change. I often think what pleasure it would be to come home to her, and how much better every object would appear,—but I stop my thoughts as much as I can. I never shall, I think, be happy without her; neither do I say that I shall be absolutely unhappy. I think it indeed wrong (when one has a

great number of real blessings) not to feel and enjoy them, because there is one which we cannot have. For myself, I have so many, that I feel afraid any thing more would be beyond my share, and that so great a happiness must be attended with some misfortune. I am not certainly so much better than others, and do not think that I deserve what I have. Excuse my *petite morale*."

"Frederick's Town, New Brunswick,
Sept. 2d, 1788.

"DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have just got your letter from sweet Frescati. How affectionate and reasonable! — but I was sure you would be so, when you came to reflect. You cannot think how happy you have made me. Being absent from you was unhappiness enough, without the addition of your thinking it unnecessary, and being a little angry. I own it went to my heart to feel I was the cause of so much misery to you, while at the very time, too, you thought the step I took unnecessary. It certainly required more resolution than I believe I shall ever have again. However, I trust it will all turn out well. It certainly will do me good in my profession: it gives me the consolation, too, of thinking I am doing my duty as a man, and occupation hinders my being so thoroughly taken up with one object as I should have been had I remained at home. Still, being absent from you, my dear mother, is very terrible at times. However, I hope to make it up when I return; and certainly by having come away now, I can with a better grace stay at home at some future time; at a time too, perhaps, when I should be a greater comfort to you.

"I am very glad to hear you are so quietly settled at Frescati. You must find great pleasure in being there, after your rambling; but I trust you will not get too rooted and too lazy to stir from it, for I hope to serve you as courier yet; and to keep you in order on our journeys, when you know I always become such a tyrant. I am afraid I shall think too often of our last year's journey. We are now approaching to the time. I shall, however, amuse myself travelling in a different way. We are going, a party of us, in canoes up to the Grand Falls of St John's: they are two hundred and fifty miles up the river, and by all accounts beautiful. The contrast between the country I shall travel through this year and that I went through last will be very great: the one all wild, the other all high cultivation. Instead of Blois, Tours, etc., a few Indian bark huts. I am not quite certain which I prefer. There is something in a wild country very enticing; taking its inhabitants, too, and their manners into the bargain.

"I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized people, and like houses, etc., etc., I really would join the savages; and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life, without any of those inconveniences, or ridiculous obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them. To bring things home to ones' self, if *we* had been Indians, instead of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you: instead of Lord **'s being violent against letting me marry G**, he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no cares of looking forward to the fortune for children,—of thinking how you are to live: no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England: no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, every thing here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves; and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our papouses: all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which, when you were tired of, you would in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere.

"I wish Ogilvie may get rid of Frescati as easily; I really think, as things go, it would be a good thing; it certainly is at present a great deal of money lying dead. Besides, then, perhaps, you may settle in England, and if things turn out, as I still have hopes they will, and that I do succeed and marry dearest G**, it will be much pleasanter for me. I cannot help having hopes that Lord George will at last consent, and as long as there is the smallest hope of being happy with G**, it is not possible to be happy with any one else. I never can, I think, love any body as I do her, for with her I can find no fault; I may admire and love other women, but none can

come in competition with her. Dearest mother, after yourself, I think she is the most perfect creature on earth.

"I hope by this time you have got dear Harry and Plenipo. Bob, they must be a great comfort to you. I am glad to hear the dear rascal G. loves me, and inquires for me; I will write to him soon. Good bye, I have nothing more to say, except that the faithful Tony inquires after you all, and seems as glad when I get a letter as if it was to him;—he always puts me in mind to write. I have found he has one fault, he is avaricious, he begins already to count the money both he and I are to save. A thousand blessings attend you. "E. F.

"Upon reading over your letter, I cannot finish this without saying something to Ogilvie. Don't let him be afraid of my marrying a Yahoo. As to paying my debts, it is a rascally custom I am afraid I must comply with. I wish him joy of there being no one in Dublin. Tell him he will hardly know me again, I am grown so steady. I think I hear him tell you how much I am improved. As for the lieut.-colonelcy, we will see about that."

It has been often asserted that Lord Edward's adoption of republican principles is to be traced back to the period when he first served in America; and that it was while fighting against the assertors of liberty in that country he imbibed so strong a feeling of sympathy with their cause. This supposition, however, will be found to have but few grounds, even of probability, to support it. At that boyish period of his life, between seventeen and twenty, he was little likely to devote any very serious consideration to the political merits of the question in which he "fleshed his maiden sword." But, even granting him to have been disposed, under such circumstances, to consider which party was right in the struggle, the result most probably would have been,—allowing fully for the hereditary bias of opinions,—to enlist, for the time, at least, not only his feelings, but his reason, on the side in which his own prospects and fame were immediately interested.

The situation of the soldier bears, in such cases, a ressemblance to that of the lawyer, whose public duty too often compels him to be the defender of a cause, to which out of the professional pale, his judgment and wishes are most adverse; and the sole relief left to very conscientious persons, thus situated, lies in that habit which they at last acquire (as is said to have been the case with a late eminent English lawyer) of so far shaping their judgment to their conscience as, at length, to succeed in persuading themselves that the side of the question they have professionally adopted is also that of sound reason and right.

Of this sort of self-reconciling process, which the natural effort of the mind to recover its own esteem renders easy, Lord Edward would, no doubt, like others, have felt the tranquillizing influence, had any misgivings as to the moral character of the cause, in which he now engaged with such ardour, occurred to him. But the fact is, no misgivings of this nature suggested themselves; nor was he, at that time of his life, troubled with any of the inconvenient spirit of inquiry that would have led to them. His new career, as a soldier, alone occupied all his thoughts;—wherever fighting and promotion were to be found was to him the most welcome field; and the apprehensions which, it may be remembered, he expresses, in his letters from St. Lucia, at the near approach of peace, show how personal and professional, to the last, his views of this iniquitous war continued.

But though it is a mistake to refer so far back the origin of his republican notions, yet that to America, on this, his second, visit to her shores, and through a very different channel both of reasoning and of feeling, he may have probably owed the first instilment of those principles into his mind, every reader, I think, of the foregoing letter will be inclined to allow. It is true, the natural simplicity and independence of his character, which led him habitually, and without effort, to forget the noble in the man, was in itself sufficient to incline him towards those equalizing doctrines which teach that

> Where there is no difference in men's worths,
> Titles are jests.

In the small sphere, too, of party politics to which his speculations had been hitherto bounded, the line taken by him had been, as we have seen, in conformity with the popular principles of his family, and on the few occasions that called for their assertion, had been honourably and consistently followed. But farther or deeper than this he had not taxed his boyish thoughts to go; and what with his military pursuits, while abroad, and the course of gaiety and domestic enjoyments that awaited him at home, he could have but little leisure to turn his mind to any other forms or relations of society than those in which he was always, so agreeably to himself and others, engaged.

At the time, however, which we are now employed in considering, a great change had taken place in the complexion of his life. Disappointment in—what, to youth, is every thing—the first strong affection of the heart, had given a check to that flow of spirits which had before borne him so buoyantly along; while his abstraction from society left him more leisure to look inquiringly into his own

mind, and there gather those thoughts that are ever the fruit of long solitude and sadness. The repulse which his suit had met with from the father of his fair relative had, for its chief grounds, he knew, the inadequacy of his own means and prospects to the support of a wife and family in that style of elegant competence to which the station of the young lady herself had hitherto accustomed her; and the view, therefore, he had been disposed naturally to take of the pomps and luxuries of high life, as standing in the way of all simple and real happiness, was thus but too painfully borne out by his own bitter experience of their influence.

In this temper of mind it was that he now came to the contemplation of a state of society (as far as it can deserve to be so called) entirely new to him; where Nature had retained in her own hands not only the soil, but the inhabitants, and civilization had not yet exacted those sacrifices of natural equality and freedom by which her blessings are,—in not a few respects, perhaps, dearly,—purchased. Instead of those gradations of rank, those artificial privileges, which as one of the means of subduing the strong to the weak, have been established, in some shape or other, in all civilized communities, he observed here no other distinction between man and man than such as nature herself, by the different apportionment of her own gifts, had marked out,—by a disparity either in mental capacity, or in those powers of agility and strength, which, where every man must depend mainly on himself, and so little is left conventional or uncontested, are the endowments most necessary. To these physical requisites, too, Lord Edward, as well from his own personal activity, as from the military notions he in general mixed up with his views of human affairs, was inclined to attach high value.

In like manner, from the total absence, in this state of existence, of those factitious and imaginary wants which the progress of a people to refinement, at every step, engenders, he saw that not only was content more easy of attainment, but that even happiness itself, from the fewness of the ingredients necessary to it, was a far less rare compound. The natural affections, under the guidance less of reason than of instinct, were, from that very cause, perhaps, the more strong and steady in their impulses: mutual dependence kept the members of a family united; nor were there any of those calls and attractions out of the circle of home, which in civilized life so early strip it of its young props and ornaments, leaving the paternal hearth desolate.

With a yet deeper interest was it, as bearing upon his own peculiar fate, that he had observed, among this simple, and, as he thought, happy people, that by no false ambition or conventional

wants were the warm, natural dictates of affection frustrated, nor the hopes and happiness of the young made a sacrifice to the calculations of the old.

The conclusion drawn by Lord Edward, in favour of savage life, from the premises thus, half truly, half fancifully, assumed by him, —much of the colouring which he gave to the picture being itself borrowed from civilization,—had been already, it is well known, arrived at, through all the mazes of ingenious reasoning, by Rousseau; and it is not a little curious to observe how to the very same paradox which the philosopher adopted in the mere spirit of defiance and vanity, a heart overflowing with affection and disappointment conducted the young lover.

Nor is Rousseau the only authority by which Lord Edward is kept in countenance in this opinion [1]. From a far graver and more authentic source we find the same startling notion promulgated. The philosopher and statesman, Jefferson, who, from being brought up in the neighbourhood of Indian communities, had the best means of forming an acquaintance with the interior of savage life, declares himself convinced "that such societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy, in their general mass, an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments;" and, in another place, after discussing the merits of various forms of polity, he does not hesitate to pronounce that it is a problem not clear in his mind that the condition of the Indians, without any government, is not yet the best of all.

Thus, where the American President ended his course of political speculation, Lord Edward began,—adopting his opinions, not, like Jefferson, after long and fastidious inquiry, but through the medium of a susceptible and wounded heart, nor having a thought of applying the principle of equality implied in them to any other relations or institutions of society than those in which his feelings were, at the moment, interested. This romance, indeed, of savage happiness was, in him, but one of the various forms which the passion now predominant over all his thoughts assumed. But the principle, thus admitted, retained its footing in his mind after the reveries through which it had first found its way thither had vanished; and though it was some time before politics,—beyond the range, at least, of mere party tactics, — began to claim his attention, all he had meditated and felt among the solitude of Nova Scotia could not fail to render his mind a more ready recipient for such doctrines as he found prevalent on his return to Europe—doctrines which, in their

[1] See also Voltaire's comparison between the boors (whom he accounts the real savages) of civilized Europe and the miscalled savages of the woods of America.— *Essai sur les Mœurs.*

pure and genuine form, contained all the spirit, without the extravagance, of his own solitary dreams, and, while they would leave Man in full possession of those blessings of civilization he had acquired, but sought to restore to him some of those natural rights of equality and freedom which he had lost.

"October 6th, 1788.

"My dearest Mother,

"I sit down to write, and hardly know what to say: the sameness of life I lead must make my letters very stupid; though, if it was any where near you, it would be a very pleasant one. I begin to long very much to see you. The truth is, that I do not know, when I am with you, dearest mother, how necessary you are to me. However, I contrive to be with you a great deal. I take fine long walks, and think of last year: I think of all our conversations,—our jokes,—my passions when you were troublesome and fidgety: I think of Sophy's 'you may pretend to look melancholy,"—and Lucy's hot cheek, stuffed up in the coach, dying to get out: I think of our pleasant breakfast on the road to Orleans. In short, dearest, I have you with me always;—I talk to you;—I look at your meek face, when you submitted to all my little tyranny. The feel of the air even very often reminds me of you. We had just such a day a few days ago as that when we came to Aubigny, and stopped at the pleasant village. Dearest mother, when shall we have such another walk?—but I won't think of it any more.

"I am glad to tell you I have been five months away. By the time you get this I shall have only three months to stay:—I wish I could go to sleep. I hope Ogilvie will have had good shooting. If your autumn is as fine as ours, he must have enjoyed it, and I hope he went to shoot at Kilrush. If he did, I am sure he thought of me, and wished me there, with all my bills and follies on my head. Our diversion of canoeing will be soon over. We are preparing fast for winter:—don't be afraid, I have got plenty of flannel, and have cut up one of my blankets to make a coat. By all accounts, it will be very pleasant. I have got my snow shoes ready; with them one walks and travels easier in winter than summer: it will be quite a new scene. My talk is almost out.

"You need not be afraid of my constancy: I sincerely wish I could be otherwise, for it makes me very miserable. My only comfort is, that I think I am taking the way to succeed, besides doing what is right for every man of spirit to do. * * *

tion one is master of to make one stay. I am at times on the point of packing off, and think that seeing her—looking at her dear face, would be enough. But then it would be productive of no good : I should be wretched—disagreeable to all my friends, and not have even the consolation I have here, of thinking that I am doing my duty as a man and an officer. Good bye again. The faithful Tony talks of you a great deal : he and I have long conversations about you all every morning."

The strong sense which he entertained of his duties as an officer, —to which all, of all ranks, that ever served with him bear witness, —will be found expressed by himself, in the following letter, with a simplicity and earnestness which would seem to render all further testimony on this point superfluous. There is however one, among the many tributes to his military character, which it would be unjust to omit,—that of the celebrated Mr. William Cobbett, who was, at the time of which we are speaking, serjeant-major of the 54th, and had even then, it is said, made himself distinguished by the vigour of his talents. To Lord Edward's kindness Mr. Cobbett owed his subsequent discharge from the army [1]; and, in the year 1800, as he himself tells us, while dining one day with Mr. Pitt, on being asked by that statesman some questions respecting his former officer, he answered that "Lord Edward was a most humane and excellent man, and the only *really honest* officer he ever knew in the army."

"October 28th, 1788.

"Indeed, dearest mother, being so long and far away from you is terrible. To think that one is in a good way is but poor consolation. However, on considering all things, one can reconcile one's self to it now better than at any other time. Certainly, by being here now for a year, I have a better plea, in case I change regiments, to stay at home, than if I had remained there upon my first coming on full pay. Besides, it is doing my duty myself, according to those strict rules I require from others, and entering into the true, proper spirit of a soldier, without which spirit a military life is and must be the devil. No person of feeling and justice can require from others what he won't do himself. Besides, one learns, I am sure, more in half a year with one's regiment than in two years' reading. Theory without practice will not do; and by being long idle, one loses that confidence in one's self which is necessary for an officer who is to have any command.

[1] "I got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then Major of my regiment."—*Cobbett's Advice to Young Men.*

"If I had stayed, too, I should always have been miserable about G**. I could not have enjoyed any thing. I am always disagreeable when I am in love, and perhaps you would all have grown to *think* me disagreeable. You know, when I am with you, I forget the comfort you are to me; and I should of course not have had, as now, the consciousness that I am doing my duty to keep me up. Another thing too, I will own, that after the part dear Leinster has acted, I should have been ashamed to show my face in Ireland. The feel of being ashamed of the actions of one we love is dreadful, and I certainly this winter would not have supported him, though I would not oppose him: he would have been angry, and there would have been a coolness which would have vexed me very much. I have had many quiet serious hours here to think about what he has done, and I cannot reconcile myself to it by any argument. His conduct both to the public and individuals is not what it ought to have been. In short, my dear mother, it hurts me very much, though I do all I can to get the better of it. I know it is weakness and folly, but then the action is done,—the shame is incurred.

"Pray tell Ogilvie that I seriously beg he will not even mention or do any thing about my lieut.-colonelcy. I am determined to have nothing till I am out of parliament: at least I am contented with my rank and my situation. I have no ambition for rank; and however I might be flattered by getting on, it would never pay me for a blush for my actions. The feeling of shame is what I never could bear. The *mens conscia recti* (Ogilvie will construe this for you) is the only thing that makes life supportable. With the help he has given, dear fellow, to Kilrush, and my present rank, I shall do very well. And pray do you tell Leinster from me, that I do not wish to purchase at present, or that he should do any thing about a lieut.-colonelcy. I know dear Ogilvie, in his affection and eagerness for me, will be provoked; but then he must consider, that, feeling this way, I am right. Pray represent it strongly to him, and make him remember how obstinate I am when once I take a resolution. To make up for all this, tell him I am going on prudently in the money way here, and am in hopes to return with a little cash in my pocket.

"I have been obliged to stop my studying for some time, and have been employed in building huts, or rather barracks, for a part of our regiment. It is a scheme of Lord Dorchester's, but he had found so many difficulties opposed to it, that it was never undertaken. These, however, I have got over, notwithstanding engineers, artificers; barrack-masters, old officers, etc. etc., and hope I shall succeed. You may guess how eager I have been. This is all the news I have about myself. Our winter is setting in violently, thank

God. I shall visit you with the swallows : —I wish I could be frozen till then. Good bye : ten thousand loves."

The allusions, in the foregoing letter, to the Duke of Leinster, require some explanation. On the appointment of the Marquis of Buckingham, for the second time, to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, the popularity which his first short administration had obtained, secured for him a reception of the most enthusiastic kind; and not only was the general tone of opposition considerably softened down during the whole session of 1788, but some of those who had been, up to this period, most constant to the whig ranks, now thought themselves justified in supporting and even taking office under Lord Buckingham's government. Among these new converts to the Castle was the Duke of Leinster, and to his grace's desertion from the standard of opposition, Lord Edward's letters, at this period, allude.

" November 1, 1788.

MY DEAR OGILVIE,

" I am sure you will be sorry to hear you were a good prophet, in foretelling that my lieut.-colonel would go home. It is exactly as you said : he has taken himself off, and left me the honour of commanding the regiment here. Therefore, if I don't get the king's leave, I must stay two years, if the regiment don't go home. I have written to uncle Richmond, to beg he will procure me leave, or try and get the regiment home, which it is well entitled to, as it has been fifteen years in this country. I think you had better not say any thing of this to mother; and caution any of them that should hear of it not to mention it to her. It would really be too bad to stay here two years.

* * * *

" Good bye, my good friend; I wish you a pleasant winter, but am very glad I do not pass it with you, for, take all into the bargain, I am certainly better here. Leinster's conduct is too foolish and too shabby—I hate thinking of it; I am determined, however, it shall not vex me; but that I may be totally clear, I must beg you will not mention any thing about me to him. This hanged majority brought me into one scrape unwillingly, but for the time to come I am determined to be clear. Do not, my dear friend, let your eagerness for my welfare make you stir in this, for you really will vex me very much if you do; you know I am an odd fellow, and you must give way to me.

" I am sorry to hear dear Harry has got into a little kind of a scrape with uncle Richmond about canvassing — I own I think it

was natural for him to do so; but in the particular situation of things I wish he had not taken a part, as Charles Fox himself was not concerned. I am glad I was away, for I certainly would not have canvassed for Hood. Tony says, if Lord Robert goes on in the way he is doing, he will soon be a major. I believe Henry and I are the only two honest ones in the family."

It was, at first, evidently the intention of Lord Edward, as well as of his brother, Lord Henry, not to identify themselves with the Duke of Leinster's new line of politics, but to remain in opposition. The prospect, however, of such a political schism in the family exciting alarm in the Duke of Richmond, he addressed a letter, full of affectionate remonstrance, to Lord Edward, who allowed himself to be so far softened by his uncle's appeal as to consent that, while he continued the Duke of Leinster's member, his vote should be, as hitherto, at his grace's disposal. At the same time, it will be seen, while yielding thus to family feelings, he took care that no views of interest should be supposed to have influenced the concession, nor his own future independence compromised by the acceptance of any favour from those he joined.

Considering how lax were the notions prevalent, at that period, among Irishmen, of both parties, on the subjects of patronage and jobbing, this sacrifice, on the part of Lord Edward, of the fondest object of his ambition, military promotion, to a feeling which he well knew all connected with him would consider foolishly punctilious, required no ordinary effort of character, and most abundantly disproves the story so often repeated, that to his mortification at having been passed over by government on some occasion of promotion, the whole origin of his revolutionary fervour is to be attributed.

"November 21, 1788.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * * * *

"I have got a letter from uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible; every thing he does only makes one love him the more. He says, in his letter, that, as Leinster is come over completely to government, he can see no reason why I should not now act with my brother and uncle. In my answer I have agreed with him, and said that I certainly shall; because, upon consideration, though I think Leinster wrong, and told him so beforehand, yet as he *has* taken that part, it would be wrong not to support him — we being certainly his members, and brought in by him with an idea that he might depend upon our always acting with him.

"With all this, however, I am determined *not* to take any thing, lieut.-colonelcy or any thing else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any such motive; but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner, because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I meant to act, and how I felt, and therefore trust will not persist in trying to get me a lieut.-colonelcy. I am content as I am;—I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake, whether major, lieut.-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it, I do not aspire to; if I am found fit for command, I shall get it; if I am not, God knows, I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving: to deserve a reward is to me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody, it may have its fling. I will not, however, trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it.

"I will now give you some account of myself, *what* I do, and *how* I do. Our winter is quite set in, and the river frozen over, and I am skating from morning till night. I don't know how long the rage will last, but while it does, it is very pleasant: I begin in the morning as soon as it is light, stay till breakfast, go out, and stay again till it is time to dress and parade. Luckily, I have no other necessary business now, for our drilling is over till spring, except twice a week taking a good long march: the snow, I believe, will soon stop that, and then I mean to go to Quebec in snow-shoes. I believe I shall be out most of the winter. I have two or three hunting parties to go on, and they seldom last less than a fortnight; these, and my journey to Quebec, and some excursions from thence, will take up most of my winter. I long to give an account of some of my trips: the idea of being out of doors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and of overcoming all the difficulties of nature, by the ingenuity of man, delights me. Every body who has tried this says, it is much the warmest way of living in winter; for, by being in the woods, you are sheltered from the winds; and, at night, by clearing away the snow, banking it up round, and in the middle of the space making a large fire, you are much warmer than in the best house. This is what I hear.

"You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in winter as well as in summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house. I long to teach you all how to make a good spruce bed. Three of the coldest nights we have had yet, I slept in the woods with only one blanket, and was just as comfort-

able as in a room. It was in a party with Gen. Carleton, we went about twenty miles from this to look at a fine tract of land that had been passed over in winter. You may guess how I enjoyed this expedition, being where, in all probability, there had never been but one person before; we struck the land the first night and lay there; we spent three days afterwards in going over it. It will be now soon settled. I cannot describe all the feelings one has in these excursions, when one wakens,—perhaps in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest, all your companions snoring about you, the moon shining through the trees, the burning of the fire,—in short, every thing strikes you. Dearest, dearest mother, how I have thought of you at those times, and of all at dear Frescati! and after being tired of thinking, lying down like a dog, and falling asleep till day-break; then getting up, no dressing, or clothing, or trouble, but just giving one's self a shake, and away to the spring to wash one's face. I have had two parties with the savages which are still pleasanter,—you may guess the reason—there are *des dames*, who are the most comical creatures in the world."

"December, 1788.

"My dear Ogilvie,

"I am much obliged to you for your comfortable long letter of September 25th. I am not affronted at your remark on a 'paucity of ideas' and 'an empty skull,' and agree with you, that they are great blessings. Notwithstanding you declare you did not mean *me*, yet I do plead a little guilty to a 'paucity of ideas.' I like my mother's thinking I should be affronted! Tell her that in New Brunswick one cannot afford to be affronted with those one loves. One of the good things we learn by absence from friends is, seeing the folly of being huffed or affronted at trifles. I often think now, what a number of happy times I have lost by being angry at things that have passed when we were all together; whereas here, where I am among people I don't care much for, I am never out of temper. It really is, when one considers it, too ridiculous."

"February 2, 1789.

"You see, my dear O., by this letter that though you have not heard from me, it is not my fault. Ever since the setting in of winter we have been blocked up, and have had no communication with New York, where all the packets go now. I have been snow-shoeing continually, reading a good deal, and improving, I think, in my profession. If I had some of the people I loved with me, I should lead a happy life,—the only draw-back I have is the distance from them.

"I have been out hunting, and like it very much, — it makes me *un peu sauvage*, to be sure. I am to set out in two days for Canada; it is a journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles, and I go straight through the woods. There is an officer of the regiment goes with me. We make altogether a party of five,—Tony, two woodsmen, the officer, and myself. We take all our provision with us on tabargins. It will appear strange to you, or any people in England, to think of starting in February, with four feet snow on the ground, to march through a desert wood of one hundred and seventy-five miles; but it is nothing. You may guess we have not much baggage. It will be a charming journey, I think, and quite new. We are to keep a reckoning the same as at sea. I am to steer, but under the direction of a woodsman. I was out on an excursion the other day, and steered the whole way, and though I traversed a great deal in between thirty and thirty-five miles, out and in, I was not a half-mile out of my course where I intended to strike.

"Besides this being a pleasant journey, it will be also instructive, as I go through the frontiers of our provinces, and see the kind of country, if ever there is a war, that we are likely to act in. A journey, too, of this kind, opens one's eyes with regard to what men can do, and shows that there is almost no difficulty that cannot be overcome by the perseverance and ingenuity of man. It certainly would appear odd to a European officer, who had not passed a winter here, to be told that winter would be the best time to move troops; and yet, from what I have seen, I am almost confident it would be so. However, I shall know better after my journey. I really believe the only difficult part would be, getting over the prejudice of obstinate fools. General Carleton, who has seen a great deal of service, is of my opinion: he began to try it the latter end of last war, and succeeded so far as to get his regiment on snow-shoes, but had not tried any long marches, and since the war it has fallen through. I wanted to get snow-shoes for our men this year, but it was too expensive.

"You may judge, with all these ideas floating in my head, how I long to be on my journey: our route will be quite a new one, and has not yet been gone by any body except Indians. How delightful it will be when we strike the river St. Lawrence, after being about twenty days in the woods; while, on the road, every river, or any thing else we meet, will be a kind of discovery! Our course is to be north, 60° 30′ west: — but I fear I shall tire you with all this, so I won't trouble you any more. When at Quebec, I will write to you. As soon as we are well rested, I propose setting out from thence to Niagara; but my letter from Quebec will inform you

better of my schemes, as I shall know more of the matter then; and while there, I expect to get letters from some of you.

"I have mislaid your letter, but remember you say something about a road:—I certainly did order Feniarty to do it. *Les absens ont toujours tort*; therefore I must pay for it. It would be too bad to let the poor man suffer: pray tell Wolf I feel very much obliged to him for the pains he has been at about it. I think it very shabby in the other gentlemen of the county to have taken advantage of my absence, but I believe there in *un bien clique* of fellows in that county: pray do not let any of them into Kilrush, for they will only distress and domineer over the poor tenants. I am glad to hear that, upon the whole, the little spot gets on. I believe you will make something of it at last. So much for business. I have only spent my pay yet, and shall not want any money till I go home. I am richer than ever I was yet. I have always 25*l.* or 30*l.* to the good, and pay ready money. I have given away a good deal besides—more than I did at home. I certainly manage very well.

* * * * * * * * *

"Give my love to all the dear girls. Tell them I am as great a fool as ever: I am afraid that it will stick to me all the days of my life. I often long to lay aside the character of major commanding his majesty's regiment, to play the fool and buffoon;—I am sure if Ciss was here I should. I know this will provoke you.

"God bless you, my dear Ogilvie. Ten thousand loves to dearest mother. Tell her *le petit sauvage* will think of her often in the woods. Indeed, the more savage I am, the more I love her. She has a rope about my heart that gives hard tugs at it, and it is all I can do not to give way. Good bye again. I hate ending a letter."

"Quebec, March 14, 1789.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I got here yesterday, after a very long, and what some people would think, a very tedious and fatiguing journey; but to me it was at worst only a little fatiguing; and, to make up for that, it was delightful, and quite new. We were thirty days on our march, twenty-six of which we were in the wood, and never saw a soul but our own party.

"You must know we came through a part of the country that had been always reckoned impassable. In short, instead of going a long way about, we determined to try and get straight through the woods, and see what kind of country it was. I believe I mentioned my party in a letter to Ogilvie before I left St. Anne's or Frederickstown: it

was an officer of the regiment, Tony, and two woodsmen. The officer and I used to draw part of our baggage day about, and the other day steer, which we did so well, that we made the point we intended within ten miles. We were only wrong in computing our distances, and making them a little too great, which obliged us to follow a new course, and make a river which led us round to Quebec, instead of going straight to it. However, we gained by it; for though, when we took the river, we were only twenty miles from Quebec, yet the country between was so mountainous and bad, we should have been two days longer than by the river. I am talking, I fear, unintelligible language to you, but I hope soon, dear, dear mother, to explain it.

"I expect my leave by the first despatches, and will lose no time when I get it. I shall not be able to leave this part of the world till May, as I cannot get my leave before that. How I do long to see you! Your old love, Lord Dorchester, is very civil to me. I must, though, tell you a little more of the journey: after making the river, we fell in with some savages, and travelled with them to Quebec; they were very kind to us, and said we were 'all one brother'—all 'one Indian.' They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw's pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits, and most soup, and took as much care of me as if I had been her own son: in short, I was quite *l'enfant chéri*. We were quite sorry to part: the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia's silver spoons, which pleased her very much.

"When we got here, you may guess what figures we were: we had not shaven or washed during the journey; our blanket-coats, and trousers, all worn out and pieced:—in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in. There was one old lady, exactly the *hôtesse* in Gil Blas, *elle me prit la mesure du pied jusqu'à la tête*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, next a billiard-room, which I might have if I pleased; and when I told her we were gentlemen, she very quietly said, 'I dare say you are,' and off she went. However, at last we got lodgings in an ale-house, and you may guess eat well and slept well, and went next day, well dressed, with one of Lord Dorchester's aides-de-camp to triumph over the old lady; in short,—exactly the story in Gil Blas. We are quite curiosities here after our journey; some think we were mad to undertake it; some think we were lost; some will have it we were starved; in short, there are a thousand lies, but we are safe and well, enjoying rest and good eating most com-

pletely. One ought really to take these fillips now and then; they make one enjoy life a great deal more.

"The hours here are a little inconvenient to us as yet: whenever we wake at night, we want to eat, the same as in the woods, and as soon as we eat, we want to sleep. In our journey we were always up two hours before day to load and get ready to march; we used to stop between three and four, and it generally took us from that till night to shovel out the snow, cut wood, cook, and get ready for night; so that immediately after our suppers, we were asleep, and whenever any one wakes in the night, he puts some wood on the fire, and eats a bit before he lies down again; but for my part, I was not much troubled with waking in the night.

"I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper, and a hard moose chase in a fine clear frosty moonlight starry night. But to enter into the spirit of this, you must understand what a moose chase is: the man himself runs the moose down by pursuing *the track*. Your success in killing depends on the number of people you have to pursue and relieve one another in going first (which is the fatiguing part of snow-shoeing), and on the depth and hardness of the snow; for when the snow is hard, and has a crust, the moose cannot get on, as it cuts his legs, and then he stops to make battle. But when the snow is soft, though it be above his belly, he will go on, three, four, or five days, for then the man cannot get on so fast, as the snow is heavy, and he only gets his game by perseverance,—an Indian never gives him up.

"We had a fine chase after one, and ran him down in a day and a half, though the snow was very soft, but it was so deep the animal was up to his belly every step. We started him about twelve o'clock one day, left our bagage, took three days' bread, two days' pork, our axe and fireworks, and pursued. He beat us at first all to nothing; towards evening we had a sight of him, but he beat us again: we encamped that night, eat our bit of pork, and gave chase again, as soon as we could see the track in the morning. In about an hour we roused the fellow again, and off he set, fresh to all appearance as ever; but in about two hours after we perceived his steps grew shorter, and some time after we got sight. He still, however, beat us; but at last we evidently perceived he began to tire; we saw he began to turn oftener; we got accordingly courage, and pursued faster, and at last, for three quarters of an hour, in fine open wood, pursued him all the way in sight, and came within shot;—he stopped, but in vain, poor animal.

"I cannot help being sorry now for the poor creature,—and was then. At first it was charming, but as soon as we had him in our

power, it was melancholy; however, it was soon over, and it was no pain to him. If it was not for this last part, it would be a delightful amusement. I am sorry to say, though, that in a few hours the good passion wore off, and the animal one predominated. I enjoyed most heartily the eating him and cooking him:—in short, I forgot the animal, and only thought of my hunger and fatigue. We are beasts, dearest mother, I am sorry to say it. In two days after, we joined our baggage, and pursued our journey.

"My letter is getting too long, and all about myself;—you know I hate that, but I must give you some of my intended motions. I set out for Niagara, as soon as possible, and by my return expect to find my leave, and a ship to take me to my dearest mother. God alone knows how I long to be with you! my heart cannot be content while I am so far away from you. Give my love to all. How I long to feel all your arms about my neck!—but, if I give way to these thoughts, I shall be good for nothing. As it is, I am always low spirited after writing, for two days at least:—otherwise perfectly well. I am sure it will be pleasant to you to find that cold as well as heat agrees with me; so you may be always easy about me, dearest mother. If G** should love me, when I go home, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world,—that is the only drawback I feel in the happiness of seeing you all so soon.

"Pray write to uncle Richmond; I would write, if there was time, but I have only time to fill up this. Give my affectionate love to him. Ten thousand million blessings attend you all, dearest, dearest mother. I will see you soon,—what happiness! It has been a long year, but I did all I could to shorten it. I wish I was in the woods, tired and sleepy, I should soon forget you all. Love to dear aunt Louisa. When I end a letter, the thoughts of you all come so thick upon me, I don't know which to speak to,—so in a lump, God bless you, men, women, and children. I am going foolish.

"E. F."

While his lordship was engaged in this difficult and adventurous journey, out of which none but a spirit and frame hardy as his own could have contrived to extract enjoyment, affairs interesting both to his family and himself were taking place in England, where, on account of the serious illness of the king, at the commencement of the year, it had become necessary to bring under the consideration of Parliament the speedy establishment of a Regency. The Duke of Leinster, whose late desertion from the ranks of the Opposition had been regarded less, perhaps, with anger than regret by his party, was now, by the line he took on the great question of the Regency, in the Irish House of Lords, restored to his natural position; and

was one of the personages deputed to carry that memorable Address to the Prince of Wales, on which, from the glimpse it gave of the consequences likely to arise from the exercise of a separate will by Ireland, was founded one of the most plausible pretexts for the extinction of her Legislature.

The following letter of Mr. Fox to Lord Henry Fitzgerald, written during the progress of the Regency Bill through Parliament, will show that Mr. Fox's opinion of the short aberration of the Duke of Leinster coincided with that of Lord Edward; and may also convey some notion of the kind and friendly interest with which the latter was always regarded by that distinguished statesman.

"Bath, February 1, 1789.

"My dear Henry,

"I am sure you will not much wonder at my not having yet answered your letter, when you consider that I have had both sickness and business to prevent me. You may assure the Duke of Leinster from me, that nothing can give me greater satisfaction than the prospect of our acting together in politics, and you know, though I could not so far dissemble as to say I approved of what I did not, I never had a feeling towards him inconsistent with that kindness which naturally belongs to so long, and in the earlier part of our lives, so very intimate an acquaintance. With respect to you and Edward, I must be ungrateful indeed, if I did not consider the opportunity of showing my friendship to you two, as one of the pleasantest circumstances attending power. One of the first acts of the Regency will be to make Edward lieut.-colonel of the Royal Irish; and if a scheme, which is in agitation, takes place, I think I shall have an opportunity of getting for you, too, a lift in your profession, which I take for granted is your principal object. As I shall probably return to my old office of Foreign Affairs, I should be glad to know whether you or Edward have any inclination to foreign employment, that I may have a view to your wishes in future arrangements. With regard to Lord Robert, he must wait a little; but if our administration continues, you may be assured that his prospects shall not be the worse for one cousin being in power rather than another. Pray give my love to the D. L., and believe me, my dear Henry,

"Most sincerely yours,

"C. J. Fox."

The plan of Lord Edward's route through the woods, was forwarded from Quebec to the Duke of Richmond, by Mr. Hamilton Moore, with the letter that follows:

"Quebec, May 22, 1789.

"My Lord Duke,

"I take the liberty of enclosing to your grace, by the hands of Mr. Jones, a sketch of Lord Edward's route from Frederickstown, in New Brunswick, to this place. It was really an arduous and dangerous undertaking, entirely through uninhabited woods, morasses, and mountains, a route never before attempted, even by the Indians. He was only attended by a Mr. Brisbane, a brother officer, and his own servant. In such expeditions lord and servant are alike, for each must carry his own provisions. They accomplished the journey in twenty-six days, lying out of course at night in the woods, without any covering except their blanket-coats. They steered by compass, and so well as to enter the river St-Lawrence, within a league of Quebec, in a direct line from Frederickstown. Your grace will perceive the journey was accomplished in 175 miles, —the way always before travelled, by the rivers St. John, Madwaska, and Kamouraska, being at least 375 miles.

"Lord Edward left this the latter end of April in high health and spirits, on his route to Europe, by the river Missisippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and through New Spain; it will be a tedious journey, the entrance of the river being upwards of 600 leagues from hence. I shall perhaps hear of Lord Edward on his journey; any thing that occurs, the least interesting to your grace's family, I shall take the liberty of communicating, as a countryman feeling highly interested for every branch of it. Lord Edward has met with the esteem and admiration of all here, and, I must say, without flattery, deservedly so—and I hope yet to see him at the head of his profession, for which he seems so well formed.

"I have the honour to be, etc.

"Hamilton Moore."

"Quebec, April 12th, 1789.

"My Dear Ogilvie,

"You or my mother will have got by this time the letter I wrote on my arrival. I had not then perfectly determined on my future movements, but my plans are now all fixed. I found, upon inquiry, that there was no getting from hence directly till June. I therefore determined to make the best of my time here, by seeing all our outposts, and to do that perfectly it will take me to the month of July, as they are more extensive than I thought. Now when I get to the upper country, it will not make more than a month's difference whether I go down the Missisippi to New Orleans or return here.

I have therefore resolved to take that tour: it will, to be sure, make three months' difference, in the time of seeing you; but then I really think the object is worth while, I can never have such another opportunity: certainly I shall never be here again at twenty-five, and in good health.

"I have a great many struggles with myself about it:—the temptation of going home and seeing you all, and living quietly with you at Frescati till the regiment returns, is very great. But then again the curiosity I have to make this tour,—and I may say, indeed, I *always* have had the desire, though I thought it very unlikely I should ever be able to put it in execution. Then again when I consider that I shall see a country which must soon be a scene of action, and that very probably I may be myself employed there, I am spurred on to undertake it. I have, besides, some schemes of my own, which this journey will be of great use in clearing up my ideas upon: they are too long to mention now, but when we meet we will talk them over.

"You see I either have, or fancy I have, good reasons for undertaking the journey; at home you will think it, perhaps, a little mad, but if you were here I am sure you would do it yourself. It will be a little fatiguing, but that you know I don't mind. It will not be very expensive, particularly as I go all the first part with a relief of troops that are proceeding up as far as Lake Superior. I am not quite determined whether I will go up quite so far, perhaps only as far as Detroit, from that to the Fort Pitt, and from thence to the Ohio, and down it to the Missisippi. However, before I set off you shall hear. When once I begin to go south, I shall go faster than my letter.

"I long to set out. You cannot think how eager I am about this journey—*j'ai la téte montée* about it. If it were not for the time it will keep me from dearest, dearest mother, I should be perfectly happy in the idea of it; but then again, when I think the little difference it will make, and that the longer one is away the happier one is to meet, and that I shall have so much to tell her!—why I shall have stories enough to set her to sleep for a year. I expect in the winter to have you all about me, listening to all the wonders I have seen.

"I heard about you all from a woman here, an acquaintance of Mrs. Ward's, but I have not had any letters from yourselves since November. It is terrible to be so long without letters, but as I heard you were all well, I am easy. We are all anxious here to know about the Regency. I have no idea what turn affairs will take: there certainly will be great confusion. I am afraid it will be of dis-service

to England in the present state of Europe; but it will be all settled by the time I come, so I won't trouble my brain about it.

* * * * * * *

"How did poor Kilrush do this summer? I should like to hear about it. I will write to mother by another post, that goes from this on the 18th, though I own I am a little afraid. I know she will be angry with me for a short while, but *you* must take my part. Dear soul, when she reflects, she will forgive me, for she is all reason.

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"Since I began this, the lieut.-governor of Quebec is dead. It is a place of 1600*l.* a year, and I think would do very well for Charles. The day before he died I was in treaty for his lieut.-colonelcy, in the 44th regiment. If he had lived two days longer, I should have had it. We are here so ignorant about the politics in England, one does not know how to try for it. In case the ministry are changed, Leinster cannot with conscience ask any thing; and, if he goes out, I certainly would not go against him and the Duke of Richmond for all the lieut.-colonelcies in the world. If there *is* a change, he and Charles will be a little puzzled; but I would at any time rather go out with them than in with them."

"Montreal, May 4th, 1789.

"My dearest Mother,

"I have been here a week, and set off in a few hours to begin my long journey. The weather is charming,—no snow, every thing green:—but Emily Montague will tell you all that better than I can. Really, after our long winter, we *do* enjoy spring. Ten days ago, I set out from Quebec in five feet of snow. I am delighted to be on the go again. I shall see Niagara in high perfection. I am in good health and in good spirits. I heard from a gentleman here about you all: you were all well, thank God; but I have not heard myself a great while, though I wish to hear. I believe it is better not, for I should want to go home, and not see all I intend to do:—at present, *je m'étourdis là-dessus;* and I am determined to make use of my time. One of your letters would weaken me, dear mother; and, till I see you, the less I think of you the better. When once I get home, I shall stick close for a great while.

"I have nothing new to tell you, for at Quebec and here I have done nothing but feast, and I am horribly tired of it: my letters from up the country will be pleasanter. The Canadians are good people,—very like the French, and of course I like them. There was one family at Quebec very pleasant and very good to me,—a mother and two pretty daughters. Don't be afraid—I was not in love.

We were very sorry to part. However, it did not last long. I tell it you, because it was the only kind feel I have had for a woman since I left England. I wish it had lasted a little longer.

"What would I give to hear a pleasant account of G**! but I despair—so will not think of it. I suppose Fred. is married by this time. I should like to hear how you have gone on with the dear, dear girls in London; but I won't think of or about any of you. Love to every body. God bless you, dearest, dearest mother—how I long to be with you! I am an odd fellow.—Good bye.—I won't let myself think of you again till I am in the Missisippi."

"Fort Erie, June 1, 1789.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I am just come from the Falls of Niagara. To describe them is impossible. I stayed three days admiring, and was absolutely obliged to tear myself away at last. As I said before, to describe them would be impossible:—Homer could not in writing, nor Claude Lorraine in painting: your own imagination must do it. The immense height and noise of the Falls, the spray that rises to the clouds—in short, it forms all together a scene that is well worth the trouble of coming from Europe to see. Then, the greenness and tranquillity of every thing about, the quiet of the immense forest around, compared with the violence of all that is close to the Falls,—but I will not go on, for I should never end.

* * * * * * *

"I set out to-morrow for Detroit: I go with one of the Indian chiefs, Joseph Brant, he that was in England. We have taken very much to one another. I shall entertain you very much with his remarks on England, and the English, while he was there. Instead of crossing Lake Erie in a ship, I go in canoes up and down rivers. In crossing Lake Ontario, I was as sick as at sea,—so you may guess I prefer canoeing;—besides, my friend Joseph always travels with company; and we shall go through a number of Indian villages. If you only stop an hour, they have a dance for you. They are delightful people; the ladies charming, and with manners that I like very much, they are so natural. Notwithstanding the life they lead, which would make most women rough and masculine, they are as soft, meek, and modest as the best brought up girls in England. At the same time, they are coquettes *au possible*. Conceive the manners of Mimi in a poor *squaw*, that has been carrying packs in the woods all her life.

"I must make haste and finish my letter, for I am just going to set off. I shall be at Michilimackinack in nineteen days. My journey

then will be soon over, for from that I shall soon reach the Missisippi, and down it to New Orleans, and then to my dearest mother to Frescati, to relate all my journey in the little book-room. I shall then be happy. Give my love to all. I think often of you all in these wild woods :—they are better than rooms. Ireland and England will be too little for me when I go home. If I could carry my dearest mother about with me, I should be completely happy here."

"Detroit, June 20.

"My dearest Mother,

"It is so hot I can hardly hold the pen. My hand trembles so, you will be hardly able to read my letter. My journey quite answered my expectations. I set out to-morrow for Michilimackinack, and then down the Missisippi. I am in rude health. As soon as I get to the Missisippi I reckon my journey half over. I can say no more, for really it is too hot for any thing but lying on a mat. *Entre nous,* I am in a little sorrow, as I am too part to-morrow with a fellow-traveller who has been very pleasant and taken great care of me :—*les plus courtes folies sont les meilleures.* I have been adopted by one of the Nations, and am now a thorough Indian."

His adoption by the native Indians, which he here mentions, took place at Detroit, through the medium of the Chief of the Six Nations, David Hill, by whom he was formally inducted into the Bear Tribe, and made one of their Chiefs. The document by which this wild honour was conferred upon him has been preserved among his papers, and is, in Indian and English, as follows :—

"David Hill's letter to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Chief of the Bear Tribe.

"*Waghgongh Sen non Pryer*
Ne nen Seghyrage ni i
Ye Sayats Eghnidal
Ethonayyere *David Hill*
Karonghyontye
Iyogh Saghnontyon
21 *June,* 1789.

"*I, David Hill, Chief of the Six Nations, give the name of* Eghnidal *to my friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which I hope he will remember* me *as long as he lives.*

"*The name belongs to the Bear Tribe.*"

"Michilimackinack,
July 9, 1789

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I know you will be a little angry with me for undertaking this long journey. I really believe that had I thought it would have taken me so much time I should not have begun it; but as I have got so far, it would be foolish not to continue and finish it well. I have now but one month more of hard work to gain the Missisippi, and then I shall get on easily. However, I am afraid the different embarkations, and the chance of not finding ships ready, will prevent my being in England till February.

"What vexes me most is that you will be uneasy at not hearing from me during that time. But then you may rest assured, dearest mother, that I am quite well all the time, for this going about keeps me in perfect health. I have not had so much as a finger-ache since I left England; and if it was not for my absence from you, I should be perfectly happy. Even if I was at home, being with *you* would be my only comfort; for though I force myself not to think of * * here, and go on very well, yet if I were near her, I should, I know, get unhappy again; and it would end in my going to Germany or Russia, which would be still worse than this. When I am not happy, I must either be soldiering or preparing to be a soldier,—which is what I think I am doing in this journey,—for stay quiet, I believe, I cannot. Why did you give me either such a head or such a heart? I don't know which it is; but,—dearest mother, once I get home, you shall do what you please with me, and chain me down to Frescati.

"I long to be set a-going again,—it is the only chance I have. I set out to-morrow. I have got a canoe, with five men,—every thing is laid in:—I am obliged to have one to myself to carry a few presents for the Indian villages I pass through. Except Indian corn and grease, we depend entirely on chance for every thing else. You cannot conceive how pleasant this way of travelling is: it is a hunting or shooting party the whole way. I find I can live very well on Indian corn and grease:—it sounds bad, but it is not so: I ate nothing else for four days coming here. Few people know how little is necessary to live. What is called and thought *hardship* is nothing: *one* unhappy feeling is worse than a thousand years of it.

"The Canadian *engagés* here live on nothing but two handfuls of corn and an ounce of grease per day, and work and sing the whole day. It is very pleasant to travel with them. They sing all day, and keep time with their paddles: their lively, gay, *sans*

souci French blood never leaves them : they are the same in America as in France. This next part of the journey will be, I think, the most interesting and agreeable I have had yet, as the people I go among live more in their own way, and have less connexion with Europeans. It will give a long story for Black Rock."

We have seen how sanguinely, throughout the greater part of his journey, he still cherished the thought that, even yet, the fond prayer of his heart might be granted, and the young person he so tenderly loved become his own. But this dream was, unfortunately, soon to have an end. At the beginning of December, having descended the Mississippi, he arrived at New Orleans. It had been his wish to extend his journey still further, and to pay a visit to the Silver Mines of Spanish America; but, on applying to the proper authorities for permission, it was, as we learn from his own letters, refused to him. His friends at home, indeed, had heard with considerable apprehension of his purposed visit to the Mines; as, in the event of a war, which seemed now inevitable, between England and Spain, such a journey would be attended with embarrassment, if not danger. The refusal, however, of the Mexican governor to give him permission, put a stop to his design; and he was now, therefore, on the wing for his beloved home, anticipating all the welcome and the happiness which his own affection, he could not but feel, deserved.

It was at this very moment,—while so fondly persuading himself that the fair object of his passion might, one day, be his own,—he received intelligence that, in the month of April preceding, she had become the wife of another. Such a shock, to a heart buoyant as his, came but the heavier for the self-illusion he had been indulging; and, had it not been for his mother, whose existence, he knew, was locked up in his, it may be doubted whether he would ever again have returned to England.

The two following letters to his brother Lord Robert (of which I find copies among the papers in my possession) were the last that he now wrote from America; and the subdued tone in which he here speaks on the subject nearest his heart, only shows how deep and strong must have been the feeling that required such an effort of self-control in the expression of it.

"Nueva Orleans, 7 Dec. 1789.

"Querido Roberto,

"Te maravillarás mucho al recibir una carta mia, su fecha en esta plaza. La dirigo por el *Cabo Frances*, y yo pienso salir de aquí alfin de Enero o principio de Febrero en un barco que saldrá directamente

para Londres. Por el *Correo de la Europa* veo que eres verdaderamente *Plenipo-Bob*. Te felicito, y me alegro por la satisfaccion que conozco te causa. Las últimas tuyas que he recebido son con fechas de Abril. A la verdad no me dieron las noticias mas agradables; pero me conformé con llevar con paciencia las vicisitudes humanas, pensando en esto como uno verdadero filósofo, y ya no pienso mas en ellas; porque mi feliz temperamento no me permite pensar mucho tiempo en cosas desagradables.

"Di á nuestra amada madre que me mantengo siempre bueno, y alegre, á excepcion de aquellos ratos (que son frecuentes) que se me presenta á la memoria. Dile que me he aplicado al estudio de la lengua española á fin de ahorrarme de algun modo la inútil pena de pensar continuamente en un objeto cuya vista separa tanta distancia, agua y tierra: alguna vez es mas fuerte que yo, y entonces no soy bueno para nada.

"Celebro mucho saber el casamiento de Carlota: y espero que estará de vuelta antes que yo llegue. Pudiera escribirte y decirte mas; pero como insenué arriba, cuando pienso en mi tierra y en alguno de vosotros, me lleno de melancolía, y asi concluiré mi carta.

"Manifesta á todos mi cariño, sin olvidar á mi amado *Henrique*, sé que está enojado conmigo porque estoy ausente tanto tiempo. Dentro cuatro meses espero dar un abrazo á todos. Recelo que estarás tú ausente pero no será por mucho tiempo sin verte.

"Adios, querido Roberto: soy todo á tí.

"E. Fitzgerald.

"Te escribiera mucho sobre este pais, pero una carta Español es una obra dificil y muy trabaxera para mi."

TRANSLATION.

"New Orleans, Dec. 7th, 1789.

Dear Robert,

"You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me at this place. I send it by the *Cap Français*, and expect to embark from hence myself about the end of January, or in the beginning of February next, on board a vessel which is bound directly to London. By the *Courier de l'Europe*, I see that you are now really *Plenipo-Bob*. I congratulate you, and rejoice in the satisfaction I know that gives you. Your last letters which I have received were written in April. In truth they did not bring me the most agreeable news, but I submit with patience to all human vicissitudes.

" Tell our much-loved mother that I am very well, and in good spirits, excepting when those crosses which are frequent with me present themselves to my thoughts ' Tell her that I have applied to the Spanish language, with a view to divert my mind in some way or other from the unnecessary pain of thinking constantly of an object from the sight of whom so great a distance both by sea and land divides me. The least reflection overcomes me, and then I am good for nothing.

" I rejoice to hear of Charlotte's marriage, and hope she may be returned before I arrive. I could write to you and tell you more; but, as it constantly happens, when I think of my own country and of any one of you, I fill with melancholy, and must therefore conclude my letter. Present my love to all, without forgetting my dear *Henry,* who is angry with me for remaining so long absent. Within four months' time I hope to embrace you all. I grieve that you should be absent, but it shall not be long before I shall see you likewise.

" Adieu, dear Robert : I am altogether yours,

" E. F.

" I should have written much to you about this country, but a letter in Spanish is a difficult and laborious undertaking for me."

" New Orleans, Dec. 26th, 1789.

" My dearest Bob,

" I wrote to you a few days ago in Spanish, and sent my letter by the Havannah to Cadiz, from whence it will be forwarded to you by Mr. Duff, our consul there. This goes by Marseilles, and the longer will be a surer method of your hearing. I have not been able to write home from hence, so the first tidings they will get will be from you. I have been occupying myself here learning Spanish, in hopes of getting leave to go to the Havannah or Mexico ; but as the governor here could not give leave himself, he wrote to ask it for me and was refused, so that I must keep my Spanish for another opportunity.

" You may guess my impatience to get home. I set off in six weeks in a ship bound for London, so that very likely I may be home before you receive this. I have seen some newspapers which mention you as being at Paris. My last letters were in May. I bore all the account of G * * tolerably well. I must say with Cardenio, ' *Los que han levantado su hermosura, han derribado sus obras. Por alli entendi que era angel, y por ellas conozco que era muger.* Quede ella en paz, *el causado de mi guerra,*

y haga *el Cielo*, que ella no *quede arrepentida de* lo *que ha hecho*.' But this is enough on this disagreeable subject.

" I am now quite stout, and think of nothing but being a good soldier. To be sure, if it was not for dearest mother, I believe I should not return to England for some time. God, how happy I shall be to see you all! Dearest Robert, I cannot express how I love you all. I know what I say appears odd, but it is impossible to describe the sort of feeling I have.

" I should like to give you an account of my voyage, but it would be too long : it has done me a great deal of good. I have seen human nature under almost all its forms. Every where it is the same, but the wilder it is the more virtuous. These, however, will be fine arguments for us two, when we meet, to talk on. Give my love to all, and do not forget dear M^e^ de * *, who, upon cool consideration, is as charming a creature as is in the world : in short, she is sincere, which is a quality rather rare.

" The man that sends you this has a brother here, who has been all goodness to me : he has begged me to mention his name to you : if ever you can be civil to him, do be so (though I think it will never come in your way). His name is *Second fils, négociant à Marseille*. I dare say he will write you a letter with this.

" Good bye, dearest, dearest Bob.

" Yours,

" E. F.

" I really am afraid to write to mother, I have so much to say."

On his arrival in London he was, by the merest accident, spared the pain of a scene which could not fail to have been distressing to others as well as himself. Impatient, as may be supposed, to see his mother, who was then residing in London, he hastened instantly to her house, and arrived there just as a large party, among whom were the young bride of the preceding April and her lord, had seated themselves to dinner. In a second or two, the unexpected visiter would have been among them, had not General Fox, who was one of the guests, and recognised Lord Edward's voice, hastened out to stop him, and thus prevented an encounter which would have been embarrassing to all parties.

In taking leave of this interesting passage of his lordship's short life, it is not without some pain that the reflection suggests itself, how different might have been his doom, both in life and death, had this suit, in which he so sanguinely persevered, been successful; nor can I help adding, that the exemplary domestic virtues, which have, through life, distinguished the noble lady he thus loved, while they exalt our opinion of the man who could, thus early, ap-

preciate such excellence, but deepen tenfold our sympathy with the pain he must have felt in losing her.

In active professional employment would now have been his only safeguard, both against vain regrets for the past, and too sanguine aspirations after the future; and there was a prospect, immediately on his return to England, of employment, such as he himself could have most wished, being found for him. The threatening armaments of Spain at this moment called for corresponding efforts on the part of Great Britain; and, among other measures of offence, an expedition against Cadiz was contemplated. One of Lord Edward's first visits, on his arrival, was to his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, and the information which it had been in his power to collect, respecting the state of the Spanish colonies in America, was, of course, listened to by the minister with peculiar interest. Finding, also, that his nephew, during the journey he took through Spain, in 1788, had turned his time to account, and, besides those general military observations which his "technical eye" as a soldier enabled him to make, had taken an opportunity, while at Cadiz, of drawing plans of the fortifications of that city, his grace invited him to meet Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas that evening; and these ministers, having themselves questioned the young officer on the same subjects, offered immediately, as I have been informed, to promote him by brevet, and give him the command of the expedition intended against Cadiz. This Lord Edward readily accepted; and the duke, at parting, told him that he should, on the following day, report what had been agreed upon to the king, and hoped he might also add, that his nephew was no longer in opposition. Free, as he then supposed himself, from the responsibility which a seat in parliament imposed, Lord Edward answered that it was his determination for the future to devote himself exclusively to his profession; and he could therefore, without any difficulty, promise not to appear in opposition to the government.

On seeing his mother, however, the following day, his lordship was, for the first time, informed that, notwithstanding her grace's earnest remonstrances, his brother, the Duke of Leinster, had, before his arrival, returned him for the county of Kildare. Finding his position thus altered, he lost no time in apprising the Duke of Richmond, who, on learning the new views of the subject which this discovery had occasioned, expressed strong displeasure against his nephew, and accused him of breaking his word with the king; adding, at the same time, that neither this proffered appointment, nor any other favour from ministers was to be expected by him, if he did not detach himself from the opposition and give his vote to government. This Lord Edward, it is hardly necessary to say, promptly

refused, and the two relatives parted, with a degree of anger on the part of the uncle, which is suspected, but, I should think, unjustly, to have had some share in the harsh measure taken subsequently, of dismissing Lord Edward, without even the forms of inquiry, from the army.

Thus disappointed of an employment which would have been so gratifying at once to his ambition and his tastes, he had now no other resources for the diversion of his thoughts than such as his parliamentary duties in Ireland, and the society of a few favourite friends in London, afforded him. This want of any absorbing pursuits or interests of his own left him free to extend his sympathies to the concerns of others; and, being neither pledged to a certain set of opinions by virtue of any office, nor under that fear of change which high station and wealth engender, he could now give way without reserve to his judgment and feelings, and take part *with* the oppressed and *against* the oppressor to the full length that his own natural sense of justice and benevolence dictated.

Left thus open to the influence of all that was passing around him, it may be conceived that the great events now in progress in France could have appealed to few hearts more thoroughly prepared, both by nature and position, to go along with their movement. In the society, too, which he now chiefly cultivated,—that of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and their many distinguished friends,—he found those political principles, to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his reason and imagination by all the splendid sanctions with which genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good-fellowship could invest them. Neither was it to be expected, while thus imbibing the full spirit of the new doctrines, that he would attend much to those constitutional guards and conditions with which the Whig patriots, at that time, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the constitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract.

From both these wholesome restraints on political ardour, Lord Edward was free; having derived, it may be supposed, from his Irish education in politics, but a small portion of respect for the English constitution, and being by nature too little selfish, even had he any ulterior interests, to let a thought of them stand in the way of the present generous impulse. At a later period, indeed, it is well known that even Mr. Fox himself, impatient at the hopelessness of all his efforts to rid England, by any ordinary means, of a despotism

which aristocratic alarm had brought upon her, found himself driven, in his despair of Reform, so near that edge where Revolution begins, that had there existed, at that time, in England any thing like the same prevalent sympathy with the new doctrines of democracy as responded throughout Ireland, there is no saying how far short of the daring aims of Lord Edward even this great constitutional Whig leader might, in the warmth of his generous zeal, have ventured.

These remarks, however, as regards both Mr. Fox and Lord Edward, apply to a later period, by some years, than that at which we are now arrived,—the French Revolution not having yet fully developed either its might or its mischief, nor diffused that feverish excitement among the middle and lower classes of the community which rendered them objects of alarm and, at last, coercion with the higher. It was not, indeed, till Lord Edward's visits to France in 1792, that he appears to have espoused zealously and decidedly those republican principles upon which, during the short remainder of his life, he acted with but a too fearless consistency. The interval previous to that time he passed chiefly under the same roof with his mother and sisters; and it is for this reason that there remain to us but few letters through which, for these two years, we are able to track the details of his life.

At the beginning of 1791 we find him attending the House of Commons in Dublin, but most heartily weary of the society he was living with, and wishing himself in London, whither all his desires now called him,—not only from the delight he always felt in the converse of his own family, but from certain other less legitimate attractions on which it is not necessary to dwell, but to which his extreme readiness to love, and his power of making himself beloved in return, rendered him constantly liable. Seldom, indeed, has any one possessed, to such an engaging degree, that combination of manly ardour with gentleness which is so winning to most female minds.

"Dublin," he says, in one of his letters at this time, "has been very lively this last week, and promises as much for the next; but I think it is all the same thing.—*La* D * *, *La* S * *, and a few young competitors for their places. I have been a great deal with these two. They want to console me for London; but it won't do, though I own they are very pleasant. Henry and I have been living at Leinster House quite alone. We generally ride to Black Rock.—I hate going by the gate. I won't say any thing of it for fear of tempting you, but the passage is in high beauty. I meant to have gone and slept there to-night, but was kept too late at the levee, so must put it off to another time. I have dined by myself, and intended

giving up the evening to writing to you, but have had such a pressing invitation from Mrs.** to sup that I cannot refuse. I hope it is to make up a quarrel which she began the other night, because I said I thought she was cold. I find it is the worst thing one can say of a Dublin woman:—you cannot conceive what an affront it is reckoned."

At the latter end of 1792, that momentous crisis, when France, standing forth on the ruins of her monarchy, proclaimed herself a Republic, and hurled fierce defiance against the thrones of the world,—Lord Edward, unwilling to lose such a spectacle of moral and political excitement, hastened over to Paris, without communicating his intentions even to the Duchess, who had, but a short time previously, received from him the following letter:—

"London, October, 1792.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I know you will be glad to make out through mistakes, words left out, false spelling, bad English, etc. that I am almost quite well. I have been in town since Saturday. I return to Boyle Farm again to-morrow. I spent a delightful week. Dear Harry, as usual, charming;—he is perfect. I dined with Charles Fox, Saturday, on coming to town;—he was quite right about all the good French news. Is it not delightful? it is really shameful to see how much it has affected all our *aristocrats*. I think one may fairly say the Duke of Brunswick and his Germans are bedeviled. The joke, in the Argus, of the *invincible cavalry* of Prussia being totally *eat up* by their infantry, is not a bad one.

"I begin to feel a little for the emigrants, though I am sure they deserve none; but they have so completely ruined their cause that I believe they will lose every thing. *Some*, I am sure, thought they were acting *right* and *honourably*; and these, though one is surprised and angry at their errors, one cannot help pitying. How glad I am** has remained in France! Poor Antoine, I cannot say how I feel for him, for he certainly thought he was doing right."

From the letter that soon after followed, it will be seen that had his lordship been a more backward pupil in the new doctrines of democracy than, unluckily for himself, he proved to be, it would not have been for want of an able and daring preceptor.

"Paris, Tuesday, October 30th.
"1st Year of the Republic, 1792.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I know you will be surprised to hear from me here,—do not be uneasy. This town is as quiet as possible, and for me a most

interesting scene. I would not have missed seeing it at this period for any thing. I stopped a day at Boulogne with the dear **, and you may guess how glad I was to see her. I told her not to tell you I was here, as I did not intend to let you know it; but, upon consideration, I think it better you should. I arrived last Friday.

"I lodge with my friend Paine,—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess. I pass my time very pleasantly, read, walk, and go quietly to the play. I have not been to see any one, nor shall not. I often want you, dearest mother, but I should not have been able to bear Tunbridge for any time. The present scene occupies my thoughts a great deal, and dissipates unpleasant feelings very much.

"Give my love to Ogilvie and the girls. I think he would be much entertained and interested if he was here. I can compare it to nothing but Rome in its days of conquest:—the energy of the people is beyond belief. There is no news that the Morning Chronicle does not tell you, so I won't repeat. I go a great deal to the Assembly;—they improve much in speaking.

"God bless you, dearest mother. Believe me

"Your affectionate, etc.

"Let me know if I can do any thing for you here. Direct—

Le citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald,
Hôtel de White, Passage des Petits-Pères, près du Palais-Royal."

From a disposition so ardent and fearless, discretion was the last virtue to be expected, and his friends, therefore, whatever alarm or regret it might cause them, could hardly have felt much surprise when the announcement that follows made its appearance in the papers of Paris and London:

"Paris, Nov. 19th.

"Yesterday the English arrived in Paris assembled at White's Hotel, to celebrate the triumph of victories gained over their late invaders by the armies of France. Though the festival was intended to be purely British, the meeting was attended by citizens of various countries, by deputies of the Convention, by generals, and other officers of the armies then stationed or visiting Paris,—J. H. Stone in the chair.

"Among the toasts were, 'The armies of France: may the

example of its citizen soldiers be followed by all enslaved countries, till tyrants and tyranny be extinct.'

"An address proposed to the National Convention. — Among several toasts proposed by the citizens, Sir R. Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald, was the following : 'May the patriotic airs of the German Legion (Ça ira, the Carmagnole, Marseillaise March, etc.) soon become the favourite music of every army, and may the soldier and the citizen join in the chorus.'

"General Dillon proposed 'The people of Ireland; and may government profit by the example of France, and Reform prevent Revolution.'

"Sir Robert Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald renounced their titles; and a toast proposed by the former was drank :—'The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions.'"

"Paris, 1792.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I got your dear letter yesterday. You were quite right about my joy at the taking of Mons, and the success of the battle of Jemappe. I was in the house when the news came, and saw Baptiste received : it was an animating scene,—as indeed every thing that passes here now is. You who know the French may conceive it. I am delighted with the manner they feel their success : no foolish boasting or arrogance at it;—but imputing all to the greatness and goodness of their cause, and seeming to rejoice more on account of its effects on Europe in general than for their own individual glory. This, indeed, is the turn every idea here seems to take : all their pamphlets, all their pieces, all their songs, extol their achievements but as the effect of the principle they are contending for, and rejoice at their success as the triumph of humanity. All the defeats of their enemies they impute to their disgust at the cause for which they fight. In the coffee-houses and play-houses, every man calls the other *camarade, frère*, and with a stranger immediately begins, 'Ah! nous sommes tous frères, tous hommes, nos victoires sont pour vous, pour tout le monde;' and the same sentiments are always received with peals of applause. In short, all the good enthusiastic French sentiments seem to come out; while, to all appearance, one would say, they had lost all their bad. The town is quiet, and to judge from the theatres and public walks, very full. The great difference seems in the few carriages, and the dress, which is very plain.

"I am glad Ogilvie warms up a little. I knew he would. I am sure you enjoy the success, for you and I always had a proper

liking for the true French character. Dear ** is here. I see a great deal of her; she is as pleasant as ever;—that same good heart and delightful manner. How she dotes on you! but what I admire is the manner she bears the change of circumstances,—with a good sense and philosophy beyond description, even as you yourself would do. From her 3000*l.* she has got 1000*l.* a year, and not quite that. She goes in her hackney-coach, or walks to her friends and her *soirées, crottée jusqu'au cou,* with the same cheerfulness as ever; and is just the same, with her one servant and maid, and little dinner of soup and bouilli, as when Me la Marquise, with two *grands laquais.* Indeed, if it were not for her children, I rather think she likes it better. You would admire her were you to see her, and would understand all her feelings.

"Tell Ogilvie I shall leave this next week, and settle my majority, if I am not scratched out of the army. General Égalité is the son of Orleans. I dine to-day with Madame Sillery. God bless you, dearest mother. I am obliged to leave you. Love to the girls.

"I long to see you, and shall be with you the beginning of the week after next. I cannot be long from you.

"Yours,

"E. F.

"In the midst of my patriotism and projects, you are always the first thing in my heart, and ever must be, my dear, dear mother."

The simple sentence in this letter, "I dine to-day with Madame de Sillery," is far more pregnant with events and feelings interesting to the writer, than from the short and careless manner in which it is here introduced could be suspected. Madame de Sillery (the celebrated Comtesse de Genlis) had, but a day or two before the date of this letter, returned from England, where, accompanied by her pupil Mademoiselle d'Orléans, and her adopted daughter Pamela she had been, for the last twelve or thirteen months, living in retirement. The only interruption to this privacy was during the few weeks passed by her under the roof of Mr. Sheridan, at Isleworth during which time Lord Edward was, more than once, afforded an opportunity of meeting her, but from a horror of learned ladies,—not peculiar, as it would appear by this instance, to poets,—always declined that honour. Though his imagination, therefore, had been sufficiently prepared by the descriptions which he had heard of the young Pamela, to find much in her that would excite both his interest and admiration, he had never, till the time of his present visit to Paris, seen her.

It could hardly have been more than an evening or two before the date of the above letter, that, being at one of the theatres of Paris

he saw, through a *loge grillée* near him, a face with which he was exceedingly struck, as well from its own peculiar beauty, as from the strong likeness the features bore to those of a lady, then some months dead, for whom he was known to have entertained a very affectionate regard. On inquiring who the young person was that had thus riveted his attention, he found it was no other than the very Pamela, of whose beauty he had heard so much—the adopted, or (as may now be said, without scruple) actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans. Instantly, all his prepossessions against the learned mother vanished; an acquaintance, from that very night, I believe, commenced between them, and he was seldom after seen absent from the fair Pamela's side.

In some natures, love is a fruit that ripens quickly; and that such was its growth in Lord Edward's warm heart the whole history of his life fully testifies. In the present instance, where there was so much to interest and attract on both sides, a liking felt by either could not fail to become reciprocal. The perfect disinterestedness, too, of the young soldier threw, at once, out of consideration a difficulty that might have checked more worldly suitors; and, in somewhat less than a month after their meeting at Paris, Mademoiselle Sims (the name by which Madame de Genlis had chosen to designate her daughter) became Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

The marriage took place at Tournay,—Madame de Genlis having consented so far to resume the charge of her illustrious pupil, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, as to place her in safety beyond the borders of France [1],—and the following is the lady's own account of the event :—

"Nous arrivâmes à Tournay dans les premiers jours de Décembre de cette même année, 1792. Trois semaines après, j'eus le bonheur de marier ma fille d'adoption, l'angélique Pamela, à Lord Édouard Fitzgérald. Au milieu de tant d'infortunes et d'injustices, le ciel voulut récompenser par cet heureux événement la meilleure action de ma vie, celle d'avoir protégé l'innocence sans appui, d'avoir élevé, adopté l'enfant incomparable que la Providence jetait dans mes bras; enfin, d'avoir développé son esprit, sa raison, et les vertus qui la rendent aujourd'hui le modèle des épouses et des mères de son âge [2]."

M. de Chartres, the present King of France, was one of the witnesses of the ceremony; and as the marriage contract contains names which are, in their several ways, sure to live in history, the reader may not be displeased to see an extract or two from it here :—

[1] Almost immediately after, Belgium was incorporated with France.

[2] Précis de la conduite de Madame de Genlis depuis la Révolution.

"A tous ceux, etc., etc., sçavoir faisons que pardevant maître Ferdinand Joseph Dorez, notaire républicain de la résidence de Tournay en Flandre, en présence des citoïens Louis Philippe Égalité et Silvestre Mirys, de présents audit Tournay, et témoins requis, sont comparus Édouard Fitzgérald, âgé de vingt-neuf ans environ, demeurant ordinairement à Dublin, en Irlande, natif à White Hall, à Londres, fils de James Fitzgérald, Duc de Leinster, et de Dame Amélie Lennox, Duchesse de Leinster, d'une part.

"Citoïenne Anne Caroline Stephanie Sims, âgée de dix-neuf ans environ, demeurant à Paris, connue en France sous le nom de Paméla, native de Fogo dans l'Isle de Terre-Neuve; fille de Guillaume de Brixey et de Mary Sims, assistées de la citoïenne Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest Brulart Sillery, connue en dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-six sous le nom de Comtesse de Genlis, autorisée par les deux dépositions passées pardevant honorable Guillaume, Comte de Mansfield, pair du royaume, et grand justicier d'Angleterre, toutes deux en date du vingt-cinq Janvier dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-six, d'autre part."

One of the stipulations is as follows :—

"Stipulé qu'en cas de séparation les biens, meubles et immeubles, acquis et patrimoniaux auxdits futurs époux, qu'ils posséderont lors de cette séparation, seront partagés entre eux par moitié; à l'exception néanmoins d'une rente viagère de six mille livres de France annuellement, appartenant à la future épouse, qui n'entrera point dans le partage; mais au contraire appartiendra en totalité à ladite future épouse, ainsi qu'une autre rente viagère de douze cents livres.

* * * *

"Étoient signés à la minute originale des présentes lettres, Édouard Fitzgérald, Paméla Sims, le Lieutenant-Général Jacques Omoran, Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest Sillery Brulart, Adèle Eugène Égalité, Hermine Compton, Philippe Égalité, Pulchérie Valence, Henriette Screey, César Ducrest, L. Philippe Égalité, Silvestre Mirys, et C. J. Dorez, notaire."

In the mean time, while the marriage was thus in progress, the publicity given by the journals of both countries to the details of the English Festival, held lately at Paris, had produced the consequences which Lord Edward himself had, in a great measure, anticipated. Without any further inquiry, and, so far, no doubt, unjustly and oppressively, his lordship, together with two or three other officers, who had offended in the same manner, was dismissed from the army. To this treatment of his noble relative, Mr. Fox (in speaking on a

motion [1] of the Secretary of War for the employment of invalids, etc.), thus took occasion to advert :—

"While upon the subject of military, he deemed it a fit opportunity to take notice of some occurrences which had taken place, but which he could not know the particulars of but from report. He alluded to certain dismissals which had been made in the army, as those of Lord Semple, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and also Captain Gawler. That there might be good grounds for these dismissals was possible, but they were unknown because they were undeclared; one only ground was suggested by the public voice, namely, their having subscribed to the fund raised for the purpose of enabling the French to carry on the war against their invaders. . . . . One of these officers, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was his near relation, and of him he would say, from his personal knowledge, that the service did not possess a more zealous, meritorious, or promising member;—he had served his country in actual service, and bled in its service."

On the 2d of January, 1793, Lord Edward, with his young bride, arrived in London. He had written to ask his mother's consent to the marriage; but whether his impatience had allowed him to wait for her answer appears somewhat doubtful. It is, indeed, most probable that the letter to which the following note alludes was the first notification he received of her prompt, and, as ever, indulgent sanction.

"Wednesday, 2d January, 1793.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thank you a thousand times for your letter; you never obliged me so much, or made me so happy. I cannot tell you how strongly my little wife feels it: she has sent your letter to Mᵉ Silleri, whom I knew it would delight. She is to be pitied, for she dotes on Pamela, who returns it most sincerely. What she feels is the only drawback on my happiness. You must love her,—she wants to be loved.

"We shall dine with you the day after to-morrow. We shall not be able to get from the Custom-house time enough to see you to-morrow. Love to all. Tell Ogilvie how much I am obliged to him. Yours, dearest mother,

"E. F."

After remaining about three weeks with the Duchess of Leinster,

[1] December 21st, 1792.

the new-married couple proceeded to Dublin, where the Session of Parliament had commenced on the 10th of January; and, in an Irish newspaper, dated the 26th of this month, I find their arrival thus announced: "Yesterday morning, arrived the Princess Royal, Captain Browne, from Parkgate, with the Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his lady and suite, and several other persons of quality."

In order to convey to my readers any clear idea of the sort of political atmosphere into which Lord Edward,—himself more than sufficiently excited,—now plunged at once on his return to Dublin, it will be necessary to recall briefly to their recollection the history of Irish affairs for the last fourteen or fifteen years preceding:—and a few dates and facts, requiring but little comment, will bring more vividly, and, as it were, bodily, before their eyes the state of Ireland at this moment, than any description that eloquence, however forcible, could give of it.

In the year 1776, the people of Ireland first learned the dangerous lesson, that to the fears, rather than the justice, of their rulers, they must thenceforward look for either right or favour. In the summer of that year, America proclaimed her independence, and in the course of the autumn the first link was struck from the chain of the Catholic; the law then allowing him to acquire an interest in the soil, which he had hitherto trod but by sufferance, as a serf. Small as was the seed of liberty thus sown, all that Ireland has since gained may be considered as its fruits. In a year or two after, the cause of American independence was espoused openly by the courts of France and Spain. The resources of England were reduced to the lowest ebb, and the fleets of the enemy menaced the British shores. In this predicament, the town of Belfast, which had been invaded by the French eighteen years before, applied to government for protection, and received the memorable answer, "We have not the means;—you must defend yourselves." Never was an avowal of feebleness, on the part of a government, responded to by a more noble or generous manifestation of strength on the part of the people. Instantly an immense army of volunteers sprung up, as if by enchantment, through the country. The sympathies of all,—even of the outcast Catholic,—rallied round the patriotic standard; and could Ireland then have claimed the services of her sons, she would have exhibited to the eyes of the world, at this magnificent moment, that only true fortress of freedom, an armed people. As it was, in less than a year from their first formation, the volunteer force amounted to 80,000 men: the hour of England's weakness was found to be that of Ireland's strength, and in this attitude, as formidable to her rulers as to the enemy, she demanded

and obtained from England a free trade and an independent legislature.

Such a spirit, once evoked, was not easily to be laid. Having secured the independence of their parliament, the next task of these armed patriots was to effect its reform; and, accordingly, in the year 1783, a Convention of this body assembled in Dublin, holding their deliberations on Reform, even during the sitting of parliament, and assuming powers and functions co-ordinate with those of the two acting branches of the legislature. How far this military intervention might have ventured to proceed, had it not been guided by a leader so temperate, and, at the same time, so popular as Lord Charlemont, it is impossible to say; but that a collision was on the point of taking place between these armed deliberators and the legislative council of the nation, must be evident to every reader of the history of that crisis. It is, indeed, now well known, that there was, at that moment, in full equipment, at Belfast, a train of artillery, with a considerable supply of ammunition, and a large corps of volunteers, ready to march to the aid of the Convention, if necessary.

Formidable, however, as this body appeared in numbers and spirit, it was yet but a very small portion of the Irish nation, and had even precluded itself from the sympathies it might have commanded from the great bulk of the people, by rejecting, more than once, a proposition laid before it for the extension of the elective franchise to Catholics. Against such an assembly, therefore, so little backed by the collective sense of the nation, it is not wonderful that the governing party should feel itself sufficiently strong to assume, at once, a high tone of determination and resistance. A motion for Reform, upon a plan previously agreed on in the Convention, having been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Flood,—himself dressed in the volunteer uniform, and surrounded by other members, some of them Delegates, in the same military array,—after a long and stormy debate, maintained, on both sides, with a spirit of defiance which an eye-witness of the scene describes as "almost terrific," the rejection of the measure was carried by a majority of 159 to 77, and a lesson of national union thus inculcated upon Irishmen, of which, through the eventful years that followed, they were not slow in profiting.

Already, indeed, had there appeared symptoms of friendly approximation among those sects into which the people of Ireland are even more politically than religiously divided, and from whose disunion all the misery of their common country springs. Among the Protestant voices of the senate, some already had pleaded eloquently

for the Catholic. A bishop of the established church [1],—one hardly, however, to be cited as a churchman—had said, in addressing the volunteers on this now novel subject, "Tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection." The Presbyterians, too, of the north, the last, it might be supposed, this new light could reach, were, on the contrary, the first and promptest to sacrifice all sectarian prejudices on the wide national altar of union and freedom. The volunteers of Belfast had given instructions to their delegates in the Convention to support, as one of the essential ingredients of Reform, the free admission of Catholics to all the rights of freemen; and, among the circumstances indicative of the growing temper of the times, it could not fail to be observed, that the able Catholic divine, O'Leary, on entering the doors of the military Congress, was received with a full salute of rested arms by the volunteers.

Hitherto, however, this new feeling of liberality had been confined, comparatively, but to a few, and even in them, notwithstanding the increased heat of the political temperature of the times, was, as yet, but imperfectly ripened. If civil and religious liberty are, as they have been sometimes described, twins, it is lamentable to observe how much more tardy and stunted is, in most cases, the growth of the latter than of the former. It was not till convinced of their own weakness by the failure of this great effort for Reform, that the attention of the Whigs and other more daring speculators in politics was turned seriously and sincerely to those disqualifying statutes which had robbed their cause of the great momentum of the general mind, and left them a powerless colony in the midst of a disfranchised nation. From this moment, Catholic Freedom went hand in hand, in all their projects, with Reform; and the same Dissenters who had formed the flower of the civic army in 1782, were now the foremost to seek in a cordial reconcilement of all sects a more extended and national basis for their patriotism.

This growing coalition between the Catholics and the Dissenters, to which the one party brought intelligence and republican spirit, and the other deep-rooted discontent and numerical force, had for its chief cement a feeling, common to both, of impatience under the exactions of the established church; and a demonstration, among many others of their joint aims against this vulnerable point, occurred in the year 1787, when the celebrated Father O'Leary, already mentioned, found himself seconded by Dr. Campbell, and other presbyterian ministers, in his well-known and amusing controversy with the Bishop of Cloyne.

[1] The Bishop of Derry.

Still, however, their mutual tie was but slight and distant; nor was it till the astounding burst of the French revolution had scattered hopes and fears of change through all nations, that their alliance began to assume any very decisive or formidable consistency. In the mean time, the government, with that infatuation which attends all governments so situated, had, in proportion as the people took bolder views of the responsibility of the trust committed to their rulers, gone on abusing that trust by such a system of corruption as, for its waste and shamelessness, defies all parallel. As far as openness, indeed, may be thought to take away from the danger or ignominy of such traffic, neither in the buyer or the bought was there any want of this quality in the Irish market; and the well-known threat, or rather lure, held out by Lord Clare[1] to a refractory opposition, is worth volumes in pourtraying the spirit both of his own times and those that preceded them. "Half a million," he said, "or more had been expended, some years before, to break an Opposition; and the same, or a greater sum, might be necessary now."

It was in speaking of that period, — the portion of it, at least, between 1784 and 1790, — that Mr. Grattan made use of the following strong language: "You have no adequate responsibility in Ireland, and politicians laugh at the sword of justice, which falls short of their heads, and only precipitates on their reputation..... .. .... and yet in this country we have had victims; the aristocracy has, at different times, been a victim; the whole people of Ireland, for almost an entire century, were a victim; but ministers, in all their criminal succession, — here is a chasm, a blank in your history. Sir, you have in Ireland no axe, — therefore no good minister."

The part taken by the Irish parliament on the question of the Regency, in 1789, had consequences, both immediate and remote, of the most signal importance to Ireland. One of the first effects of the new division of parties which then took place was to throw an immense accession of strength into the ranks of the Opposition; and this reinforcement of the popular cause accruing just at the moment when the example of the French Revolution was beginning to agitate all minds, formed such a concurrence of exciting causes, at the beginning of the year 1790, as diffused the ruffle of an approaching storm over the whole face of society. Words, spoken in high places, fall with even more than their due weight on the public ear; and the language of the parliamentary orators at this period lost none of its impression from the millions of echoes that, out of doors, repeated it.

[1] When Attorney-General.

"Do you imagine," said Mr. Grattan, "that the laws of this country can retain due authority under a system such as yours;—a system which not only poisons the source of the law, but pollutes the seats of judgment?... The present administration is an enemy to the law: first, because it has broken the law; secondly, because it has attempted to poison the true sources both of legislation and justice; and, however the friends of that administration may talk plausibly on the subject of public tranquillity, they are, in fact, *the ring-leaders of sedition placed in authority*. Rank majorities may give a nation law, but rank majorities cannot give law authority." In the course of the same session (1790) Mr. O'Neill, while animadverting upon the corrupt influence of government, thus predicted but too truly the catastrophe to which they were hurrying:— "I do say, and I say it prophetically, that the people will resist. The members of this house bear but a small proportion to the people at large. There are gentlemen outside these doors, of as good education and of as much judgment of the relative duties of representation as any man within doors;—and matters are evidently ripening and will come to a crisis."

The immense efficacy of clubs and societies, as instruments of political agitation, had been evinced by the use which the workers of the French Revolution had made of them; and it is a striking proof of the little foresight with which the steps even of the most cautious are sometimes taken, that to no less moderate a Whig than Lord Charlemont did Ireland owe, at this crisis, the first example of that sort of combination for political purposes which became afterwards such a lever in the hands of her millions. At the latter end of 1789 this excellent nobleman had, with the aid of Mr. Grattan, founded a Whig Club in Dublin, and, shortly after, a similar society was, through his lordship's means, instituted at Belfast. To cultivate the old Revolution principles, as distinguished from the democratic theories of the day, was the professed object of these clubs; but it was soon seen that the new revolutionary school had, in the minds of most of the northern zealots of freedom, superseded the venerable doctrines of 1688. The example set by Lord Charlemont was, in all but its moderation, imitated; other clubs, keeping pace more boldly with the advancing spirit of the times, succeeded; and, at length, in the ensuing year, 1791, was formed that deep and comprehensive "Plot of Patriots" (as they themselves described it), the Society of United Irishmen;—professing, as the aim and principle of their Union, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and calling upon all sects and denominations of Irishmen to join them in the one great, common cause of political, religious, and national enfranchisement.

"Among the new features which distinguished this club from its predecessors, the prominence now for the first time given to the wrongs of the Catholics, as one of those evils of which the whole nation should call loudly for the redress, was by far the most important. Too long had the old Whig feeling of hatred to Popery succeeded in blinding many of the Protestant advocates of freedom to the true interest of that cause which they but as colonists, not as Irishmen, pleaded. Agreeing to "call it freedom if themselves were free," they took no account of the great mass of living materials, out of which alone the pile of national liberty can be constructed. The Volunteer Convention of 1783, in all their pride of patriotism, were yet unwilling, as we have seen, to connect the question of Catholic freedom with Reform; and, most absurdly, while demanding a wide extension of the right of suffrage, were for leaving the numbers of those who could exercise it as limited as ever. The Whig Club too, though, as individuals, some of their body were warm advocates of the Catholics, yet, as a society, so far threw damp upon the question as to exclude it from among their subjects of discussion.

By this impolitic backwardness in their cause, the great bulk of the people were, by degrees, alienated from all confidence in the legitimate guardians of their rights,—were left to listen to the call of other and bolder leaders, and to look to that ominous light now kindled in the north as their sole and sure beacon of invitation and hope. To those whose object it was to rally all the nation's energies round a flag of a far deeper green than the pale standard of Whiggism, this distrust of their parliamentary friends by the people was by no means unwelcome; nor, as far as courtesy to the individuals in question would permit, did they fail to encourage it. "Trust," said they, in one of their Addresses [1], "as little to your friends as to your enemies, in a matter where you can act only by yourselves. The will of the nation must be declared before any Reform can take place [2]."

Anticipating, too (as they well might under any government less infatuated) the probability of their being, before long, deprived of their hold upon the Catholics by a seasonable and liberal concession of

[1] Address of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin to the Irish Nation.

[2] In this sentence they seem to refer to Paine's notions on the subject of Reform:—"A government on the principles upon which constitutional governments, arising out of society, are established, cannot have the right of altering itself..... The bill which Mr. Pitt brought into Parliament some years ago, to *reform* Parliament, was on this erroneous principle. The right of Reform is in the nation in its original character, and the constitutional method would be by a General Convention elected for the purpose."

their claims, they took care not to fall into the error which has been, in our own times, committed, of representing this concession, however important, as the "*one* thing needful," but thus, in another of their Addresses, guarded themselves against any such misconception or limitation of their views :—"In the sincerity of our souls do we desire Catholic Emancipation; but, were it obtained to-morrow, to-morrow should we go on as we do to-day, in the pursuit of that Reform which would still be wanting to ratify their liberties as well as our own."

With all this, however, it was still but by very slow degrees that the better order of Catholics lent themselves to the exciting call of their fellow-countrymen. Not, assuredly, from any tendency that there is in their faith, more than in most others, to weaken or counteract the spirit of liberty,—an assumption which the events of our own time must have sufficiently set to rest,—but from the timidity and want of self-confidence engendered by a long course of slavery, and the hope still kept alive in their hearts of some boon from the free grace of government, they were at first, naturally fearful of putting to hazard whatever advantages their present position might possess, for the precarious and stormy chances of an alliance which seemed to offer no medium between success and ruin.

To this cautious line of policy the influence of some of their peers and chief gentry, who had hitherto taken the leading part in their deliberations, had been successful in restraining them : but the same impatience under aristocratic rule which was now pervading all Europe, could not but find its way at length into the councils of the Catholics. So late as the year 1791, these hereditary conductors of their cause had taken upon themselves, in the name of the whole body, to present an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, condemnatory of the spirit and tendency of the popular associations of the day, and leaving, with implicit loyalty, to the discretion of government the measure of justice it might think proper to accord to their claims.

This offensive mixture, in their aristocratic leaders, of dictation to the people and servility to the court, was at once felt to have incapacitated them from being any longer the organs of a body rising into the proud attitude of assertors of their own rights. The proceedings of this small knot of lords and gentlemen were accordingly protested against by those whom they pretended to represent; and a separation having in consequence taken place between them and the great mass of the Catholics, the conduct of the cause devolved from thenceforth into the hands of commercial men of intelligence and spirit, whose position in society gave them an insight

into the growing demands of the country, and placed their minds, as it were, in contact with those popular influences and sympathies from which the proud seclusion in which they lived had insulated the former managers of their cause.

From this moment the political views of the Catholic Committee and the United Irish Societies began manifestly to converge towards the same formidable object—a general and nationalized league against English power. Even the feud which had for some time raged in the North between the lower classes of Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, and which has bequeathed, in the transmitted spirit of its Peep-o'-day boys, the curse of Orangeism to Ireland, could not prevent a great majority of the better order of both sects from drawing cordially towards a union, by which alone, they saw, their common objects could be effected. The appointment, indeed, of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the first society of United Irishmen, to be Secretary of the Catholic Committee, gave sufficiently intelligible warning that the time was at hand when the same spirit would be found to actuate both these bodies.

To the confluence of troubled waters which I have been here describing, the example and progress of the French Revolution were giving, every day, a more revolutionary colour and course. In the year 1790-1, the Irish Volunteers had transmitted an Address to the National Assembly of France, and received from them a long and fraternizing answer in return. On the 14th of July, 1792, the town of Belfast, now foremost in the race of democracy, had celebrated by a grand Procession and Festival the anniversary of the French Revolution; and among the devices and inscriptions displayed on the occasion, one or two will sufficiently give a notion of the republican spirit that pervaded the whole ceremony. On a group of emblematic figures was inscribed, "Our Gallic brethren were born July 14, 1789:—alas! we are still in embryo." On the reverse, "Superstitious jealousy, the cause of the Irish Bastille: let us unite and destroy it." To this meeting the Catholic Committee of Dublin sent down a deputation; and a dinner given to those deputies, a day or two after the Festival, is thus described by Tone: "Chequered, at the head of the table, sat Dissenter and Catholic. The four flags, America, France, Poland, Ireland, but *no England*."

It is not wonderful that, by such manifestations of public feeling, even the government of that day, hardened as it was to all better appeals, should, at length, find itself alarmed into some show of justice. The justice, however, that is wrung from fear, but adds contempt to the former sense of wrong; and the whole history of the concessions doled out to the Catholics, in this and the ensuing

year, but exhibits, in its fullest perfection, that perverse art, in which Irish rulers have shown themselves such adepts, of throwing a blight over favours by the motive and manner of conferring them, —an art, which unhappily has had the effect of rendering barren, thankless, and unblest, some of the fairest boons bestowed by England upon Ireland. At the beginning of this year (1792), a Bill, brought forward avowedly under the sanction of government, gave to the Irish Catholics the right of admission to the bar, and repealed one or two of the most odious of the penal statutes. But, almost at the same time, a respectful petition from that body, praying for "the restoration to them of some share in the elective franchise," was, with a degree of bitterness and indignity which seemed as it were a relief after their late effort of liberality, spurned away from the table of the House of Commons; — thus not only poisoning the scanty measure of relief just afforded, but teaching the Catholic how to estimate the sudden access of generosity by which the very same parliament was actuated towards him in the following year, when, in a moment of panic, they of themselves hurried forward to invest him with even more extensive rights than those which the petition, now so insultingly thrown out, solicited.

In the course of the session of 1792, two fearful predictions were uttered, of one of which the accomplishment followed but too speedily. In exposing the gross corruption of the government, Mr. Ponsonby said strongly, that "an hour would come when the country would endure any extremity rather than submit to the system of influence that had been established;" and Mr. Grattan, in the debate on the Catholic Bill, alluding to the prospect of a Union, which was then, for the second or third time in the course of the century, threatened, pronounced it a measure that "would be fatal to England, beginning with a false compromise which they might call a Union, to end in eternal separation through the process of two civil wars."

The immediate effect of the haughty repulse which the Catholics suffered this session, was to impress upon themselves and their Protestant advisers the necessity of acting with redoubled vigour in future, and of devising some plan by which the collective sense of the whole Catholic population might be brought to bear, peacefully and legally, but, at the same time, with all the weight implied in such formidable unanimity, upon the government. This they were enabled to effect towards the close of 1792, by a system of delegation, embracing all the counties and many of the great towns and districts of Ireland. Writs were issued to the electoral bodies, who had been, in each place, chosen to name the delegates, and in the month of December, a Convention, representing the entire Catholic

population, commenced its sittings with all the forms of a Legislative Assembly, in Dublin.

Authoritative and commanding, in itself, as speaking the voice of at least three-fourths of the nation, this body was also backed by a considerable proportion of the Protestant talent and spirit of the country, in and out of parliament, as well as by the daily increasing confederacy of the Presbyterian republicans of the North. While the late Catholic Bill had been before the House, a petition was sent up, signed by numbers of the most respectable persons in Belfast, praying that the Legislature would repeal all penal laws against the Catholics, and place them on the same footing with their Protestant fellow-subjects.

Among other symptoms of the rapid progress now making towards that national union from which alone English supremacy has any danger to fear, it is mentioned that the Volunteers of Dublin, on the recent celebration of the 4th of November, had refused to parade, as usual, round the statue of King William, and that, while all of them had discarded their orange ribbons, some had even appeared, on that day, in cockades of the national green. But the event, among these minor indications of public feeling, in which the government must have seen most formidably shadowed out the forthcoming results of their own obstinate misrule, was the enthusiastic reception given, at Belfast [1], to the five Catholic Delegates, whom the General Committee had deputed to lay their Petition before the King. "On their departure," say the accounts of the day, "the assembled populace took the horses from their carriage, and drew them quite through the town over the long bridge on the road to Donaghadee, amidst the loudest huzzas and cries of 'Success attend you,' 'Union,' 'Equal laws,' and 'Down with the Ascendancy.'"

Such,—as briefly brought before the eyes of my readers as the subject would allow,—was the state of ominous excitement to which a long train of causes, foreign and domestic, all tending towards the same inevitable crisis, had concurred in winding up the public mind in Ireland, at the time when Lord Edward arrived to fix his residence in that country. He found the Parliament already assembled, and had not more than a day or two taken his seat, when, in the course of a Debate on an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, he, by one of those short bursts of feeling which have a far better chance of living in history than the most elaborate harangue, showed how unrestrainedly all his sympathies had, even at this time, committed themselves with the great national struggle in which his countrymen were engaged.

[1] December, 1792.

In order to understand clearly the occasion on which this manifestation of his feelings was called forth, a brief reference to some anterior circumstances, marked strongly with the character of the times, may not be superfluous.

Among the many plans devised by the United Irishmen, for banding and organizing the people, a revival, or rather extension, of the old volunteer system had been resorted to with success by the patriots of the North, and was now about to be tried, on even a more daring scale, in Dublin. An armed association, calling themselves the "First National Battalion," and bearing, for their device, an Irish harp, without a crown, surmounted by a cap of Liberty, had, in the month of December, 1792, sent forth summonses for the meeting of their corps : but a Proclamation, issued by Government on the day preceding their meeting, put a stop to the design.

Notwithstanding this, however, an assembly of Delegates from the Old Volunteer corps of Dublin announced their intention, shortly after, of holding a meeting to celebrate the late retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, and the French victory in Brabant. To confound these old established corps of Volunteers with the new military associations emanating from the system of the United Irishmen, was the obvious policy of a government interested in suppressing all such combinations. In order to render, however, the proclamation issued against the National Guard available for the dispersion of more innocent assemblages, it was thought necessary, as a matter of form, to apply for the sanction of Parliament; and a motion was accordingly made, on the 31st of January, for an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, approving of the Proclamation, and pledging the House to support cordially such measures as might be necessary to bring it into full effect.

It was on this occasion that Lord Edward Fitzgerald gave vent to his feelings in those few bold words, to which I have already adverted, and which have been recorded with such fidelity by all historians of the Irish Parliament. At the very end of the discussion, after several of the chief members of opposition, and, among others, Mr. Grattan himself, had declared their approval of the Proclamation, and condemned strongly the republican language of some of the summonses and resolutions of the volunteers, Lord Edward, as if unable any longer to contain himself, started up, and with great energy of manner, said—"Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the King has."

Loud cries of "to the Bar" and "take down his words" resounded instantly from all sides. The House was cleared in a moment, and nearly three hours elapsed before strangers were re-admitted.

During this interval attempts were in vain made to induce the refractory member to apologize. All that either persuasion or the threatened rigour of the House could draw from him was a few equivocal words, in which, with some humour (if the report I have heard of them be true), he re-asserted his former obnoxious opinion, saying, "I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House the worst subjects the King has :—I said so, 't is true, and I' m sorry for it." If such really were the terms of his lordship's explanation, it can but little surprise us that the House should have come to a unanimous resolution, "that the excuse offered by the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for the said words so spoken, is unsatisfactory and insufficient."

This resolution was followed by an order, passed also unanimously, "that Lord Edward Fitzgerald do attend at the bar of this House to-morrow." On the following day he appeared accordingly in custody, at the bar, and, being again called upon by the Speaker, offered a few words of explanation, of which no report has been preserved, but which could hardly have been of a very penitential nature, as on the question being put whether the House should receive the excuse, there appeared a minority of no less than 55 against accepting it.

In about a week after this occurrence, we find him again standing forth, almost singly, against government, and raising his voice in reprobation of that system of coercion which the new aspect of affairs abroad was now emboldening them to adopt. At the first opening of the session, a more liberal spirit had seemed to pervade their councils. The prospect of an immediate war with France, still more formidable from the prevalence of her principles than of her arms,—the alliance rapidly cementing between the Dissenters and Catholics, both victims of the Church Establishment, and the latter, outcasts of the State,—the commanding attitude assumed by the delegates of so many millions, in Convention,—all these considerations had, at the commencement of this session of 1793, produced suddenly, on the part of the government, a disposition towards conciliation and justice, which, while it completely took all their parliamentary adherents by surprise, was yet seconded by these ever ready instruments with a degree of docility that brought discredit alike on authority and its supporters, and rendered them hardly more respectable in the right than in the wrong.

What had occurred too, during the summer, rendered this sudden conversion of the ruling party still more startling. The haughty rejection of the Catholic prayer in the preceding session had been regarded by all the enemies of religious freedom as a signal for the

indulgence at once of their loyal and intolerant zeal. In the course of the summer months, the most violent declarations had been issued by most of the Grand Juries and Corporations, denouncing fiercely, not only the religious, but the moral and political tenets of the Catholics, and proffering prodigally the aid of their own lives and fortunes in excluding them from all further power. At more than one of these inflammatory meetings persons high in official trust assisted; and the greater number of them, it was supposed, had received sanction and impulse from the ruling powers.

Almost in the very face of this movement, with that blind recklessness of character by which such a government forfeits the confidence of its friends, without, in the least degree, conciliating the good-will of its opponents, the present session opened with a recommendation to parliament to take into its "wise and liberal" consideration the condition of his majesty's Catholic subjects. The measure of grace was, in this instance, represented as originating in the bounty of the Crown; and a deputation from that lately execrated body, the Catholic Convention, was now seen, day after day, amicably closeted with the minister, negotiating for their admission to power on a far wider basis than that from which, but a few months before, the same minister had so contemptuously dislodged them.

While thus, on one of the two great questions that agitated the country, some symptoms of a more just and liberal policy were manifested, on the other no less vital subject, Parliamentary Reform, an admission had been, for the first time, made, on the part of the ruling powers, of the principle and practicability of such a measure, by their consenting to the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of the representation [1].

This prospect of a change of policy, and in the unexpected direction of tolerance and reform, was hailed by all friends of their country with a degree of satisfaction and hope which unfortunately was allowed but a short period of indulgence. The star of French freedom had, about this time, begun to darken, and, as it was thought, decline in its course. The execution of the King, the daily increasing excesses of the Jacobins, and the state of moral as well as political disorganization into which all France seemed sinking, had begun to bring odium upon the theories of the youthful Republic, while her present reverses in Flanders were dissolving fast the spell of her arms; and the effect of both these causes combined, at the period of which we are speaking, was to produce a

[1] "Whence does all this benignity flow?" said Lord Charlemont, in a letter to Mr. Hardy;—"I doubt much whether Monsieur Dumourier ever heard of a Parliamentary Reform, and yet I am almost tempted to suspect him of having some share in what is now going forward."

re-action in favour of ancient institutions throughout Europe, of which Legitimate Power, tottering as he had been from his base, in all quarters, was now hastening to take advantage, for the recovery of his balance.

In Ireland, where but little encouragement was ever wanting to induce its rulers to persevere in, or return to, old abuses, the effects of this brightening up of the cause of Thrones were instantly perceptible. Though it was now too late to retract the promised boon to the Catholics, the favour could be, at least, they knew, "shorn of its beams;" and, instead of considering any longer how much might be accorded with graciousness, the minister now only calculated how much could be withheld with safety. The glimpse of Reform, too, that had been so reluctantly held forth was withdrawn, and a course of coercive and inquisitorial measures forthwith entered upon, which, like all such legislation, gendered of injustice and fear, but provoked those very evils of which they professed to be the cure.

To the severe acts passed this session, the forerunners, as it was found of others still severer, the opposition party in parliament afforded, it must be owned, too ready a sanction;—partly, at first, from complaisance to a government which they thought inclined to do right, and partly, afterwards, from fear of a people whom they saw goaded into doing wrong. Even Mr. Grattan himself but faintly, if at all, opposed a measure [1] which, a few years after, in a Petition from the Whig Club, attributed to his pen, he thus strongly characterized. "They then proceeded," he says, speaking of the government of this period, "to a system of coercion to support their corruption, and to dragoon the people, as they had bought the parliament. They began that system by an act which tended, in a qualified manner, to disarm his majesty's subjects, under certain regulations, named a Gunpowder Bill, and which had principally in view to put down the Irish Volunteers; and, to check the discontent which grew from this measure, further measures of violence, and new causes of discontent, were resorted to."

It was on the discussion of the act here specified, the Gunpowder Bill, that Lord Edward, as I have already intimated, stood forth, almost alone, against the government, condemning, particularly, the clause imposing penalties on the removal of arms from one place to another, and pronouncing the whole bill to be, from beginning to end, a penal law.

The Convention Bill, another of the coercive acts of this session, the sole effect of which was, by producing still deeper discontent,

[1] The Gunpowder Bill.

to render measures of still more searching severity necessary, was, it is true, combated, with his usual vigour, by Mr. Grattan, in every stage [1]. But he found but feeble support from the remainder of his party. Only three lords, the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Charlemont, and the Earl of Arran, voted against the bill in the House of Peers, while Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Grattan formed part of a minority of but 27 to 128, that recorded their reprobation of it in the House of Commons.

I shall now give some letters written by his lordship in the course of this and the succeeding year.

"April, 1793.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have been very idle, and so has my dear little wife; but I hope you will forgive us,—she is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is, the sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably, and chatter so much in the morning, that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay,—a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her: I wish you could see her dance, you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul. Every body seems to like her, and behave civilly and kindly to her. There was a kind of something about visiting with Lady Leitrim, but it is all over now. We dined there on Sunday, and she was quite pleasant, and Pamela likes her very much.

"We have not been able yet to go to Castletown to stay, but intend going there next week. I had one very pleasant day with dear aunt Louisa, and had a long talk about you, which was not the least pleasant part of it. We have been four or five times to Frescati; but the weather has been too cold to enjoy it well: you know what a difference that makes in every thing with me. Pray tell Ogilvie I have deferred speaking to Byrne till the spring was a little more advanced, to show it in beauty to him. If the weather comes mild I shall go and stay there, for I long for a little country and a little fine weather.

"There is nothing going on in the House, and I believe *our Reform* will not take us long, so that I suppose Dublin will soon be empty. I find by your letter that people are as violent about politics in London as they are here, which is pretty well. My differing so very much in opinion with the people that one is unavoidably obliged to live with here, does not add much, you may guess, to the agree-

[1] "This bill, sir," said that great man, "I pronounce to be the boldest step that was ever yet made towards introducing a military government."

ableness of Dublin society. But I have followed my dear mother's advice, and do not talk much on the subject, and when I do, am very cool. It certainly is the best way; but all my prudence does not hinder all sorts of stories being made about both my wife and me, some of which, I am afraid, have frightened you, dearest mother. It is rather hard that when, with a wish to avoid disputing, one sees and talks only to a few people, of one's own way of thinking, we are, at once, all set down as a nest of traitors. From what you know of me, you may guess all this has not much changed my opinions; but I keep very quiet, do not go out much, except to see my wife dance, and,—in short, keep my breath to cool my porridge.

"Your affectionate son,

"E. F."

"Frescati, April 27th, 1793.

"Ogilvie will have glorious weather for his journey; I shall be delighted to see him; he does quite right to come: I believe Lord W** only waits to see him to settle about Frescati. Mrs. S**, whom I saw yesterday, told me he was now determined on taking it. He has been shilly-shally about it lately, but is now fixed; this makes me, at last, look about me. I have heard of a place in the county of Wicklow which I think will do for me; a Mr. Magennis had it, and the description he gives of it is delightful:—in a beautiful country between Wicklow and Arklow, a small house with forty acres of land, some trees upon it near the sea-side, evergreens the most beautiful growing among the rocks, the rent 90*l.* a year. We are going to see that and some other places that are to be let to-morrow. We go to Newbridge, twenty-six miles from this, and mean to stay three days there to look about us.

"I have heard a beautiful description of that part of the county of Wicklow, and every thing lets cheaper than about the parts we know. I think I shall like any thing in the county of Wicklow better than Leinster Lodge or Kildare, the country is so much more beautiful; and when one is to settle, why not chuse a pretty spot and pretty country? I think it is worth while paying a little more rent, and, if necessary, curtailing in other things, as in servants or horses. I own also I like *not* to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 'the county of Kildare member,' etc., etc.,—to be bored with 'this one is your brother's friend,'—'that man voted against him,' etc. In short, by what I hear of this place, I shall be very quiet,—not a gentleman nearer me than six miles, except a young Mr. Tighe, whom I like.

"I am a little ashamed when I reason and say to myself 'Leinster

Lodge would be the most profitable. Ninety persons of one hundred would chuse it, and be delighted to get it.' It is, to be sure, in a good country; plentiful, affords every thing a person wants, but it has not mountains and rocks, and I *do* like mountains and rocks, and pretty views, and pretty hedges, and pretty cabins,—ay, and a pleasanter people. In short, I shall certainly, I think, fix on the Wicklow place;—that is, if I like it. If not, I shall take some place that is to be let for the summer, or by the month, to go to from here.

"Poor Frescati! I shall be sorry to leave it. I look at all the trees and places with regret. I hope, however, to see every thing blossom before I go; for two or three days more will bring all the lilacs completely. My dear little wife is very well—goes on delightfully. I never saw her look so well: she grows both broad and long. Indeed, she has quite taken a fit of growing."

"Frescati, May 6th, 1793.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing,—and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered; and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati give me,—with your last dear letter to my wife before me:—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. Yes, dearest mother, I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there, or wherever you are. I dote on being with you any where, but particularly in the country, as I think we always enjoy one another's company there more than in town. I long for a little walk with you, leaning on me,—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time. I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be, so I shall give you some account of what we have been doing. We were here a fortnight with the Henries, and were very pleasant: we——

"May 8th.—My dearest, I was stopped in my letter by my dear

wife being taken very ill; she is now much better, and is going on as well as possible. She has not kept her bed, by the doctor's advice, but lies on the couch in the book-room. I was frightened a good deal the first day at her great weakness, but she is much stronger to-day, and I feel quite comfortable about her. Emily says she will write to you, and tell you every thing about her better than me. We have luckily had two of the finest days that ever were, so we have all the windows open. Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had the little green full mowed and rolled; the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house, I have planted with tufts of gentianellas and primroses, and lily of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreen: close to the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lily of the valley. I have got the beds well dressed, and the whole thing looks beautiful, and I mean to keep it as neat as possible while here: in short, dearest mother, at this moment I only want you here, and little wife well; for, in the midst of the fine weather, I want her to enjoy them with me.

"Pray, when shall you be at Malvern? I shall wish to give her a month or three weeks' sea-bathing;—so I expect to be ready to meet you in the beginning or middle of June. Emily, who is here, says the Henries set out on Sunday: we shall miss them terribly. Lady H. has been kinder than I can say about my wife,—every thing I could wish,—and that is saying a great deal.

"Give my love to all the dear girls and Ogilvie; tell them I long to see them. I hope dear Ciss is quite well, and takes good long rides. I know she dotes on a fine spring ride. I was in hopes Pamela would have been able to ride with her, when we met; but I am afraid we must give that up. Tell her we got the bracelets, and thank her very much. Pamela is as bad about writing as me,—but I will make one excuse,—she has, of late, had no time, for I kept her out all day, and took up her time to dissipate her, and prevent her thinking on, and vexing herself about, all these French affairs, which have distressed her very much. Good bye, dearest mother, I have said all my say,—so bless you a thousand times. The dear little, pale, pretty wife sends her love to you.

"Your

"EDWARD."

Frescati, June 11, 1793.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"We returned here yesterday from Castletown, where we had been a week. We had promised to go there a long time, but could

not prevail on ourselves to leave this sweet place, where we are so comfortable. However, we at last took a good resolution, and when once there, passed a very pleasant week; but were delighted to return here yesterday evening, and enjoy this place, which is now in perfection. All the shrubs are out, lilac, laburnum, syringa, spring roses, and lily of the valley, in quantities, four pots full now in the book-room,—in short, the whole thing is heavenly. I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place as you do. The more one sees Carton and this place, the more one admires them; the mixture of plants and the succession of them are so well arranged. We went to the cottage from Castletown; it is in high beauty, in spite of neglect and contrivance to spoil it. The Leinsters are all in the country settled, and intend to enjoy it, they say. We shall pay them a visit after my wife has had a fortnight's bathing.

"Our Parliament did business yesterday. What is to be done was partly told us,—a new arrangement of the revenues, a pension bill, and a place bill,—but the sums not mentioned. I am afraid we shall have only *form*, not *substance*; no saving of expense, no abolition of places, and a great increase of taxes. Ogilvie will explain it all to you, if you wish to know it. What is to be done, though, will, I believe, take a good deal of time. I do not think we shall be up these six weeks, which I am vexed at, as it will delay us seeing you, dear, dear mother;—but we shall enjoy Frescati. I wish Ogilvie was here now, and in parliament; he would be of use. I think we shall be bamboozled or deceived in this arrangement. I do not think our people understand well what they are about. Tell Ogilvie how much I thank him for subscribing for me to Charles Fox's business; I will pay him the half of it this June."

"Dublin, Saturday,
27th December, 1793.

"We arrived here last night[1], after a good passage of thirty-nine hours, all well, and not much tired. We intend to go to Carton to-morrow, stay a day there, and go from thence to Castletown. Our journey was pleasant enough, the weather favourable. We eat your pie on board ship,—it was excellent. I am not yet accustomed to be away from you, and think of dear Malvern with great regret,—so cheerful and so pleasant. After I got into the carriage, I recollected I had not bid Ogilvie good bye. I hope he saw that it was from my hurry to get the parting over, and not from being careless about leaving him; for really I was very sorry, and must have been very

[1] His lordship and Lady Edward had been passing some time with the Duchess of Leinster at Malvern.

ungrateful if I had not, for he was as pleasant and kind as possible to me and my wife the whole time; but I was vexed with myself that my hurry should have given me an appearance of neglect, where my heart spoke directly contrary. God bless you, dear, dear mother, and believe me,

"Your affectionate, etc."

"Dublin, Jan. 23, 1794.

"I beg pardon for putting off answering your two dear letters so long, but the hurry of Castletown (what with balls, and hunting, and sitting after dinner), took up all one's time. We left Castletown last Monday, to make our Carton visit, where we stay till next week, and then go to Frescati, the quiet of which I long for. I assure you I often regret our dear quiet Malvern, and no party will ever be so pleasant to me. My dear little wife has, upon the whole, been cheerful and amused, which of course pleases me. I never have received an answer from her mother, so that Pamela is still ignorant of what has happened.

"Politics do not go on well, I think. The leaders of Opposition are all afraid of the people, and distrusted by them of course. Leinster really is the only man who seems fair and honest, and not frightened; but as he sees himself not supported by the rest of the party, and does not approve of their ways of thinking, he means to keep quiet, and entirely out of the business. Conolly is the same as usual,—both ways; but determined not to support government. His militia has frightened him: he swears they are all republicans, as well as every man in the North. He concludes all his speeches by cursing presbyterians: he means well and honestly, dear fellow, but his line of proceeding is wrong. Grattan I can make nothing of. His speech last night on the Address was very bad, and the worst doctrine ever laid down,[1] viz. that this country is bound, right or wrong, without inquiry to support England in any war she may undertake. There was no division on the Address, but I believe there will be something done to-night. If there is not, I shall not go to Parliament again during the session. It is in vain to look to that quarter for any thing; and if the people don't help themselves, why, they must suffer. There is not a person that doesn't abuse this war, yet no man will take measures to stop it. It will stop itself at last, but I am afraid with very bad consequences.

"I won't bore you any more about our politics: you may see I am not in great good-humour about them. If we do any thing to-

[1] In his war politics Mr. Grattan was at least consistent, the last great speech he ever made having been in favour of the war with France in 1815.

night to support Charles Fox and his friends against the war, I shall be in better humour. I own altogether I am greatly provoked at them all, when I see every man acting in the very manner calculated to bring on those ills they say they are so afraid of;—but no more on this subject.

"I don't know whether aunt Louisa wrote you word that Conolly wants to give me his lodge at Kildare, all furnished and ready. However, I don't think I shall take it: indeed I am determined *not*;—it is *too much* to accept as a present; but I have some thoughts of borrowing it for next summer, trying if I like it, and if it will suit me, I will then take it off his hands, and pay him what it is worth. I understand it is worth about 300*l.* as it stands, furniture and all. The situation certainly is advantageous for me:—six miles from Kilrush, across the Curragh; not too large, and the country round pleasant. If I want a farm I can have one on my own estate: if I don't chuse to undertake a farm, and wish to leave the country for any time, the place is so small it can be taken care of by one person, at little expense. I think I may try it for some time.

"I own that, though I feel so much inclination to settle quietly and turn farmer, I dread any thing that would oblige me to stay long from my dearest mother, which a great farm might do,—unless I had somebody whom I could depend on to look after it while I am away. If one pays attention to it, I understand by all I hear, that a grass farm is certainly a profitable thing. Now I think by taking Conolly's place for a year or so, and my farm on my own estate, which only pays me 14*l.* a year, I may try my hand safely, and not risk much when I leave it; and perhaps, in the course of carrying it on, find somebody I could trust to manage my business while away. I am constantly turning all this over and over in my head, and have time to consider, as Leinster Lodge cannot be had till November, and I shall in the meantime enjoy dear Frescati. I shall take a turn from there in April, and show my wife the two places. She at present inclines to the small house, as I do myself. I do like a small place so much better than a large one."

"Frescati, Feb. 6th, 1794.

"I have got an under-gardener (myself) to prepare some spots for flowers, and to help Tim. I have been hard at work to-day and part of yesterday (by the by, weather so hot, I go without coat, and the birds singing like spring), cleaning the little corner to the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground, and planting thirteen two-year old laurels and Portugal laurels. I have also trimmed the rose-trees. The flowers and shrubs had all got out of the little green paling;—I am now putting them inside,

and mean only to have a border of primroses and polyanthus outside, if I have any. I mean from thence to go to the rosery, and then to the little new planted corner. I am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissuses, etc., in little beds before the house, and in the rosery. Some parts of the long round require a great deal of pruning, and trees to be cut; if you trust me, I think I could do it prudently, and have the wood laid by. There are numbers of trees quite spoiling one another.

"God bless you, dear mother, I am now going to make my gardener work, for he does nothing if I am not with him. Pamela sends you her love; hers and mine to all the rest. Bless you all: this is too fine a day to stay longer writing. I wish to God you were here. If you want any thing done, tell me; if you like what I am doing, tell me; if you like the part of the house we have taken, tell me."

"Frescati, Feb. 19th, 1794.

* * * * * *

"I live here constantly. Pam has not been in town since we came. She goes to the manufacturers' ball on Friday. She is quite well, eats, drinks, and sleeps well; she works a great deal, and I read to her. I have left off gardening, for I hated that all my troubles should go for that vile Lord W * *, and my flowers to be for aides-de-camp, chaplains, and all such followers of a lord-lieutenant [1]."

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"Kildare, June 23d, 1794.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I write to you in the middle of settling and arranging my little family here [2]. But the day is fine,—the spot looks pretty, quiet, and comfortable;—I feel pleasant, contented, and happy, and all these feelings and sights never come across me without bringing dearest, dearest mother to my heart's recollection. I am sure you understand these feelings, dear mother. How you would like this little spot! it is the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers would have no beauty; but there is a comfort and moderation in it that delights me. I don't know how I can describe it to you, but I will try.

"After going up a little lane, and in at a close gate, you come on a little white house, with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large

[1] The nobleman here alluded to had, at this time, some idea of taking Frescati.

[2] Mr. Conolly's Lodge in the town of Kildare, to which his lordship had now removed.

ash; upon the stairs going up to the house, two wicker cages, in which there are at this moment two thrushes, singing *à gorge déployée*. In coming into the house, you find a small passage-hall, very clean, the floor tiled; upon your left, a small room; on the right, the staircase. In front, you come into the parlour, a good room, with a bow-window looking into the garden, which is a small green plot, surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw, and all the trees so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day; the bow-window, covered with honeysuckle, and up to the window some roses.

"Going up stairs you find another bow-room, the honeysuckle almost up to it, and a little room the same size as that below; this, with a kitchen or servants' hall below, is the whole house. There is, on the left, in the court-yard, another building which makes a kitchen; it is covered by trees, so as to look pretty; at the back of it, there is a yard, etc., which looks into a lane. On the side of the house opposite the grass plot, there is ground enough for a flower-garden, communicating with the front garden by a little walk.

"The whole place is situated on a kind of rampart, of a circular form, surrounded by a wall; which wall, towards the village and lane, is high, but covered with trees and shrubs;—the trees old and large, giving a great deal of shade. Towards the country the wall is not higher than your knee, and this covered with bushes: from these open parts you have a view of a pretty cultivated country, till your eye is stopped by the Curragh. From our place there is a back way to these fields, so as to go out and walk, without having to do with the town.

"This, dearest mother, is the spot as well as I can give it you, but it don't describe well[1]; one must see it and feel it; it is all the little peeps and ideas that go with it that make the beauty of it to me. My dear wife dotes on it, and becomes it. She is busy, in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and work-box, with the little one's caps, are on the table. I wish my dearest mother was here, and the scene to me would be complete.

"I will now answer some of your dear letters.

* * * * * *

Pam is as well as possible, better than ever; the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can't tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage;* it

[1] I paid a visit to this spot some months since, and could trace only a few of the general features here described. Of the Lodge itself there are no remains, and the whole place is in a state of desolation.

is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it! Ogilvie flattered us with the prospect the last day we dined with him. If you do not come, we will go to you, when you think Pamela will bear it. I don't know how nursing and travelling do, but I should think, if the child should prove strong, it won't mind it.

"Parting with poor dear Frescati did make me melancholy, as well as the idea of your settling away from us; but, certainly, there are good reasons for it. If you can once recover your money for Frescati it will be a great object, and not be missed; and then, after parting with it, I don't think you would like Ireland. I have tired you by this long scrawl. I have not said half I feel, for it is one of those delightful days when one thinks and feels more than one can say or write."

"Kildare, July 19th, 1794.

"Thank you for your account of the Henries. I had read the account of the eruption in the paper, and had been just saying to Pamela how lucky they were to be near Naples at that time, not thinking they had been in danger. I suppose, now the danger is over, they are glad to have seen it; and by the public accounts, I see very few people have been killed or hurt, — not so many as in a trifling skirmish in Flanders. I am glad you are enjoying yourself at Boyle farm. I dare say poor Henry thought of it in his fright, and wished himself there.

"I have not stirred from this place since we came. I intend paying a visit for a day to Castletown or Carton next week. We have been busy here about the militia; the people do not like it much, — that is, the common people and farmers, — and even though Leinster has it, they do not thoroughly come into it, which I am glad of, as it shows they begin not to be entirely led by names. I am sure, if any person else had taken it, it could not have been raised at all. It has required all his exertion to bring the people into it, in any manner, and they are not at all cordial to it. We are by no means so eager in this vile war as the people in England; and if it is not soon put a stop to in England, I am in hopes we shall take some strong measures against it here. Besides its wickedness and injustice, it is the very height of folly and madness, and at present there is much more likelihood of the French getting to Amsterdam than the combined armies to Paris.

"I hear there is a talk of a change here in the ministry; but I do not know any thing for certain. Leinster comes here to-day, he will perhaps know something. It is said Ponsonby is to come in, and that there is to be a total removal of all the old set, with an

offer to all the Opposition. When I see Leinster, I shall soon find how the wind sets in his quarter. I trust, though, that he will be stout, and have nothing to say to any of them. I know if he goes over, I shall *not* go with him; for my obstinacy or perseverance grows stronger every day, and all the events that have passed, and are passing, but convince me more and more, that these two countries must see very strong changes, and *cannot* come to good, unless they do. I won't bore you any more with politics, dear mother, as I know you don't like them."

"1794.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * * * *

"I ought to thank you for all your kind thoughts about us, at this moment, — for your present of the *requisites*, which really helped us a great deal, and which you were quite right in supposing we had not thought of. Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy, and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day: she never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or if she does, it is with great courage; in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy, and look forward with good hope. Thank God! I generally see all things in the best light.

"I had a delightful letter from the girls at Hastings, one of the best letters I ever read,—so full of fun, wit, and humour, and every thing so well told. I have not answered it yet, and am almost afraid, —mine must be so stupid: for I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by, what a melancholy house it is; you can't conceive how much it appeared so, when first we came from Kildare; but it is going off a little. A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in a prison. Pam and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets, which, I believe, shocks poor * * a little. Poor soul! she is sometimes very low.

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"My little place will be charming next year; this last month and the present would require my being there; but I must take care of the little young plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope. Believe me, dearest, best mother, your affectionate

"EDWARD."

"Dublin, October 20, 1794.

"The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I think I need not tell you how happy I am; it is a dear little thing, and very

pretty now, though at first it was quite the contrary. I did not write to you the first night, as Emily had done so. I wrote to Mr Sillery that night and to-day, and shall write her an account every day till Pam is able to write herself. I wish I could show the baby to you all—dear mother, how you would love it! Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother's arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.

"By the by, dearest mother, I suppose you won't have any objection to be its godmother, though I own I feel scrupulous, as you were so kind to her about her lying-in clothes; and I do hate taking your poor guineas for such foolish nonsense; but still I like, as there are such things, that it should be you. Charles Fox and Leinster are to be the god-fathers. Pray ask Charles Fox if he has any objection? Good bye, dear mother. I am going to play a game of chess: there is a Sir George Shee here that plays very well: he and I play a good deal. Bless you, dear mammy. Love to the dear girls. "Your, etc."

"Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1794.

"Thank God! you are relieved from your anxiety for our dear Lucy. She has had a bad attack, dear soul; but I hope now she will soon recover, and be better than ever, which was the case after that fever she had once before at Boyle Farm. You have had a severe time of it, dear mother, but I hope now you will be repaid by seeing her recover.

"I am sure it will be some comfort to you to hear that my dear wife goes on charmingly; a most excellent nurse, and the little boy thriving. I do not see much likeness in him to any body: he has Pam's chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours. However, at present one cannot say much, as he does not open them much. Pamela is to drive out the first fine day, and in two or three days after that we go to Carton. Little St. George and Edward are to be christened at the same time. Thank you for standing godmother. How I long to show you the little fellow! and how I should like to be with you now, my dear mother, to comfort you and keep up your spirits, and occupy you a little by making you nurse my little boy!

"There is no news here about our lord-lieutenant, with which people were occupied for so long a while. For one, I was very indifferent about it; and, if any thing, am glad Lord Fitzwilliam does not come, as perhaps it may make some of our Opposition act with more spirit and determination. I think any people coming into the government of this country at present will have a hard task of it.

"Your affectionate, etc."

"Dublin, Nov. 17th, 1797.

"Our accounts of our dear Lucy to-day are very uncomfortable and distressing; though I think not alarming, as it is all the regular progress of that kind of fever of which the danger is over, though her re-establishment will be tedious. But if the accounts are distressing to us, how much must you suffer, who are a constant attendant on her, the dear soul! and who see all her sufferings, and all the changes of this tedious illness! I do feel for you, my dearest mother, from my heart, and for Ogilvie, and the dear girls.

"I have been busy these few last days, preparing to go to the country. I have sent off dear Pam and the baby to-day, and follow to-morrow: they are both well—have been both out walking. Pam gets strong, and the little fellow fat and saucy: he has taken such a fancy for the candle, that it is almost impossible to make him sleep at night. A cradle he don't like, and wants always to have his cheek on his mamma's breast. He every day grows, I think, like me in his mouth and nose; but the eyes I don't yet make out. Dearest mother, I try to give you details of things that will interest you; and if our dear Lucy is better, I know they will. It is terrible to have her thus: to have all that good-nature, softness, and gaiety subdued by sickness goes to one's heart; but I hope, while I write this, she is better. My dear mother, I should like to be with you, to comfort you and keep up your spirits.

"Your affectionate, etc."

"Carton, Nov. 25th, 1794.

"A thousand times I wish you joy of the great amendment in our dearest Lucy's health. Your letter took quite a load off my heart; for though I was not frightened after Mosely and Warren said she was out of danger, yet the having her still so ill and suffering made me very melancholy. Thank God! she is so much better, and, of course, my dear mother so much easier. Pray thank my dear Ciss for her letters. I will write in a day or two to her.

"We have been here a week. Pamela was not well for a day, but it was only a little bilious attack, and a ride or two on the pony quite put her right; she is now going on perfectly well, walks every day, gains her strength and good looks. The little fellow is delightful, improving every day, takes his walks, and, in short, is every thing we could wish; he must be taken great notice of, spoken to, and danced, or otherwise he is not at all pleased. We are to stay here another week, then go to Castletown for a week, and return here for the christening, which is to be the 8th of next month. This keeps us ten days longer from home than we intended,

which I am sorry for; but I did not like bringing the little fellow down to Kildare, and then having to change him again so soon as bringing him here on the 8th would have obliged me to do. So I make up the time between Castletown and this place; though, to tell you the truth, longing to get home.

"My little place is much improved by a few things I have done, and by all my *planting*;—by the by, I doubt if I told you of my flower-garden,—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees,—but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall door, with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweet-brier, honey-suckles, and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers; so you may guess how I long to be down to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam and child, of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book,—coming in, after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled,—flowerbeds and plants covered, for fear of frost,—the place looking comfortable, and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and her not being of our party. It is, indeed, a drawback and a great one, our not being more together. Dear Malvern! how pleasant we were there: you can't think how this time of year puts me in mind of it. Love always your affectionate son,

"E. F."

In reading these simple and ,—to an almost feminine degree,—fond letters, it is impossible not to feel how strange and touching is the contrast, between those pictures of a happy home which they so unaffectedly exhibit, and that dark and troubled sea of conspiracy and revolt into which the amiable writer of them, so soon afterwards, plunged; nor can we easily bring ourselves to believe that the joyous tenant of this little Lodge, the happy husband and father, dividing the day between his child and his flowers, could be the same man who, but a year or two after, placed himself at the head of rebel myriads, negotiated on the frontiers of France for an alliance against England, and but seldom laid down his head on his pillow at night without a prospect of being summoned thence to the scaffold or the field. The government that could drive such a man into such resistance—and there were hundreds equal to him in goodness, if not in heroism, so driven,—is convicted by this very result alone, without any further inquiry into its history.

Though his lordship had not, at this time, nor, indeed, for a year or two after, connected himself with the United Irish Association any further than by a common feeling in the cause, yet that the government had seen reason, even thus early, to suspect him of being implicated in the conspiracy, appears from a passage in the Report of the secret Committee in 1799, where, among the persons who, it is stated, had, so early as the year 1794, rendered themselves obnoxious to such a suspicion, the name of his lordship is included.

Besides the well known republican cast of his opinions, and the complexion of the society he chiefly lived with, there was also a circumstance that no doubt came to the knowledge of those in authority, which may have had no small share in inducing this suspicion. At the beginning of 1793, soon after the declaration of war against England, the ruling party in France had despatched an agent to Ireland, for the purpose of sounding and conferring with the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, and offering the aid of French arms for the liberation of their country. This emissary was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lord Edward, who, however, appears to have done nothing more towards the object of his mission than to make him known to Mr. Simon Butler, Mr. Bond, and a few others of the party, by whom his proposal was, after all, so little countenanced that he returned, without effecting any thing towards his purpose, to France.

Very different was the feeling with which a proposal of the same kind was hailed, in the present year, after an increased pressure of coercion had been for some time in operation upon the people, and in proportion to the sullen tranquillity thus enforced over the surface of the public mind was the condensed purpose of revenge and ripeness for explosion underneath. Nor was there a want, even then, of forewarning voices to prognosticate the consequences of such a state of affairs; and Sir Lawrence Parsons, among others, in urging upon ministers the necessity of being, at least, prepared for the event, told them, with awful truth, that they "were sleeping on a volcano." The person employed in this communication from France was the Reverend William Jackson, whose arrest soon after his arrival, while it put a stop to the immediate course of his mission, served its object in a way hardly less important, by giving publicity to the purpose of his visit, and, for the first time, acquainting the people of Ireland, from any authentic source, that the eyes of France were upon them, and that the same powerful arm which was now, with restored strength and success, breaking asunder the chains of other lands, might, before long, reach theirs.

It does not appear that Lord Edward was among the persons

whom Jackson, previous to his apprehension, conferred with; nor does Theobald Wolfe Tone, who has given a detailed account of the whole transaction, and was himself deeply implicated in it, make any mention of his lordship's name. Even apart, however, from this negative evidence, we are fully warranted in concluding that he who, to the last, as is well known, regarded French assistance with apprehension and jealousy, must have been among the slowest and most reluctant to sanction the first recurrence to it. His views, indeed, at the outset,—as far as I have been able to collect from some of his earliest friends,—did not extend so far as total separation from England. Connected as he was, by blood, with that country, and counting, as it proved, far too confidently on the present dispositions of the English towards change and reform, he looked, at first, rather to concert with them in the great cause of freedom, than to any thing like schism, and would, at the commencement of the struggle, have been contented with such a result as should leave the liberties of both countries regenerated and secured under one common head. This moderation of purpose, however, gradually gave way, as the hopes by which alone it could be sustained vanished. The rejection of the motions of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby for reform had shut out all expectation of redress from the Irish government; while the tameness with which England, in her horror of Jacobinism, was, at this moment, crouching under the iron rule of Mr. Pitt, gave as little hope of a better order of things dawning from that quarter.

In the meantime, the United Irish Society of Dublin whose meetings hitherto had been held openly, were, under the sanction of one of the new coercive measures, dispersed, as illegal; and the whole body, thus debarred from the right of speaking out, as citizens, passed naturally to the next step, of plotting as conspirators. Even yet, however, it does not appear that the last desperate expedient, of recurring to force or to foreign aid, though urged eagerly by some, and long floating before the eyes of all, had entered seriously into the contemplation of those who were afterwards the chief leaders of the struggle; nor can there, indeed, be any stronger proof of the reluctance with which these persons suffered themselves to be driven to such extremities than the known fact that, at the commencement of the year 1796, neither M'Nevin, nor Emmet, nor Arthur O'Connor, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had yet joined the ranks of the United Irishmen.

But a juncture was now at hand when, in the minds of all embarked in the cause, there could no longer remain a doubt that the moment had arrived when between unconditional submission and resistance lay their only choice, and when he who thought the

rights they struggled for worth such a risk must "set his life on the cast," as there was no longer any other chance of attaining them. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam was the event which, at once, brought the struggle to this crisis; and never, assuredly, was there a more insulting breach of faith flung deliberately in the face of a whole people. As if to render still more mischievous the disappointment that was about to be excited, all the preliminaries of the great measure of justice now announced to the Catholics were allowed to be proceeded in; nor was it till Mr. Grattan, under the full sanction of government, and with hardly a murmur of dissatisfaction from any part of the country, had obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the complete enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics, that the British minister stretched forth his hand and dashed the cup from their lips. In vain did Lord Fitzwilliam set forth the danger,—and he might have added, perfidy,—of now retracting the boon, and declare that "he, at least, would not be the person to raise a flame which nothing but the force of arms could put down." The dark destiny of Ireland, as usual, triumphed:—with the choice before them of either conciliating the people or lashing them up into rebellion, the British Cabinet chose the latter course [1], and Lord Fitzwilliam was, in evil hour, replaced by Lord Camden.

The natural effect of this change was to reinforce instantly the ranks of the United Irishmen with all that mass of discontent generated by such a defiance of the public will; and we have it on the authority of the chief rebel leaders themselves, that out of the despair and disgust of this moment arose an immediate and immense accession of strength to their cause. Nor was it only in the increased numbers of the malcontents that the operation of this policy showed itself, but in the more daring extention of their plans and elevation

[1] That a Union was the ultimate object of this policy, the Duke of Portland as the time clearly avowed, declaring it as his opinion, in recommending Lord Fitzwilliam to retrace his steps on the Catholic question, that "it would be a means of doing a greater good to the British empire than it had been capable of receiving since the Revolution, or, at least, *since the Union.*" With respect to the means through which they had made up their minds to wade to this measure, though not avowed at first, the design was, at a later period, acknowledged without scruple. "It has been said," remarked Mr. Grattan, in his speech on the subject of General Lake's proclamation, "that it were better the people should proceed to violence; nay, it has been said, in so many words, 'It were to be wished they did rebel.' Good God!—wished they would rebel! Here is the system and the principle of the system. From corruption to coercion, and so on to military execution, accompanied with a declaration that it were to be wished the people would go into rebellion!" The avowal, too, of Lord Castlereagh, in his examination of Dr. M'Nevin before the Secret Committee, that "*means were taken to make the United Irish system explode,*" is no less conclusive evidence of the same disgraceful fact.

of their aims. The Protestant reformer, whom a democratic House of Commons [1] and the Emancipation of his Catholic countrymen would once have satisfied, now driven to take a more advanced position in his demands, saw with the Presbyterian, no chance but in separation and a Republic; while the Catholic, hitherto kept loyal by the sort of "gratitude that is felt for favours to come," and, between his new hopes and his old resentments, being, as it were, half courtier and half rebel, now baffled and insulted, threw his strength into the confederacy,—prepared doubly for mischief both by what had been given and what had been refused, the former arming him with power, and the latter leaving him revenge.

Having traced thus far, as compendiously as my subject would admit of, the course of that rash and headlong current of events which marks this whole period of Irish history, and which could not otherwise than lead to the catastrophe we are now approaching, I shall, through the short remainder of my story, confine myself, as much as possible, to those public occurrences more immediately connected with Lord Edward himself, and with the part taken by him in that deep-laid and formidable conspiracy with which, about the period we have now reached, he, for the first time, connected himself; — a conspiracy which, however judgments may vary as to the justifiableness of its grounds or aims, can admit, I think, but of one opinion with respect to the sagacious daring with which it was planned, and the perseverance, fidelity, and all but success, with which it was conducted.

From any great insight into the details of his private life we are henceforth shut out; as, from the moment he found himself embarked in so perilous an enterprise, he, as a matter of conscience,

[1] "We thought," said Dr M'Nevin, "one aristocratic body in the state sufficient." It must be owned, however, that with such a system of representation as was proposed by the United Irishmen, no monarchy could go on. The following are some of the general provisions of their plan:

"That the nation, for the purpose of representation solely, should be divided into three hundred electorates, formed by a combination of parishes, and as nearly as possible equal in point of population.

"That each electorate should return one member to Parliament.

"That every male of sound mind, who has attained the age of 21 years, and actually dwelt or maintained a family establishment in any electorate for six months of the twelve immediately previous to the commencement of the election (provided his residence, or maintaining a family establishment be duly registered), should be entitled to vote for the representative of the electorate.

"That the votes of all electors should be given by voice, and not by ballot.

"That no property qualification should be necessary to entitle any man to be a representative.

"That representatives should receive a reasonable stipend for their services.

"That Parliaments should be annual."

abstained from much communication with his family, feeling it to be quite a sufficient infliction to keep them in alarm for his safety, without also drawing upon them suspicions that might endanger their own. After his arrival from England, he, for a short time, lived in some degree of style, keeping a fine stud of horses, and, as I have been told, displaying the first specimen of that sort of carriage, called a curricle, which had yet appeared in Dublin. On his removal, however, to the little Lodge at Kildare, he reduced his establishment considerably; and small as was his income,—never, I believe, exceeding eight hundred a year,—it would have been, for a person of his retired habits and temperate wants, amply sufficient. But the engrossing object that now engaged him,—to which safety, peace of mind, and, at last, life was sacrificed,—absorbed likewise all his means; the advances he found it necessary to make for exigencies of the cause not only drawing upon his present resources, but also forcing him to raise supplies by loans with which his property was left encumbered.

It was about this time that there took place, on the Curragh of Kildare, a well-known rencontre between his lordship and some dragoon officers, which,—like most other well-known anecdotes that the biographer has to inquire into,—receives from every new relater a wholly different form. The following, however, are, as nearly as possible, the real circumstances of the transaction. Mr. Arthur O'Connor being, at that time, on a visit to his noble friend, they rode together, on one of the days of the races, to the Curragh,—Lord Edward having a green silk handkerchief round his neck. It was indeed his practice, at all times (contrary to the usual custom of that day), to wear a coloured silk neckcloth,—generally of that pattern which now bears the name of Belcher; but, on the present occasion, chose to wear the national and, at that time, obnoxious colour, green.

At the end of the race, having left the stand-house, in a canter, to return home, the two friends had not proceeded far before they found themselves overtaken by a party of from ten to a dozen officers, who, riding past them in full gallop, wheeled round, so as to obstruct their passage, and demanded that Lord Edward should take off his green cravat. Thus accosted, his lordship answered coolly,—"Your cloth would speak you to be gentlemen; but this conduct conveys a very different impression. As to this neckcloth that so offends you, all I can say is,—here I stand: let any man among you, who dares, come forward and take it off." This speech, pronounced calmly and deliberately, took his pursuers by surprise; and for a moment they looked puzzled at each other, doubtful how to proceed; when Mr. O'Connor, interposing, said, that if the offi-

cers chose to appoint two out of their number, Lord Edward and himself would be found, ready to attend their summons, at Kildare. The parties then separated, and during the two following days, Lord Edward and his friend waited the expected message. But no further steps were taken by these military gentlemen; on whose conduct rather a significant verdict was passed at a Curragh ball, shortly after, when it was agreed, as I have heard, by all the ladies in the room not to accept any of them as partners.

It would appear to have been about the beginning of 1796 that Lord Edward first entered into the Society of United Irishmen. That he went through the usual form of initiation by an oath is not, I think, probable; for, as in the case of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, they dispensed with this condition, it is to be concluded that the same tribute to the high honour and trustworthiness of their initiate would be accorded also to Lord Edward. In the preceding year, as has been already mentioned, a great change had taken place both in the spirit and frame-work of the system of Union;—or, rather, an entirely new system was at that time constructed, on such remains of the old society as had, in the North and elsewhere, survived the operation of the Convention Act. The secrecy with which they were now obliged to invest their meetings made it necessary to add the solemn obligation of an oath to the simple Test which had hitherto bound them together; while an equally significant change was the omission of certain words, from that Test, which had seemed to limit their views to a Reform "*in Parliament.*" The oath, as at present framed, pledged every member "to persevere in his endeavours to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland,"—thus leaving free scope for those more extended projects of change which no less their confidence in themselves than their despair of their rulers now suggested to them. The system, as hitherto constituted, had consisted but of individual societies, communicating with each other by delegates; nor had they, before this time, carried their organization any farther than to the appointment of a Committee for the county of Antrim, which acted, occasionally, as Executive.

On the remodelling, however, of the association in 1795, the new impulse given to its principle by the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the consequent increase of its numbers, called for a plan of organization more commensurate with the advance of the cause; and, for all the purposes, as well of secrecy, as of concert and uniformity of action, it would be difficult, perhaps, to devise a plan more efficient than that which they adopted. In order to avoid the mixture of persons unknown to each other, it was fixed that no society should consist of more than twelve persons, and those, as nearly

as possible, of the same street or neighbourhood. By each of these societies of twelve, a secretary was chosen, and the secretaries of five such societies formed a Committee, called the Lower Baronial. The next step in the scale was the Upper Baronial Committee, to constitute which ten Lower Baronials sent each a member; and above this rose again the District, or County Committee, composed of one member chosen from each Upper Baronial.

Having provided, by these successive layers, as it were, of delegated authority,—each exercising a superintendence over that immediately below it,—for the organization of the several counties and populous towns, they next superadded, in each of the four provinces, a Provincial Committee, composed of two or, sometimes, three members elected from each of the County Committees; and, lastly, came the Executive,—the apex of the system,—which consisted of five persons, chosen in such a manner from the Provincial Committees as to leave the members of the latter in entire ignorance as to the individuals selected. Over the whole body thus organized, the Executive possessed full command, and could transmit its orders with but little risk through the whole range of the Union,—one member of the Executive communicating them to one member of the Provincial Committee, and he again to the secretary of the County Committee, who, in like manner, passed them down through the secretaries of the Baronials, and these on to the secretaries of the subordinate societies.

The facility with which it was found that this plan, though designed, at first, for a purely civil organization, could be transferred, without change of its structure, to military purposes, rendered it a doubly formidable engine in the hands that now directed it. The secretary of each subordinate society of twelve was transformed easily into a sergeant or corporal; the delegate of five societies to a Lower Baronial became a captain with sixty men under his command, and the delegate of ten Lower Baronials to a County or District Committee took rank as a colonel at the head of a battalion of six hundred men.

Though there had been, from time to time, since the breaking out of the war with France, attempts made by individuals who passed secretly between the two countries to bring about an understanding between the United Irishmen and the French Directory, it was not till early in the year 1796 that any regular negociation was entered into for that purpose: and the person who then took upon himself the office,—an office, unluckily, not new in diplomacy,—of representing the grievances of Ireland at the court of England's enemy, was Theobald Wolfe Tone, the banished Secretary of the Catholic Committee, who had, early in the year, sailed from Ame-

rica to France on this mission, and whose Diary of the whole course of his negociations has been some time before the public. To this book I must refer the reader for particulars, adding only my opinion, that there are few works, whether for the matter or the manner, more interesting; — the character of the writer himself presenting the most truly Irish mixture of daring in design and light-heartedness in execution; while the sense of awe with which it is impossible not to contemplate a mission pregnant with such consequences, is for ever relieved by those alternate flashes of humour and sentiment with which only a temperament so national could have enlivened or softened such details. The whole story, too, is full of ominous warning to Great Britain, as showing how fearfully dependent upon winds and waves may, even yet, be her physical hold upon Ireland, unless timely secured by those moral ties which good government can alone establish between a people and their rulers.

In consequence of Tone's representations of the state of feeling in Ireland, confirmed and enforced by more recent intelligence, it was, in the spring of the present year, intimated to the persons then directing the Irish Union [1], that the French government were disposed to assist them, by an invasion of Ireland, in their plan of casting off the English yoke and establishing a Republic. Having taken thisproposal seriously into consideration, the Irish Executive returned for answer that "they accepted the offer, on condition that the French would come as allies only, and consent to act under the direction of the new government, as Rochambeau did in America;— that, upon the same principle, the expenses of the expedition must be reimbursed, and the troops, while acting in Ireland, receive Irish pay." This answer was despatched to Paris by a special messenger, who returned with the Directory's full assent to the terms, and a promise that the proffered succours should be sent without delay.

After tracing, as I have done briefly, some few pages back, the progress of Ireland's struggles for emancipation and Reform, down to the period when all moderation was evidently cast off by both parties, and a course of warfare commenced between the State and the people, it was my intention, as I have there stated, not to enter into any of those further measures of the government which were, in fact, but a continuation of the same system of coercion they had begun, only increasing, with each new turn of the screw, the intensity of the pressure. A Bill, however, brought in this session, — the memorable Insurrection Act, — must, from the part Lord Edward took in its discussion, receive a passing notice.

[1] The new system of organization had not, as yet, been carried into complete effect any where but in Ulster, the Executive Committee of which province, holding its sittings at Belfast, managed at this time the interests of the whole Union.

In opposing (Feb. 2d) one of the Resolutions on which the Bill was to be founded, his lordship declared it to be his opinion, that "nothing would tranquillize the country but the sincere endeavour of the government to redress the grievances of the people. If that was done, the people would return to their allegiance;—if not, he feared that neither Resolutions nor Bills would be of any avail[1]."

In order to settle all the details of their late agreement with France, and, in fact, enter into a formal treaty with the French Directory, it was thought of importance, by the United Irishmen, to send some agent, whose station and character should, in the eyes of their new allies, lend weight to his mission; and to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the no less delicate than daring task was assigned. It being thought desirable, too, that he should have the aid, in his negotiations, of the brilliant talents and popular name of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, they requested likewise the services of that gentleman, who consented readily to act in concert with his friend.

About the latter end of May, accompanied only by his lady, who was then not far from the period of her confinement, Lord Edward set out from Dublin on his perilous embassy,—passing a day or two in London, on his way, and, as I have been informed by a gentleman who was of the party, dining, on one of those days, at the house of Lord ****, where the company consisted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and several other distinguished Whigs, – all persons who had been known to concur warmly in every step of the popular cause in Ireland, and to whom, if Lord Edward did not give some intimation of the object of his present journey, such an effort of reserve and secrecy was, I must say, very unusual in his character. From London his lordship proceeded to Hamburgh, and had already

[1] The language of others (who however, luckily for themselves, went no farther than language—who "spoke daggers, but used none") was yet more strong. Mr. Ponsonby declared that the Insurrection Bill, if continued, would be the grave of the Constitution. Sir Lawrence Parsons, in speaking of the clause against persons selling seditious papers, said, "that if the most arbitrary spirits through the whole kingdom had been brought together, with the most studious selection, to compose an arbitrary law against the liberty of the press, they could scarcely have devised any thing more destructive than this:—and yet this was but a subordinate part of the present Bill." Mr. Duquerry, at a later period of the year, accused the ministers of "goading the people into resistance;" and Mr. Grattan, in adverting to an assertion of Mr. Secretary Pelham, "that the exclusion of Catholics from the parliament and the state was necessary for the crown and the connexion," said, "Eternal and indefeasible proscription! denounced by a minister of the crown against three-fourths of his Majesty's subjects..... But, the member may rely on it, the Catholic,—the Irish will not long submit to such an interdict; they will not suffer a stranger to tell us on what proud terms English government will consent to rule in Ireland, still less to pronounce and dictate the incapacity of the natives as the terms of her dominion, and the base condition of our connexion and allegiance."

begun to treat with Rheynhart, the French agent at that place, when he was joined there by Mr. O'Connor. Seeing reason, however, to have some doubts of the trust-worthiness of this person, they discontinued their negotiation with him, and, leaving Lady Edward at Hamburgh, proceeded together to Basle, where, through the medium of the agent Barthelomeu, they opened their negociation with the French Directory.

It was now known that General Hoche, the late conqueror and pacificator of la Vendée, was the officer appointed to take the command of the expedition to Ireland; and the great advantage of holding personal communication, on the subject, with an individual on whom the destinies of their country so much depended, was fully appreciated by both friends. After a month's stay at Basle, however, it was signified to them that to Mr. O'Connor alone would it be permitted to meet Hoche as a negotiator,—the French Government having objected to receive Lord Edward, "lest the idea should get abroad, from his being married to Pamela, that his mission had some reference to the Orleans family." Independently of this curious objection, it appears to have been strongly impressed upon Lord Edward by some of his warmest friends that he should, on no account, suffer his zeal in the cause to induce him to pass the borders of the French territory.

Leaving to Mr. O'Connor, therefore, the management of their treaty with Hoche, whom the French Directory had invested with full powers for the purpose, Lord Edward returned to Hamburgh, having unluckily, for a travelling companion, during the greater part of the journey, a foreign lady who had been once the mistress of an old friend and official colleague of Mr. Pitt, and who was still in the habit of corresponding with her former protector. Wholly ignorant of these circumstances, Lord Edward, with the habitual frankness of his nature, not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clues, it is said, to the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend.

After his interview with Mr. O'Connor, Hoche hastened, with all privacy, to Paris, to inform the Directory of the result; and the zeal with which his own ambitious spirit had already taken up the cause being still more quickened by the representations of the state of Ireland he had just received, an increased earnestness and activity were soon visible in every branch of the preparations for the expedition. It was at this time that the indefatigable Tone first saw the destined leader of that enterprise which had, for so long a time, been the subject of all his thoughts and dreams,—that Avatar to which he had so long looked for the liberation of his country, and which

was now, as he thought, to be accomplished in the person of this Chief. The conversations that passed between them are detailed in Tone's Diary; and it is not unamusing to observe how diplomatically the young general managed to draw from Tone all that he knew or thought, concerning Lord Edward and Mr. O'Connor, without, in the least degree, betraying his own recent negociation with them. "Hoche then asked me (says Tone), 'did I know Arthur O'Connor?' I replied, 'I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism.' He asked me, 'Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?' I replied, 'He made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House.' 'Well,' said he, 'will he join us?' I answered, 'I hoped, as he was *foncièrement Irlandais*, that he undoubtedly would.' Hoche then went on to say, 'There is a Lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing, as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of)—he is son to a Duke; is he not a patriot?' I immediately recognized my friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him."

Hoche had pledged himself that in the course of the autumn, the expedition should sail; and, as far as the military part of the preparations was concerned, it appears that in the month of September all was ready. But, from various delays and difficulties, interposed chiefly by the Department of the Marine, it was not till the 15th of December that this noble armament sailed from Brest, consisting of 17 sail of the line, 13 frigates, and an equal number of transports, making in all 43 sail, and having on board an army of near 15,000 men.

It was the opinion of Napoléon, as recorded somewhere in his Conversations, that, had Hoche landed with this fine army in Ireland, he would have been successful: and, taking into account the utterly defenceless state of that country at the moment, as well as the certainty that an immense proportion of the population would have declared for the invaders, it is not too much to assert that such would, in all probability, have been the result. For six days, during which the shattered remains of their fleet lay tossing within sight of the Irish shore, not a single British ship of war made its appearance; and it was also asserted, without being met by any contradiction, in the House of Commons, that such was the unprotected state of the South, at that moment, that, had but 5000 men been landed at Bantry [1], Cork must have fallen.

[1] There were, *after* this event, batteries erected at Bantry; but, owing to the great extent of the bay, it appears that no batteries, without the aid of a considerable force, could prevent a landing at this point. It was the opinion of Sir Ralph

But while, in all that depended upon the foresight and watchfulness of their enemy, free course was left to the invaders, both by sea and land, in every other point of view such a concurrence of adverse accidents, such a combination of all that is most thwarting in fortune and in the elements, no expedition, since the Armada, had ever been doomed to encounter. Not to mention the various difficulties that for near a month delayed their embarkation, during the whole of which time the wind blew direct for Ireland, on the very first night of their departure a seventy-four of the squadron struck upon the rocks and was lost; and, at the same time, the frigate, La Fraternité, on board which, by an inexplicably absurd arrangement, were both the General in Chief of the Army and the Admiral, was separated from the rest of the squadron, and saw no more of them till their return to Brest. To the inauspiciousness of this commencement, every succeeding day added some new difficulty, till, at length, after having been no less than four times dispersed by fogs and foul weather, the remains of the armament found themselves off Bantry Bay, the object of their destination, reduced from 43 sail to 16, and with but 6,500 fighting men on board.

Even then had some more daring spirit presided over their movements [1], a landing with the force that remained would have been hazarded, and, considering the unguarded state of the country, at the moment, with every chance of success. Fortunately, however, for the rulers of Ireland, General Grouchy, who had succeeded Hoche in the command, hesitated at such a responsibility [2]; and, after a day or two lost in idly cruising off the Bay, such a tremendous gale set in, right from shore, as rendered a landing impracti-

Abercrombie that the Shannon and Galway were the most assailable parts of the island; and the same opinion, as regards Galway, had been before advanced in a curious pamphlet "On the Defence of Ireland" (by Colonel Keating, I believe), published in 1795. "Of the many parts," says this writer, "of the island where landing in great force is possible, Galway is the most practicable, because the navigation is most favourable, as also that the enemy could keep us longer in suspense as to his real point of attack; besides the peculiar advantages that bay offers, the excellent posts its shores afford, and the peculiar facility with which an advance into, and conquest of, first the province of Connaught, and subsequently of the whole kingdom, might be effected."

Dr. Mac Neven, in his Memoir laid before the French Directory, recommended Oyster Haven, as the best place of debarkation in the South, and Lough Swilly in the North.

[1] "Si du moins la présence d'esprit des commandans secondaires pouvait suppléer à l'absence du chef. Mais non; éloignés de Hoche, ils semblent avoir perdu toutes leurs facultés."—*Vie de Lazare Hoche.*

[2] At this anxious moment, Tone, who was on board, writes in his Diary,—"At half after one, the Atalante, one of our missing corvettes, hove in sight, so now again we are in hopes to see the General. Oh, if he were in Grouchy's place, he would not hesitate one moment."

cable, and again scattered them over the waters. Nothing was left, therefore, but to return, how they could, to France; and, of all this formidable armament, but four ships of the line, two frigates and one lugger, arrived together at Brest; while Hoche himself, who, in setting out, had counted so confidently on the success of the expedition, that one of his last acts had been to urge on the Directory the speedy outfit of a second[1], found himself obliged, after an equally fruitless visit to Bantry Bay, to make his way back to France, not having seen a single sail of his scattered fleet the whole time, and being at last indebted to a small chaloupe for putting him on shore, in the middle of the night, about a league from La Rochelle.

This narrow escape, not alone of invasion, but, perhaps, actual conquest, for which Ireland was now indebted to chance and the elements, would, if read aright, have proved a warning, as useful as it was awful, to each of the two parties on whose heads rested the responsibility of having drawn down on their country so fearful a visitation. That confidence in the inviolability of their shores which the people of the British isles had, under the guardianship of their navy, been so long accustomed to indulge, was now startled from its security by the incontestable fact, that, with two British fleets in the Channel, and an Admiral stationed at Cork, the coasts of Ireland had been, a whole fortnight, at the mercy of the enemy. With such a proof before their eyes of the formidable facility with which the avenger could appear at the call of the wronged, it was, even yet, not too late for the government to pause in the harsh system which they had adopted,—to try whether concession might not make friends of those whom force could hardly keep subjects, and thus disarm of his worst terrors the enemy, from without, by depriving him of his alliance with the malcontent within.

On the other hand, that large portion of the nation, so long at issue with their rulers, whose impatience under insults and wrongs, —some of them of the date of centuries,—had thus driven them to seek the arbitrement of a foreign sword, could not but see, in the very shape which this interposition had assumed, enough to alarm them as to the possible consequences of the alternative they had chosen. Instead of the limited force which they had asked—a limitation which Lord Edward, among others, would have made the condition of their accepting any aid whatever,—they saw a powerful armament sent forth, under one of the Republic's most aspiring

[1] "Sa dernière pensée, en quittant la terre, est toute remplie déjà du désir de la seconde expédition,—tant il est sûr du succès de la première. Sa dernière parole au Directoire est pour recommander à sa sollicitude le second départ."—*Vie de Hoche.*

generals,—one equal to Napoléon himself in ambition and daring, and second only to him in the endowments that ensure to these qualities success;—nor could those among them, who sought singly and sincerely the independence of their country, refrain from harbouring some fear, that auxiliaries thus presenting themselves came not so much to befriend a part of the population, as to make a conquest of the whole.

Such were the considerations and warnings which must now have occurred to the minds of thinking men of both parties, and which ought to have disposed them earnestly to avail themselves of whatever sense of their common danger had been awakened, to bring about such a compromise of their differences as should benefit alike both the governing and the governed, and by making the people more free render the throne more secure. And it is to the honour of those whose cause, however mixed up with a "worser spirit," was still essentially the great cause of freedom and tolerance [1], and had on its side the inextinguishable claims of right against wrong, that by them alone were any steps, at this juncture, taken towards such a reconcilement of the State and the People to each other. After the failure of the expedition, the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, acting, no doubt, upon such views of the crisis as I have above supposed, held a communication with the principal members of Opposition in Parliament, and professed their readiness to co-operate in affording the government one more chance of reclaiming, even yet, the allegiance of the People, by consenting to even so modified a measure of Reform as their legitimate representatives in Parliament might think it prudent to propose.

A Bill to this effect was, in consequence, prepared by Mr. Ponsonby [2], and we have it on the authority of the rebel leaders engaged in the transaction, that "if, in the course of that effort for

[1] In conversing, once, with Mr. Flood on the subject of the civil war between Charles I. and his people, Lord Chatham said, "There was mixed with the public cause, in that struggle, ambition, sedition, and violence; but no man will persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on one side and of tyranny on the other." The same may be said, with no less truth, of the struggle in Ireland at this period.

[2] The leading features of this plan of Reform are contained in the following Resolution:—

"That it is indispensably necessary to a fundamental Reform of the Representation that all disabilities, on account of religion, be for ever abolished, and that Catholics shall be admitted into the legislature, and all the great offices of state, in the same extent, etc. as Protestants now are.

"That it is the indispensable right of the people of Ireland to be fully and fairly represented in Parliament.

"That, in order that the people may be fully enabled to exercise that right, the privilege of returning members for cities, boroughs, etc. in the present form,

Reform, it had not become evident that success was hopeless, it was the wish of many among them, and they believed the Executive would have gladly embraced the opportunity, to decline holding any further intercourse with France, except sending a messenger there to tell them that the difference between the government and the people had been adjusted, and that they would have no business a second time to attempt a landing [1]."

I have dwelt thus long on the circumstances connected with this first attempt at invasion, both on account of the share taken by Lord Edward in the negotiations which led to it, and because the hope of a reconciliation that then so fleetingly presented itself afforded a brief resting-place whereon we might pause and contemplate the relative positions of the two parties engaged in the struggle. It was soon seen that all hopes of a change of policy in the government, except from bad to worse, were utterly fallacious. Whether conciliatory measures might yet have averted the conflict must be a question of mere conjecture; but that the reverse system drove the country into rebellion, and nearly severed it from England, has become matter of history. In the train of the Insurrection Act and the Indemnity Bill, soon followed, as the natural course of such legislation, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, inquisitorial tribunals under the name of Secret Committees, and, lastly, Martial Law, with all its frightful accompaniments of free quarters, burnings, picketings to extort confession, and every other such infliction.

To talk of Reform to a government launched in such a career seemed little less than mockery. But, as a last assertion of principles which, had they been acted upon, would have saved all this ruin, the Opposition party in Parliament thought it due to themselves to bring forward their measure [2]. Once more was the wise eloquence

shall cease; that each county be divided into districts, consisting of 6000 houses each, each district to return two members to Parliament.

"That all persons possessing freehold property to the amount of forty pounds per annum; all possessed of leasehold interests of the value of ; all possessed of a house of the value of ; all who have resided for a certain number of years in any great city or town, following a trade; and all who shall be free of any city, etc. by birth, marriage, or servitude, shall vote for members of Parliament.

"That seats in Parliament shall endure for number of years."

[The blanks left to be filled up at the discretion of the House.]

[1] Memoir delivered to the Irish Government by Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, and Mac Neven.

[2] That the Present is seldom more than a mere echo of the Past is a remark of which the following passage from Mr. Grattan's Answer to a Pamphlet of Lord Clare, affords strong illustration. The same objections to Reform, and the same answers to them, are as rife and ready in 1831 as in 1797. "It was objected,

of Grattan heard above the storm,—but as unavailingly as folly itself, in its hour of triumph, could desire. "First subdue and then reform" was the sole answer he received from those, who, he well knew, could only be trusted for the *former* of these two processes. After a firm and final protest against the whole system now pursued, this illustrious man, followed by the small minority that yet remained, withdrew, in disgust, from the House, leaving the government,—as now reprobate beyond all hope,—to itself, and thus adding his own and his party's despair to that of the nation. The effects of his secession upon the minds of the people were rendered still more impressive by the refusal of Mr. Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald to stand candidates at the ensuing election; and such language as the following, which occurs in one of Mr. Grattan's addresses on the subject[1], shows that, to whatever degree he may have blamed some of the acts of those leagued against government, his every feeling went thoroughly and unreservedly with their cause. "When the country is put down, the press destroyed, and public meetings, for the purpose of exercising the right of petition, are threatened and dispersed, I agree with you that a general election is no more than an opportunity to exercise, by permission of the army, the solitary privilege of returning a few representatives of the people to a House occupied by the representatives of boroughs."

In the mean time, while these events were taking place, negotiations had been again opened between the government of France and the Chiefs of the United Irishmen; and the latter, thinking it expedient for the purpose of more regular communication, to have a resident representative in Paris, despatched thither, in the spring of this year, Mr. E. J. Lewines, with powers to act as their accredited minister to the French Republic. This gentleman was also instructed to negotiate, if possible, a loan of half a million, or 300,000*l.*, with either France or Spain.

first, that the plan did not give satisfaction,—in that the most vehement partisans of Parliamentary Reform had signified their disapprobation; secondly, that the plan opened the way to another plan, or to the project of personal representation. It became highly expedient, therefore, before any other plan was submitted to the consideration of Parliament, to be able to assure that august body, that such plan would give general satisfaction, and put an end to the project of personal representation. The persons concerned in the forming that plan did accordingly obtain from the North of Ireland, and, moreover, from the advocates of personal representation, authority to declare in Parliament that, if the plan of 1797 should pass, they would rest satisfied."

[1] It was from this Address that Mr. Isaac Corry read some extracts in the course of that violent speech which gave rise to the duel between him and Mr. Grattan in 1800,—arguing that they "preached the doctrine of insurrection under the name of liberty, and led to the rebellion that followed."

Somewhat later in the year an agent was, it appears, sent over by the French Directory to collect information respecting the state of Ireland; but being unable, for want of the necessary passports, to proceed any further than London, he wrote to request that some confidential member of the Union should be sent thither to meet him, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as being most competent to give intelligence respecting the military preparation of the country, was the person despatched with that view.

So impatient were the people of the North, at this moment, to rise, that it was with difficulty the Chiefs of the Union succeeded in restraining them; and it was only by assurances of a speedy aid from France, such as should put success beyond peril, that the United Irishmen of Ulster, amounting then to no less than 100,000 men, organised and regimented, could be prevented from rising. To press, therefore, the despatch of the succours from France was now the great object of the Irish Executive, and, in the month of June, one of the most active of their body, Dr. Mac Neven, set out on a special mission to Paris for that purpose. He found the French authorities, notwithstanding the delusive negotiations which, with the professed object of peace, they were about to enter into with England, fully disposed to second his most hostile views. It was, however, by the Batavian Republic that the honour had now been claimed of taking the lead in an expedition for the invasion of Ireland; and a powerful armament had been accordingly collected at the Texel, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and twenty-seven sail of transports, carrying a land force to the amount of near fourteen thousand men. And here again we see the good genius of England interposing to avert from her the deserved consequences of her own Tory councils. Had this great armament been in readiness but a few weeks sooner, when the mutinies of the English fleets had left the sea open, and even a part of the very squadron now watching off the Texel had deserted to the mutineers, —could the invader have taken advantage of that most critical moment, when not only a rebel army would have received him on the shores of Ireland, but a mutineer fleet, most probably, joined him in her waters,—what a change might then have been wrought in the destinies of the British Empire!

Fortunately, however, for that empire the chances determined otherwise. Having let pass the favourable moment which the difficulties of England presented, the Dutch fleet was, from the beginning of July, locked up by a long course of adverse winds in the Texel; till, at length, the provisions laid in for the expedition being nearly exhausted, it was found necessary to disembark the troops; and the Dutch government having, by a rashness of resolve for which

no intelligible motive has ever been assigned, ordered their admiral to put to sea and engage the British fleet, that memorable action ensued, off Camperdown, which terminated, as is well known, in one of the most splendid victories that have ever adorned the annals of Great Britain.

Meanwhile affairs in Ireland were hurrying to their crisis; and events and scenes crowded past, in fearful succession, of which,—if personal feelings may be allowed to mingle themselves with such a narrative,—so vivid is my own recollection, I could not trust myself to dwell upon them. Though then but a youth in college, and so many years have since gone by, the impression of horror and indignation which the acts of the government of that day left upon my mind is, I confess, at this moment, far too freshly alive to allow me the due calmness of an historian in speaking of them. Not only had I myself, from early childhood, taken a passionate interest in that struggle which, however darkly it ended, began under the bright auspices of a Grattan, but among those young men whom, after my entrance into college, I looked up to with most admiration and regard, the same enthusiasm of national feeling prevailed. Some of them, too, at the time of terror and torture I am now speaking of, were found to have implicated themselves far more deeply in the popular league against power than I could ever have suspected; and these I was now doomed to see, in their several ways, victims,—victims of that very ardour of patriotism which had been one of the sources of my affection for them, and in which, through almost every step but the last, my sympathies had gone along with them.

One,—considerably my senior, and *not* in the university,—who, by his industry and taste in collecting old Irish airs, and the true, national expression with which he performed them on the flute, contributed to nurse in me a strong feeling for our country's music, is now, if he be still alive, languishing in exile[1]. Another, whose literary talents and mild, manly character gave every promise of a bright, if not splendid career, was, under the ban of a collegiate sentence which incapacitated him from all the learned professions,

[1] When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to this gentleman in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. As painting was one of his tastes, I found that, to amuse his solitude, he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp, which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies:—

"'T was a Syren old," etc.

driven to a line of employment the least congenial to his tastes, where through the remainder of a short, amiable life, his fine talents lay useless; while a third, young Emmet, but escaped with the same branding sentence, to be reserved for that most sad, but memorable, doom to which despair, as well of himself as of his country, at last drove him[1].

Of this latter friend, notwithstanding his own dying entreaty that the world would extend to him "the charity of its silence[2]," I cannot deny myself the gratification of adding a few words, conscious that, at least, the *spirit* of his will not be violated in them. Were I to number, indeed, the men, among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine, in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth,—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved,—the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom which, in him, was an hereditary as well as national feeling,—himself being the second martyr his father had given to the cause.

Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings and,—through them,—his intellect in motion, that he, at all, rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more peculiarly striking than in those displays of oratory with which both in the Debating, and the Historical, Society, he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself, *before* rising to speak, and *after*;—the brow that had appeared

[1] As, in England, by a natural and, at one time, no very calumnious mistake, the term "rebel" is looked upon as synonymous with "Catholic," it may be as well to mention that these three young men were (like most of the leading persons of the conspiracy) Protestants.

[2] The grave opens to receive me:—all I ask of the world is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as none who knows my motives, dares justify them, so let none who is ignorant of them dare to asperse them. Let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory." I quote these sentences from recollection, and the noble speech of which they form a part, was delivered by him, before receiving sentence, in his most animated and energetic manner, after having stood through a harassing trial of twelve hours' duration.

To the passage of this speech just quoted (and *not*, as is sometimes supposed, to any thing connected with Lord Edward Fitzgerald), the Irish Melody beginning, "Oh breathe not his name," was intended to allude.

inanimate and almost drooping at once elevating itself in all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired.

Of his oratory, it must be recollected, I speak from youthful impressions; but I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier or (what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence) purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power, as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught up every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract at last seriously the attention of the Fellows; and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence.

Such, in heart and mind, was another of those devoted men, who with gifts that would have made them the ornaments and supports of a well-regulated community, were yet driven to live the lives of conspirators and die the death of traitors, by a system of government which it would be difficult even to think of with patience, did we not gather a hope from the present aspect of the whole civilized world, that such a system of bigotry and misrule can never exist again.

With Lord Edward I could have no opportunity of forming any acquaintance, but remember (as if it had been but yesterday) having once seen him, in the year 1797, in Grafton-street,—when, on being told who he was, as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school-days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh, healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long dark eye-lashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him. Little did I then think that, at an interval of four-and-thirty years from thence,—an interval equal to the whole span of his life at that period,—I should not only find myself the historian of his mournful fate, but (what to many will appear matter rather of shame than of boast) with feelings so little altered, either as to himself or his cause.

Trusting that I shall meet with pardon from my reader, not so much for the digressiveness of these last few pages,—which can hardly, perhaps, be said to have much wandered from the subject,—as for the more than due share of their contents that relate personally to myself, I shall now proceed with the narrative which I had been thus tempted to interrupt.

Towards the close of 1797 the fervour of the insurrectionary spirit

had, in the great seat of its strength, the North, visibly abated; and to the enforcement of martial law throughout Ulster, during the summer, that party, whose panacea for the ills of Ireland had been, at all times, and under all circumstances, the bayonet, were anxious to attribute this change. But though the seizure, under General Lake's Proclamation, of so large a quantity of arms, must have a good deal weakened the means of the United Irish in that quarter, it is also evident that there were still arms enough in their possession to give them confidence in their own strength, as their first impulse was to rise and employ them against their despoilers. This desire, indeed, seems to have sprung up, in the very wake of Martial Law, throughout the whole province; and the objections and obstacles raised by most of the Dublin leaders,—from a conviction, as they themselves state, that, without French aid, such an attempt would be unavailing,—first caused that discordance of views between the Ulster and Leinster delegates, which continued from thenceforth to embarrass the counsels of the conspiracy, and, at last, contributed to its failure.

Notwithstanding the dissent, however, of their Dublin brethren, some of the more sanguine leaders of the North still persisted in their endeavours to force a general rising, and Lowry, Teeling, and others proceeded to Dublin to concert measures for that purpose. A plan of insurrection,—in drawing up which, it is said, some Irish officers, who had been in the Austrian service, assisted,—had already been agreed upon; and, what was far more important, some of the regiments then on duty in Dublin having received intimation of the intended design, a deputation of sergeants from the Clare, Kilkenny, and Kildare militias waited upon the Provincial Committee of Dublin with an offer to seize, in the name of the Union, the Royal Barrack and the Castle, without requiring the aid or presence of a single citizen.

This proposal was immediately laid before the Executive; and Lord Edward most strenuously urged, as might be expected, their acceptance of it. But, after a long and anxious discussion, their decision was to decline the offer, as involving a risk which the present state of their preparations would not justify them, they thought, in encountering. The whole design was, therefore, abandoned, and its chief instigators, Messrs. Lowry, Teeling, and Tennant,—the first a member of the Executive Committee of Ulster,—were forced to fly to Hamburgh.

To popular ardour, when at its height, the postponement of action is a check seldom recovered from; and it is the opinion of those most conversant with the history of the conspiracy, that the Leinster leaders, by their want of enterprise and decision at this moment, let

pass a crisis far more pregnant with chances of success than any ever presented to them [1]. The people of the North, who had been induced to curb their first impulse by an assurance of the speedy arrival of the French, when they now saw weeks pass away, without any appearance of the promised succours, began naturally to abate in their zeal, and even to suspect they had been deceived. From having been taught thus to look for aid to others, they lost confidence in themselves; and an interval of grace being, at the same time, proclaimed by the government, within which those who submitted and gave up their arms were to receive full pardon, the good effects of such rarely tried policy were manifested by the numbers that, in all parts of the North, hastened to avail themselves of it.

To these causes of the abatement of fervour among the Northerns must be added another, of a still deeper and more important kind, which began to come into operation about the middle of 1797, and, from that time, continued not only to moderate their enthusiasm in the conspiracy, but materially influenced the character of the rebellion that followed;—and this was the growing apprehension, both upon political and religious grounds, with which the more scrupulous among the Presbyterian republicans regarded that alliance, which the organization of the Catholic counties was now admitting into their league. Already had there, for some time, existed among the lower orders of Catholics, associations known by the name of Defenders, half political, half predatory, to which the Chiefs of the Union had always looked as a sort of nursery for their own military force,—the hardy habits of these freebooters (for such they had now become), and their familiarity with the use of arms, appearing to offer the kind

[1] That such was Tone's view of their conduct, as far as he could judge from the reports of the fugitives who had joined him at the Texel, will appear from the following passage in his Diary: — "August, 1797.—By what Lowry and Tennant tell me, there seems to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin. I suspected it very much from Lewine's account, though I saw he put the best side out; but I am now sure of it. However, I did not say so to them, for the thing is past, and criticising it will do no good, but the reverse. The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and at one time, eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin, if the leaders would only give the signal; the militia were almost to a man gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to me to have been an unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice, to let such an occasion slip.—With eight hundred of the garrison and the barracks to begin with, in an hour they would have had the whole capital, and, by seizing the persons of half a dozen individuals, paralysed the whole Government, and, in my opinion, accomplished the whole revolution by a single proclamation. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance . . . . . I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly ever see return."

of material out of which good example and discipline might succeed in making soldiers.

In the North the United Irishmen and the Defenders, though concurring in fierce enmity to the state, had been kept wholly distinct bodies, as well by the difference of their religious tenets, as by the grounds, but too sufficient, which the latter had for considering all Presbyterians as foes. In most other parts of Ireland, however, the case was different. Wherever the bulk of the population were Catholics, the Defenders formed the chief portion of the United force; —or, rather, in such places, the system of the Union degenerated into Defenderism, assuming that character which a people, lawless from having been themselves so long outlawed, might have been expected to give it. Hence those outrages and crimes which, perpetrated under the name of United Irishmen, brought disgrace upon the cause, and alarmed more especially its presbyterian supporters, who, not without reason, shrunk from the hazard of committing the interests of the cause of civil and religious liberty to such hands. Under this impression it was that the leading United Irishmen of the Counties of Down and Antrim were anxious to inculcate the notion that the Presbyterians could dispense with Catholic aid; and so much had the repugnance of the two sects to act in concert manifested itself, that at a meeting of Captains, on the 31st of July, at Downpatrick, strong fears were, we find, expressed "that the Dissenters and Catholics would become two separate parties."

But though this, and the other causes I have adverted to, had, at the commencement of the year 1798, a good deal checked the advance of the conspiracy in that region which had given it birth and strength, there were still immense numbers organized and armed throughout the North, who, under Protestant leaders,—such as were, at this time, the great majority of the United Chiefs,—would have felt too confident in their own power of giving a direction to the revolution to have any fears from the predominance of their outnumbering allies. Whatever of physical strength, too, might have been lost to the Union in Ulster had been more than a hundred fold made up by the spread of the organization elsewhere; and from the returns made, in the month of February this year, to Lord Edward, as head of the Military Committee, it appeared that the force at that time, regimented and armed, throughout Ireland, amounted to little less than 300,000 men.

The object of the Military Committee, just mentioned, was to prepare a plan of co-operation with the invader, or of insurrection, if forced to it, before the invader came. The hope of succours from France, though so frequently frustrated, was still kept sanguinely alive, and to the arrival of an armament in April they, at the begin-

ning of this year, looked with confidence,—the strongest assurances having been given by M. Talleyrand to their agent at Paris, that an expedition was in forwardness, and would be ready by that time.

On the 28th of February Lord Edward's friend, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, was, together with Quigley, the Irish priest and others, arrested, on their way to France, at Margate; and a paper being found on Quigley, addressed to the French Directory, inviting earnestly a speedy invasion of England, the whole party were, on the 6th of March, committed to the Tower, on a charge of High Treason. In consequence of this arrest the office of the Press newspaper,—a journal which had been in the year 1797 established in Dublin, for the express purpose of forwarding the views of the Union [1], and of which Mr. O'Connor had lately become the avowed editor,—was by order of the government searched, and all the materials and papers belonging to the establishment seized. "Among the persons," says a ministerial newspaper of the day, "who was in the house where the Press was printed, were found Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Counsellor Sampson. Lord Edward seemed peculiarly affected by the visit of the magistrate, and interested himself much to comfort the woman of the house, who had been brought by mischievous delusions into embarrassment and trouble; and offered her and her family a residence in his own house, as some compensation."

It being now clear that with, or without, French aid the struggle must soon come, Lord Edward and his colleagues urged on, with redoubled zeal, the preparations for the encounter. A Revolutionary Staff was formed, and an Adjutant-General appointed in each county to transmit returns to the Executive of the strength and state of their respective forces,—to report the nature of the military positions in their neighbourhood, to watch the movements of the King's troops, and, in short, as their Instructions [2] (drawn up by Lord Edward

[1] In this newspaper the author of the present Memoir confesses to have made his first essay as a writer of prose, and among those extracts from its columns which are appended to the Report of the Secret Committee, for the purpose of showing the excited state of public feeling at that period, there are some of which the blame or the merit must rest with an author who had then but just turned his seventeenth year.

[2] One part of these Instructions ran thus:—"Those in the maritime counties are charged, on the first appearance of a friendly force upon the coast, but especially on the most certain information being had of the debarkation of our allies, to communicate the same, in the most speedy manner, to the Executive. They must then immediately collect their force and march forward, with as many of the yeomanry and militia as possible, each man to be provided with at least three days' subsistence, and to bring on all they can of carts, draft horses, horses

himself) direct, to attend to every point connected with the species of warfare they were about to wage.

In this formidable train were affairs now proceeding; nor would it be possible, perhaps, to find, in the whole compass of history, —taking into account the stake, the odds, the peril, and the daring, —another instance of a conspiracy assuming such an attitude. But a blow was about to fall upon them for which they were little prepared. Hazardous as had been the agency of the Chiefs, at every step, and numerous as were the persons necessarily acquainted with their proceedings, yet so well contrived for secrecy was the medium through which they acted, and by such fidelity had they been hitherto fenced round, that the government could not reach them. How little sparing those in authority would have been of rewards, their prodigality to their present informer proved. But few or none had yet been tempted to betray: and, in addition to the characteristic fidelity of the Irish in such confederacies, the same hatred of the law which had made them traitors to the State kept them true to each other.

It is, indeed, not the least singular feature of this singular piece of history, that with a government, strongly intrenched both in power and will, resolved to crush its opponents, and not scrupulous as to the means, there should now have elapsed two whole years of all but open rebellion, under their very eyes, without their being able, either by force or money, to obtain sufficient information to place a single one of the many chiefs of the confederacy in their power. Even now, so far from their vigilance being instrumental in the discovery, it was but to the mere accidental circumstance of a worthless member of the conspiracy being pressed for a sum of money to discharge some debts, that the government was indebted for the treachery that, at once, laid the whole plot at their feet,— delivered up to them, at one seizure, almost all its leaders, and thus disorganizing, by rendering it headless, the entire body of the Union, was the means, it is not too much to say, of saving the country to Great Britain.

The name of this informer,—a name in *one* country, at least, never to be forgotten,—was Thomas Reynolds; and the information he gave that led to the arrests at Bond's, on the 12th of March, will be most clearly set before the reader in the following extracts from his evidence :—

"It was about the 25th of February, 1798, that, in travelling with Mr. Cope to Castle-Jordan in order to obtain possession of some

harnessed and horses to mount cavalry, with three or four days' forage;—taking care to seize no where the property of a patriot, where an enemy can be found to raise contributions on."

lands to which we were jointly entitled, I was induced by the persuasion of this gentleman, on whose friendship and honour I had the most implicit reliance, to disclose to him, in part, the extent of the conspiracy. I added that in order to enable government to counteract it entirely, I would procure a man who could get to the bottom of it, and detect the leaders. In consequence of this I did, in the name of a third person, communicate to Mr. Cope for government all I knew of the plans and views of the United Irishmen, and particularly the proceedings of the meeting at Bond's of the 19th of February, 1798, which I had got from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the intended (Provincial) meeting of the 12th of March, also at Bond's, which meeting was in consequence apprehended.

"In order to procure more certain knowledge of the intended meeting of the 12th of March, I applied to Bond, at whose house Daly had said it was to be held; and Bond referred me to John M'Cann as the man who was to regulate that part of the business, and to give any information that might be necessary about it. I accordingly applied to M'Cann, who said, that unless I brought up the returns from the County Committee of Kildare, I could not be admitted to the Provincial, neither could he give me any information thereof, till I showed him said returns. On communicating this to Mr. Cope, he advised me to go down to my county, which I accordingly did, on the Saturday week before the arrest of the meeting at Bond's. On the Sunday I went to Castledermott, where for the first time I met my officers, and settled returns of men and arms, etc., after which I called upon Daly at Kilcullen, who I knew was in possession of the returns, and who wrote a copy of them and gave it to me. On bringing this paper up to Dublin, I showed it to M'Cann, and asked him the time of the meeting of the Provincial; when he said that it was very odd there was not any increase in the returns since the last meeting, and that the delegates must be in town on the Sunday evening. M'Cann then promised that he would breakfast with me on Sunday, 11th March, 1798, at my house, No. 4, Cumberland-street, and tell me all particulars as to the time and place of the Provincial Meeting. Accordingly, M'Cann did come on the next morning, Sunday, to breakfast; but no particular conversation then took place, as Mrs. Reynolds was present.

"After breakfast, M'Cann and I walked to the bottom of Church-street, when he told me that, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, I must be at Oliver Bond's, and desired me to be punctual, as particular business would be done. Not wishing to be at the meeting, as I knew it was to be arrested, I wrote a note to Bond, which I sent on Monday morning, stating that Mrs. Reynolds was taken very ill; that I could not consequently bring my money at the hour

appointed, and begged him to make an apology for me to M'Cann on that account."

The above information being laid by Mr. Cope before government, a warrant from the Secretary of State's office was placed in the hands of Mr. Swan, a Magistrate for the County of Dublin, who, on the morning of Monday, 12th of March, repaired to Mr. Oliver Bond's house, attended by thirteen sergeants in coloured clothes, and by means of the pass-word,—"Where 's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?"—obtained ready admission to the meeting, and arrested all the persons there assembled [1]. Among the chief leaders mentioned in the warrant, there were,—besides Oliver Bond himself, who was one of the most respectable and opulent merchants in all Ireland,—Dr. M'Neven, Emmet, and Sampson, both barristers of eminence, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Of the four last-named, none happened to be present at the meeting; but separate warrants being instantly issued against them, M'Neven, Emmet, and Sampson, were at no very long intervals after apprehended [2], and Lord Edward alone contrived to elude pursuit.

It has been my good fortune to have intrusted to me, with liberty to make extracts from it, a short Journal which was, about this time, begun by Lady Sarah Napier [3] for the kind purpose of preserving, during a severe illness of her husband, such particulars of the events then passing as it would most interest him, when convalescent, to know. The minute domestic details connected with her noble relative's fate, which she has here so simply, but with so much feeling and strength of character, recorded, are such as could have been in no other way accessible, nor in any other shape half so interestingly conveyed.

"Monday, March 5th.

"News came from London this week that four or five men were taken up at Margate, trying to escape to France with some plot; for that, having come to Dover, they put their baggage on a cart, and followed it themselves on foot towards Margate—offered immense sums—seemed to know the way — that many odd things

[1] Among the papers found at Bond's, consisting chiefly of Returns from the Officers of the Union, there was a list of toasts and sentiments, of which the following is a significant specimen:—"Mother Erin, dressed in green ribands by a French milliner, if she can't be dressed without her."

[2] Counsellor Sampson, however, having fled to England, was seized at Carlisle, and there committed to prison; nor was it, if I recollect right, till the beginning of May, that he was brought back in custody to Dublin.

[3] Aunt to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and mother of the distinguished historian of the Peninsular War, to whose kindness I am indebted for the use of so precious a document.

caused suspicion, and they were apprehended. One of them said he was Arthur O'Connor, and going abroad with the other gentleman: that on the cart was found boxes with papers expressive of their being a sort of ambassadors, from the U. I. M.[1] to the Directory at Paris, to give assurances of the good reception the French would meet with in Ireland, and to *press* their immediate coming. The gentlemen denied the baggage was theirs. They were carried to the privy council, and put into the Tower.

"This is all the substance I have gleaned from the little I have heard; and, on the other hand, it is *since* said that all these suspicious circumstances are a fabrication, and that nothing can be found against O'Connor of any sort. Yet Mr. Ogilvie writes me word, it is generally believed, he will be hanged; but many at first said he would get off. I will try to be more mistress of the subject against you read this, which I have carefully kept from your hearing as long as I thought it dangerous to give your thoughts such serious grounds for working them on, which in your weak state is hurtful and retards recovery. I have since heard from Mr. Henry that Edward never was troubled about O'Connor, and said that he had nothing *odd* with him but 1200 guineas. * * * * * He is to be tried at the Kent Assizes.

"March, 1798.

"It was fortunate I kept O'Connor's business from you, as it at first appeared linked with one much more interesting to us all; but *I believe* I may say with truth, that it was the artful management of government so to dispose the scenery, that the most knowing ones were taken in *at first;* but that it is certain that an event which took place *here* is in no way whatever the consequence of this English business, but a mere repetition of Russell and Nelson's business, and will end the same way, to the disgrace of government. However, here is the story: —

("Mr. Pelham was dying, and therefore, poor man, is free from *this* business. Lord Castlereagh was sent for *express* from Dundalk, to do Mr. Pelham's business.)

"Mails came from London, and a Council called, and *then* determined to take up many U. I. M.; for, early on Monday, 12th, messengers were sent to Oliver Bond's house, to take up all then sitting at a Committee; when they entered the house, the table was full of papers: a serjeant said, 'if you don't all hold up your hands, I will shoot you. The papers seized were of the utmost importance, and carried to council. Counsellor Emmett, Oliver Bond, Jackson

[1] United Irishmen.

the ironmonger, Sweetman the brewer, and others were taken. Counsellor Sampson made his escape; Dr. M'Neven was taken in his own house; and report made a thousand stories of where Edward was. Some said at the Committee, others *at Dr. M'Neven's;* that the sheriff seeing him, said to the messengers, 'Is not Lord Edward in your warrant?' 'No;' upon which Edward walked in the streets; and then heard a separate warrant was out for him, on which he disappeared, and has never been heard of since.

"The separate warrant went by a messenger, attended by Sheriff Carlton, and a party of soldiers, commanded by a Major O'Kelly, into Leinster-house. The servants ran up to Lady Edward, who was ill with the gathering in her breast, and told her; she said directly 'there is no help, send them up:' they asked very civilly for her papers and Edward's, and she gave them *all.* Her apparent distress moved Major O'Kelly *to tears;* and their whole conduct was proper. They left her, and soon returned (Major Boyle having been with two dragoons to Frescati, and taken such papers as were in their sitting-room, and not found Edward) to search Leinster-house for him, and came up with great good-nature to say, 'Madam, we wish to tell you our search is in vain, Lord Edward has escaped.' Dr. Lindsay returning from hence went to Leinster-house to her, and there found her in the greatest agitation, the humour quite gone back, and he was a good deal alarmed for her; but, by care, she is, thank God, recovered.

"Mrs. Pakenham wrote *that* night to my sister a letter I hope you will see, for it was trying to make the matter as light as she could to my poor sister, yet forced to say what, of course, she heard from Mr. P. and Lord Castlereagh.

"Tuesday, 13th.

"My sister brought me the letter *in the greatest despair.* I was shocked at the *event,* but by no means alarmed at the description, and told her I was *sure* Edward ran off to avoid a prison *only,* and that it would all prove a second edition of Nelson's, etc. I said this, yet my mind sunk within me, at the idea of its being from O'Connor's business.

"Wednesday, 14th.

"My sister went off early to town with Emmy to breakfast at Mrs. P.'s, appointing C. Fitzgerald to meet her, and wishing to hear from him what he had done relative to my sister and the duke; but instead of Charles she found Lord Castlereagh, who told her, 'though the two brothers differ, yet nature is strong, and Lord Charles was so overcome on Monday, hearing this event, that he set off early on Tuesday for the country, to get out of the way.'

"Louisa then asked questions. Lord C. said, 'I fear I cannot answer your questions, for you know I am bound to secrecy; but pray don't believe any reports you hear, for, upon my word, *nothing has yet transpired.* You may rely on the earnest wishes of government to do all they can for Lord Edward, who is so much loved, and as he can't be found, no harm can happen to him. I pity Lady Edward most exceedingly, and will do all in my power to send her back her private letters.' Mr. P. spoke as usual, of Edward, *fine flummery,* and said he only hoped in God he should not meet him, as it would be a sad struggle between his *duty* and *friendship.* Louisa took all this, as it was intended she should, but when she was out of the room, Emily heard Sir G. S. express *his hopes that Lord Edward would be caught,* and did not *hear* or *see* any thing like a contradiction to this wish from any of the company.

"From thence Louisa went to Leinster-house, where poor little Pamela's *fair, meek,* and pitiable account of it all moved her to the greatest degree, and gained my sister's good opinion of her sense and good conduct. My sister charged her not to name his name, — not to give a *soul* a hint of where he was, if she knew it, and to stay at Leinster-house, seeing every body that called, and keep strict silence,—to which Pamela agreed. Louisa went back to the *set,* and told them how meek and gentle Pamela was; that she did not suppose any of the government people would insult her, but underlings might; that she would, as soon as her breast admitted of it, see every body, who was so good as to call on her, to show she was not plotting mischief. *They* gave great praise to her sense and good conduct (though I hear, before this, Mr. P. had said her sickness was a sham), and my sister came home with Dr. Lindsay quite satisfied that, in this miserable business, Lady Edward was secure of his innocence and safety, and government all good-nature; but still in such *horrors* about either his *having* invited the French, or his being punished for it, that she cannot bring herself to name the subject without *agony.*

"By this time I had heard from *others,* that all Dublin was in consternation on Monday morning; that upon the papers being carried to council, the Chancellor was sent for *at the courts* to attend it; that he dashed out in a hurry, and found a mob at the door, who *abused him,* and he returned the abuse by cursing and swearing like a madman. He met Lord Westmeath, and they went into a shop and came out with pistols, and the Chancellor *thus* went on *foot* to council.

"Thursday, 15th.

"I heard from Mr. Berwick that government had ordered no mention of this transaction should appear *in any paper.* He told

me of the strange absurd reports of their having behaved so ill in the searches, etc., and I told him Lady Edward had written to thank Major O'Kelly for his humane conduct.

"My sister had promised to go again, but did not. I heard daily from Lady Edward, and found she had recovered her spirits in so sudden a manner, that every body is convinced she knows where he is, and that he is safe and innocent. I sent her 20*l.* in case she wanted ready money, but she returned it, and sent me word she had plenty, for that they had some by them, and that she was going to take a house to get out of Leinster-house, which was grown detestable to her, and to have a quiet home of her own to lie-in in. She bid me tell my sister Leinster to be *quite, quite* easy. To *write* would be folly in *her*, and indeed in *us*, *for all letters are opened now*; so I only wrote to Mrs. Johnston, and made a child direct it, desiring *her* to send for Mr. Ogilvie, and show it him. We know nothing yet of how my poor sister will take it—I fear very badly. Government intended a proclamation to take Edward, but thought better of it.

"I was surprised by a visit from Captain M**. *He* began about Edward: I said I was sure he was innocent, though he made no secret of his opinions, but that nobody dreaded a Revolution more, from the goodness of his heart, and that he only ran off, I was sure, from the dread of prison. 'But', said M., 'surely he knew the consequence of sitting at a Committee?' 'I believe he never was there.' 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said M., 'he was seen there, as I understand.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'you think your authority good, very naturally, but *I doubt* every authority.' 'But surely,' said he, 'they would not dare to take him up without sufficient grounds?' 'If I had not *seen it done* twice here, I should think as you do; but I know all their ways too well, and you will see that I am right.' We then talked of poor Doyle, of M**'s own situation, who is aide-de-camp to Lord Clanricarde, with whom he was in Corsica, and whom he likes of all things. He spoke with the greatest regard of you, came down on purpose to inquire about you, and says he will come whenever you are able to see him. He told me of a servant of Mr. Lee's being killed by a soldier's bayonet the day before in the streets, because some men, among whom was this servant, were seducing soldiers; that Lord Tyrawly came among them, and tried to send them away. This servant was impertinent to him: he drew his pistols, and a soldier struck the man, who died on the spot.

"Friday, 16th.

"Captain M** seemed to think ill of the U. I. Men, and laugh at

the farce of every body going armed with pistols, saying, '*he* never had been attacked,—out at all hours of the night.'

"Saturday, 17th.

"St. Patrick's Day. All *quiet!*

"The same day came the surveyor that lived with Plaw, merely to acknowledge his obligations to you; he has been in the North with Lord Downshire, and, being in Dublin, could not resist his wish to see you. Mr. Swinburne came, as you know, merely to inquire after you. I suspect he avoided seeing me on account of Edward's business.

"Saturday, 24th.

"Captain Armstrong came for the third time, and you saw him. From *him* I heard that the prisoners would come off well; that there was no Committee, only some of them assembled to consider what was to be done about the *Press*. That the report of a *dreadful map*, found in Lady Edward's care, was one of Dublin, with notes written by a clever gunmaker, who had marked the weak parts, and who had sent it to Lord Edward. That no sooner had this man heard of the noise it made, than he went to government and said it was *his*, which he had shown to Lord Edward. They asked him for what purpose he had drawn it? 'For my amusement,' said he. So that by Armstrong's account nothing would come of all this business, and by Lady Edward's and others, I was in hopes it would prove so. Reports say Edward was seen in a post-chaise with his brother Charles at Newry, but it is false, I fancy; others that he is at Leinster-house, and at Carton,—all false, I believe.

"When Mrs. P. came on Tuesday, Mr. Conolly was setting off. Louisa said she would go and fetch Lady Edward to Castletown, and he *forbid* it. From Dundalk he wrote, 'There will not be the same objections in June to her coming to Castletown.' We cannot guess what *that* means. All Saturday we were in expectation of the Naas prisoners' return, and anxious to know their fate.

"Sunday, 25th.

"This morning, being in your room, my sister [1] came, and I saw she looked disturbed.

* * * * * * * * * *

I took no notice of her looks, but she gave me a letter from Mr. Ogilvie, saying, my poor sister [2] was supported by her con-

[1] Lady Louisa Conolly.

[2] The Duchess Dowager, Lord Edward's mother.

fidence in Edward not deserving *any thing* by word or deed, but that Sophia and Lucy were terribly affected. He also said that the poor little duchess [1] was given over by all who came from Bristol, but that he, the duke, did not see it. This letter accounted to me for her low looks. As she was going, she beckoned me out, and said that she must tell me a secret, though she had reasons not to reveal it; but since I had determined to sit up this night, it was necessary to tell me not to be alarmed, if, early in the morning, I should hear a bustle, for that an officer, she thinks a Mr. Longfield, came from Naas, and asking for Mr. Conolly, seemed disappointed. He then asked to speak to Colonel Napier, and hearing that he was ill, asked if any gentleman was in the house, and at last begged to speak to Louisa herself, who went down to him. He told her that an order was given in General Wilson's district, including *this* place, to search for arms, and *disarm every body*. She asked if officers were included; he said he believed not ultimately, but that no exclusion was made in the order which he showed her signed by General Hewitz, and it is very strict. He asked how many arms she had: she guessed *twenty*. He said, 'Have you *twenty* servants to use them?' 'Yes.' 'Then we won't trouble you. For it was the fear of alarming you with a military that will be about to-morrow *early* that brought me, and we won't come here, as it is only meant for the disaffected, and others must go through the ceremony.' Louisa said, 'Pray, sir, don't let your civility interfere with your duty—search the house, if you chuse it.' 'That must depend on the magistrates,' said he, 'for Sir Ralph Abercrombie's new Order hampers us sadly now. I wish I knew who were disaffected—can you tell me?' 'No,' said Louisa, 'I can tell you who are *not*, but I don't know who *are*; but may I beg to know if you *must* go to Colonel N., for he is so ill, it may alarm him to hear a bustle.' 'Yes, I suppose we must, but of course we shall give a receipt for the arms, and he will know where to find them.'

"Thus did my dear sister so *alter her nature*, that she submitted to be *disarmed*, and leave her house a prey to vagabonds —and she was *not* glad the prisoners were released [2]. What perversion in the noblest nature may be compassed by cunning, by nerves, and by habits of hearing terror rung in her ears for years! I had neither time nor thoughts to answer, argue, or try to convince her. I thanked her for the notice, and rejoiced to be *prepared*; —and on reflection, I *now* determine to refuse to allow the search,

[1] The Duchess of Leinster.

[2] This alludes to Lady Louisa having, the day before, checked some of her sister's children, who were expressing their joy at the liberation of the prisoners tried at Naas.

or to give up the arms. And I am *well awake* in the expectation of these *offenders*, who want to leave us to *Defenders*. N. B. The Naas prisoners all returned to Celbridge at six o'clock.

"In the interim I return to Mr. Henry's conversation in the morning before my sister came. He told me that O'Connor would be tried *soon*, and he understood nothing would be done to him, though Mr. Ogilvie wrote me word he would be hanged. Henry also says, *entre nous*, there *was* a Committee, and that government say they knew of it a month ago; that the delegates of each province sẽnd *their* delegates to Dublin, and that Edward was to order for Leinster how they were to proceed—*as is said*. That he stayed in Dublin some days, and foolishly was visited by many, and at last removed for fear of being found out. That government made a furious noise for two days, but dropped it in a moment, and that he believes they wish him to escape; but that he (Henry) fears Edward will be tempted to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard, for that they (I don't know who Henry includes in *they*) all say that if Edward is taken or touched, they *won't bear it*.

"Now what am I to think of all this? How far can I rely on Henry's opinion? who does he take it from? He also told us, Lord Ormond and Sparrow made themselves constables, searching for Edward with two dragoons, the latter vowing he would bring him dead or alive; but all this vapouring ceased soon. Henry also told me government *abused Sir Ralph Abercrombie*, who was going to *resign;* but that as the King and Dundas were fond of him, it was expected to make a dust first.

"You asked me to-day if something was not the matter with me. I think with such a load of interesting things on my mind, I fight a good battle with myself, and keep very equal in my attendance and manner to you. What will not affection do, when what we adore may suffer from the least inadvertence? I made a little trial of your wish about the arms, and your answer decided me, for I am your representative in this instance.

"Among these things, I forgot to mention a trifling thing, comparatively speaking, but which agitated me a good deal. On Sunday, 4th, Farrell rode Sam to town for Lindsay, and going into Coyle's, a soldier of the Fermanagh pushed the horse *out of his way*. Farrell was endeavouring to do the same, when another soldier, of the same regiment, stuck his bayonet in the horse's flank, and wounded him. Farrell called out; but instantly giving the horse to Coyle's people, he ran to examine the man, and marked him in his memory, then returned, attended to the horse, and called every body to witness it. An officer of Frazer's saw it all, and said he would write to you; but hearing you were ill, told Farrell to tell you,

when well, that he would vouch for his good conduct. Farrell, not content, went to look for Mr. P. to make his complaint; but not finding him, would not risk being late, and came home gently with Sam, who I hear is quite well, it being only a flesh wound. All my children and servants were *up* about this, and I ready to cry for vexation; but I foresaw that a *fuss* about it might bring on unpleasant stories, such as your horse being stabbed, and then the soldier's revenge at Farrell, and in short many things to annoy you in your convalescence, so I forbid *all talk*, and took it all on *me*. I sent to Mr. Kempland, and had the whole told *him*, desiring the soldier might be properly punished for being a *brute* to a poor horse, and not because it was a colonel's horse, but a horse. In some days after Mr. Kempland came to fetch Farrel to be witness against the man, at a court-martial, after having kept him in the blackhole a week. I begged to be allowed to obtain his pardon, upon condition he would promise never to hurt *any* horse again, and to have him told that I forgave him, in hopes it would make him more sorry for his fault than if I got him punished. Mr. K. seemed much pleased with my commission, and I hope it will meet with your approbation, as I did it exactly as I thought *you would do*. Since that I send my horses to Mrs. P. or Moira-house.

"I forgot to tell you that Captain Hamilton brought me a letter from General N., by which I see poor Mrs. Oswald is dead, and your poor aunt in the greatest affliction.

"Thursday, 29th March.

"I now return to the *arms*, which you know the sequel of [1]. It cost me very uneasy nights, I own, expecting a domiciliary visit daily. We have heard from my sister Leinster, and she shows so much sense, firmness, and resignation to whatever may be the event, that I am charmed with her elevated and spirited character, and trust it will save her from many hours of misery which poor Louisa passes so unnecessarily for want of using her reason. As I mean to show you this to-morrow, I shall stop."

The reader has seen, from this Journal, that, after the arrests of the 12th of March, neither Lord Edward's brother or aunts were at all aware of what had become of him. Whether it had been his intention to attend the meeting at Bond's does not appear from the evidence, but that he was one of those whom the officers expected to find there was manifest. On the issuing of the separate warrant against him, they lost no time, as we see, in putting it into exe-

[1] Her ladyship refused to deliver up the arms, and there was no further step taken about them.

cution, and were actually in Leinster House, making their search, when, having hastened home, hearing of the arrests, he was on the point of entering it. His faithful Tony, however, being on the look-out for him, he received notice of what was going on in time to escape. It is difficult, however fruitless such a feeling must be, not to mingle a little regret with the reflection that, had he happened, on this day, to have been one of the persons arrested at Bond's, not only might his own life, from the turn affairs afterwards took, have been spared, but much of the unavailing bloodshed that was now to follow have been prevented.

Another striking part of the fatality which seems to have marked his every step, was, that he himself should have been the chief cause of the informer Reynolds's promotion to those posts of honour and trust in the confederacy which gave him ultimately so much the power of betraying it. His lordship had, it appears, taken a kind and active part in some negociation relative to a lease between Reynolds and the Duke of Leinster, and being deceived, in the course of this transaction, by an appearance of honesty and respectability in the man, was induced, in the unsuspiciousness of his own nature, to place entire confidence in him. To what an extent he carried this reliance, the following extracts from Reynolds's depositions will show :—

"In the month of November, 1797, Lord Edward Fitzgerald called upon me, at my house in Park-street, and said that he came to request me to become a Colonel for the Barony of Kilkea and Moon, in which Barony I had then purchased a place. I at first hesitated, but he used many arguments, and I at length agreed to accept the command.

"Lord Edward then said, 'That there was an honest man in the county of Kildare, Matthew Kennaa, who would call and speak to me about my election to be colonel.' About the latter end of January, 1798, Matthew Kennaa came to me, and asked whether I would stand my election for colonel, on which I told him, that I would, as Lord Edward had been speaking to me about it. Kennaa then said that he knew his lordship had been speaking to me on the subject, and adding, that it was intended I should hold a civil as well as military employment, asked me which I should prefer, being a treasurer or a secretary. To this I answered, that I would rather be a treasurer.

"About the 24th of February I went down to the Black Rock with Cummings and M'Cann of Grafton-street to dine with Lord Edward, where I found Hugh Wilson. It was after dinner on that day, that Lord Edward gave me the Resolutions and Returns of the National

Committee [1], with copies of which I furnished Mr. Cope for the government.

"I expressed some doubts to Lord Edward, whether the United Men could stand in battle before the King's troops, but he replied to me, 'That would not be altogether necessary, as assistance from France was expected; that then some of the United Men would certainly join in the French lines, and of course would soon become disciplined; but as to the multitude, all they would have to do would be to harass the escorts of ammunition, cut off detachments and foraging parties, and, in fine, make the King's troops feel themselves in every respect in an enemy's country, while the actual battles would be left to the foreign troops.'"

The very day before the arrest of the meeting at Bond's, a conversation, which we find thus detailed by the informer himself, took place between him and his noble patron: — "About four o'clock, on Sunday the 11th of March, I called at Leinster House, upon Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I had a printed paper in my hand, which I had picked up somewhere, purporting to be directions or orders signed by Counsellor Saurin to the Lawyers' Corps. These required them, in case of riot or alarm, to repair to Smithfield, and such as had not ball-cartridge were to get them at his house,

[1] These papers were all in Lord Edward's hand-writing. The Returns will give some notion of the force which he might have been able to rally round him had he lived.

"*National Committee, 26th Feb.* 1798.

"Ulster and Munster made no new returns this time, but state their former returns again of last Monday.

	Armed Men.	Finances in hand.		
Ulster	110,990	436*l.*	2	4
Munster	100,634	147	17	2
Kildare	10,863	110	17	7
Wicklow	12,895	93	6	4
Dublin	3,010	37	2	6
Dublin City	2,177	321	17	11
Queen's County	11,689	91	2	1
King's County	3,600	21	11	3
Carlow	9,414	49	2	10
Kilkenny	624	10	2	3
Meath	1,400	171	2	1
	279,896	1485*l.*	4	9"

Among the Resolutions was the following, alluding to some conciliatory motion which was then about to be brought forward by Lord Moira:—

"Resolved, that we will pay no attention whatever to any attempts that may be made by either House of Parliament, to divert the public mind from the grand object which we have in view, as nothing short of the complete emancipation of our country will satisfy us."

and such as were going out of town and did not think their arms safe, were to deposit them with him; and there was a little paper inside, which mentioned that their orders were to be kept secret. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, upon reading this paper, seemed greatly agitated: he said he thought government intended to arrest him, and he wished he could get to France, to hasten the invasion, which he could do by his intimacy with Talleyrand Perigord, one of the French ministers. He said he would not approve of a general invasion at first, but that the French had some very fine fast-sailing frigates, and that he would put on board them as many English and Irish officers as he could procure to come over from France, and as many men as were capable of drilling, and stores and ammunition of different kinds, and run them into some port in this country; he said he thought Wexford might do: that it would be unsuspected, and if they succeeded they could establish a rallying point, until other help should come.

"Lord Edward, after this conversation, walked up and down the room in a very agitated manner: 'No,' said he, 'it is impossible, government cannot be informed of it; they never have been able to know where the Provincial meet.' Shortly after this, the servant came and asked was he ready for dinner. I went away;—he wanted me to stay dinner, but I would not."

In making his terms with the government, it was one of the conditions insisted upon by Reynolds, that the channel through which the information came should remain for some time a secret;—a stipulation in which his employers were no less interested than himself, as, by wearing still the mask of a friend, he could retain still the confidence of those he was betraying, and whatever victims his first aim had missed might, from the same ambush, be made sure of afterwards. In pursuance of this policy, we find him, as he himself admits, paying a friendly visit to Mrs. Bond, two or three days after he had marked her husband for death; and even to Lord Edward, whose place of concealment, at this moment, was kept secret, as we have seen, from his own family, this man, under the trust reposed in him, found ready admittance; and, again abusing the frank confidence he had inspired, was enabled to return to his employers armed with fresh proofs, which, though unavailing, as it turned out, against the noble Edward himself, were reserved for the posthumous revenge of disinheriting his offspring. The following is Reynolds's own account of what passed on this occasion; and it would be a task worthy of a great painter, to consign to canvas his conception of what an interview between two such persons, under such circumstances, must have been;—doing justice at once to the ardour, the gallant bearing, the elevation above all guile and

suspicion, that characterized one of the parties, and the cool purpose of deceit, yet consciousness of degradation, which, to any eye, perhaps, but his victim's, must have been visible through the plausibility of the other :—

"I saw Lord Edward Fitzgerald the Wednesday night after, in Aungier-street, at Dr. Kennedy's, having been brought to his place of concealment there. I had little conversation with him at that time, but he desired me to come to him the following evening, at the same place. I did so, and he brought me up stairs, and gave me a paper, which he desired me to deliver as an Address from him to the County, desiring them not to mind what had passed, as it signified nothing; but to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the arrest at Bond's as soon as possible, as the time was at hand when they should be called into action, and they might rely on his being in his place on the day of need.

"He also told me, that he had in his hands 13*l.* as Treasurer to the Barony of Offaly, and 32*l.* as Treasurer to the county of Kildare, which two sums he would take care to have handed over to me. Lord Edward then went away from the house in disguise, under care of a gentleman whom I believe to have been a Mr. Lawless, a surgeon."

That Reynolds promptly gave information to his employers of the place and circumstances of this interview, there can hardly be any doubt; and that they should have let pass such an opportunity of seizing their noble prey, can only be accounted for either by his quick change of place, which baffled their pursuit, or more probably by that wish to afford him a chance of quitting the country, which, it is well known, *one*, at least, of the powerful members of the cabinet at this time entertained. The thought of abandoning, however, for a single moment, the post of peril assigned to him, had never once entered into Lord Edward's dauntless mind. The very calamity that had just befallen the cause, but bound a spirit like his more ardently to its service. To repair the breaches made in the organization by these arrests,—no less than three members of the Leinster Executive [1] having been seized at Bond's,—was now the first great object of his lordship and his friends, and, with such promptitude was this effected, that, on the very evening of the arrests, three other persons were found to fill the vacant places. So anxious, indeed, were they to have it supposed by the people that this discovery had but little deranged their plans, that we find, shortly after, one of the delegates, in his report to an Ulster meeting, assuring them confidently, that the Leinster Committee had recovered

[1] Towards the close of the year 1797, instead of the affairs of the Union being, as before, under the control of one supreme Directory, sitting in Dublin, there was an Executive Committee established for each of the four Provinces.

wholly from their shock, and that within four days after the arrests, the whole province had been again completely organized.

In order to calm, too, the minds of their followers, and prevent either the panic of some, or the premature violence of others, from having any injurious consequences, they drew up hand-bills, in styles suited to their various readers, and had them distributed among the initiated. From one of these the following ably written paragraphs are extracted:—

"For us, the keen but momentary anxiety, occasioned by the situation of our invaluable friends, subsided, on learning all the circumstances of the case, into a calm tranquillity, a consoling conviction of mind, that they are as safe as innocence can make men now; and to these sentiments were quickly added a redoubled energy, a tenfold activity of exertion, which has already produced the happiest effects. The organization of the capital is perfect. No vacancies existing, arrangements have been made, and are still making, to secure for our oppressed brethren, whose trials approach, the benefit of legal defence: and the sentinels whom you have appointed to watch over your interests stand firm at their posts, vigilant of events, and prompt to give you notice and advice, which, on every occasion at all requiring it, you may rely on receiving.

"This recital, Irishmen, is meant to guard those of you, who are remote from the scene of the late events, against the consequences of misrepresentation and mistake. The most unfounded rumours have been set afloat, fabricated for the double purpose of delusion and intimidation. Your enemies talk of treachery, in the vain and fallacious hope of creating it; but you, who scorn equally to be their dupes or their slaves, will meet their forgeries with dignified contempt, incapable of being either goaded into untimely violence, or sunk into pusillanimous despondency. Be firm, Irishmen, but be cool and cautious; be patient yet a while; trust to no unauthorised communications; and above all we warn you, again and again we warn you, against doing the work of your tyrants, by premature, by partial or divided exertion. If Ireland shall be forced to throw away the scabbard, let it be at her own time, not at theirs.

"Dublin, March 17th
(St. Patrick's Day), 1798."

While putting in train all these measures for the retrieval of their affairs, another essential object with them was to procure, somewhere near Dublin, a place of concealment for their noble leader, till circumstances should require his presence in the capital. With this view Mr. Lawless,—the gentleman mentioned in Reynolds's evidence,—applied to a friend of his, a widow lady, who occupied

a retired house, on the banks of the canal, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin; and who, besides being known not to entertain sentiments unfriendly to the popular cause, was a person of that strong character of mind and generosity of spirit which alone can qualify women to be heroines in such exigencies. To her sympathy, Mr. Lawless felt assured his appeal in behalf of his friend would not be vain. Though knowing nothing more of Lord Edward than what fame brought to every ear, she consented, perilous as was such hospitality, to afford him the shelter of her roof; and it was to this lady's house that, on the night of the Thursday after the arrests at Bond's, he was conveyed, in disguise, by Mr. Lawless,—having contrived to see Lady Edward and his children before he went.

Her ladyship had, immediately on the disappearance of Lord Edward, removed from the Duke of Leinster's to a house in Denzel-street, taking with her an attached female servant, and her husband's favourite, Tony. The two latter believed,—as did most people,—that their master had fled to France, and it was therefore with no small surprise that the maid-servant (as she herself told the person from whom I heard the anecdote) saw, on going into her lady's room late in the evening, his lordship and Lady Edward sitting together by the light of the fire. The youngest child had, at his desire, been brought down out of its bed for him to see it, and both he and Lady Edward were, as the maid thought, in tears.

The name he went by, while at the house of the widow lady, was Jameson, and an old and faithful maid-servant of the family was the only person allowed to wait upon him. He had not, however, been more than two days in the house, when one of those slight accidents, which seem to defy all caution, made the secret known to the whole family. A pair of his boots having been left outside his door to be cleaned, the man-servant to whom they had been given for that purpose told his mistress afterwards that he knew "who the gentleman up stairs was;—but that she need not fear, for he would die to save him." He then showed her Lord Edward's name written, at full length, in one of the boots. Thinking it possible that, after such a discovery, her guest might deem it dangerous to remain, Mrs. ** mentioned the circumstance to him. But his fears were not easily awakened:—"What a noble fellow!" he exclaimed, "I should like to have some talk with him." In the hope that it might be an incitement to the man's fidelity, the lady told him his lordship's wish; but he answered, "No,—I will not look at him—for, if they should take me up, I can then, you know, swear that I never saw him."

Though Mr. Lawless had requested shelter but for a few days for his friend, he continued to remain in this unsuspected retreat near

a month; and as it was feared that to one accustomed so much to exercise confinement might prove injurious, he used to walk out, most nights, along the banks of the canal, accompanied generally by a child, who became a great favourite of his, and whom it was his amusement sometimes to frighten by jumping into the boats that were half sunk in the reservoir or basin of the canal. So light-hearted, indeed, and imprudent was he at times, that Mrs.**, who, during his absence on these walks, was kept in a constant state of anxiety and suspense, used often to hear him, at a considerable distance, laughing with his young companion, and more than once went out to meet them, and try to impress upon him the necessity of more caution.

Another subject of merriment between him and his young playfellow arose from a large bed of orange lilies which grew at the bottom of the garden, and which they had conspired together to root up, some day, when Mrs.** should be from home.

Among the kind and attaching qualities by which her noble guest was distinguished, none struck Mrs.** more forcibly than the affectionate solicitude with which he never ceased to think of Lady Edward and his children; and, in order to tranquillize his anxieties on this head, she herself went more than once to Denzel-street,—taking every precaution, of course, against being watched or tracked,—to make inquiries about his family. She found Lady Edward, who always ran to embrace her, as if they had been the oldest friends, full of gratitude for the attentions bestowed upon her husband; and she also, in the course of these visits, saw the faithful Tony, who lamented to her that "his unfortunate face prevented him from going to see his dear master."

Of the feelings of his lordship's family, during this interval, wholly uncertain as they were all left respecting his fate, the following letter to Lord Henry Fitzgerald from one of his relatives may afford some notion. Lord Henry was at the time at Boyle Farm, his villa on the Thames.

"Hanover Square, 21st March, 1798.

"My dear Henry,

"I have been making all possible inquiry, and find that no further accounts respecting Edward have arrived. There is a mail to-day from Waterford, which, I understand, mentions that several families have fled to Bristol. I find your family here are easy, and satisfied with the accounts they have received. I wish they may have reason to be so, but I hear reports so very different, and from such authority, that I cannot entirely disbelieve them. I confess I

should not have the least reliance on Lady Edward's story, as I believe it to be a fact that a pocket-book of great consequence is now in the hands of the Duke of Portland, and which was taken from her.

"It is said that his escape will probably be connived at, though I believe that to be very far from the wishes of our ministers in England. If I hear any thing, you may depend upon my letting you know immediately. Let me hear if you intend being in town this week, or soon. I most sincerely feel for you all, and hope that, before it is long, you will have accounts that will set your minds at ease. I returned from Bulstrode yesterday. I hope our party there may still take place shortly. Remember me kindly to Lady Henry. Assure her, I pity her sincerely for being drawn into a fatal connexion with such a nest of Jacobins.

Adieu. Ever yours,

"E. L."

I have already mentioned that there was, about the time of the arrests at Bond's, a very sincere wish, on the part of one of the principal members of the Irish Cabinet, that Lord Edward's friends might be able to induce him, by timely flight, to avert the fate which, it was then evident, hung over him; and, however strong the abhorrence in which I must ever hold Lord Clare's political conduct, it gives me, for more than one reason, no ordinary pleasure to be able so far to do justice to the kindlier feelings of his nature, as to state that it was by him this truly humane and generous wish was entertained.

A short time before the arrests of the 12th of March, when the government were already furnished with full proof against Lord Edward, Mr. Ogilvie, who had been himself but too painfully aware of the extent to which his young relative had committed himself in the conspiracy, hurried over to Dublin, for the purpose of making one more effort to impress upon him the fearfulness of his position, and endeavour to detach him from the confederacy. In an interview which he had, shortly after his arrival, with Lord Clare, that nobleman expressed himself with the most friendly warmth on the subject, saying, "For God's sake get this young man out of the country:—the ports shall be thrown open to you, and no hindrance whatever offered."

Lord Edward was, however, immovable: at the very time when Mr. Ogilvie called upon him, there was a meeting of the chief conspirators in the house, and his lordship came out of the room where they were assembled to speak with him. In vain did his adviser try every means of argument and persuasion: though as alive

as ever to the kindness of his old friend, the noble Chief could only answer, "It is now out of the question: I am too deeply pledged to these men to be able to withdraw with honour."

It is right to add, that as the plans of the plot became further unfolded, the alarm of the government for their own existence superseded every other thought, and all considerations of mercy were lost in their fears. At the period, therefore, where we are now arrived, the search after his lordship, by the emissaries of authority, was pursued with as much eagerness as political zeal, urged by fear and revenge, could inspire.

As it would have been difficult to find a retreat more suited to his purpose, he would, no doubt, have remained at Mrs.**'s some time longer, had not a circumstance which now occurred awakened some fears for his safety. During the absence, one day, of the lady of the house, the maid-servant came in alarm to tell him that she had just seen a guard of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, pass on the other side of the canal. "And I, too," said Lord Edward, "have observed, within these ten minutes, a man whom I know to be a police-officer looking up earnestly at the house." The maid, whose terrors were naturally increased by the responsibility now thrown upon her, made him instantly put on a lady's night-dress and get into bed; then, darkening the room, as for a person indisposed, she placed a table, with medicine bottles upon it, beside the bed. In this situation he remained for two hours, but neither policeman nor soldiers again made their appearance; and the scene served but as a subject of mirth for the evening's conversation. It excited, however, some fears;—even his own sense of security was disturbed by it, and his friends thought it most prudent that he should, for a time, at least, remove to Dublin, where, in the house of a respectable feather-merchant, named Murphy, in Thomas-street, he was to be allowed to lie concealed for some days.

While the noble fugitive was thus evading their toils, the government, whose apprehensions still increased, in proportion as fresh disclosures, every day, revealed to them the extent to which the foundations of their authority had been undermined, made the whole country at length participators of their panic by a Proclamation which appeared on the 30th of March, declaring the entire kingdom in a state of rebellion; and at the same time with this Proclamation appeared an Order signed by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, authorising the troops to act without waiting for the authority of a civil magistrate[1].

[1] It was on finding himself, as he thought, compelled by a sense of obedience to affix his name to this Order, in opposition to all his own expressed opinions both in public and in the council, that Sir R. Abercrombie wrote to request that

As this revival of the famous Order of Lord Carhampton, in 1797, gave full loose to all the licence of the soldiery, while by Indemnity Bills the magistracy were no less encouraged to pass the bounds of the law, those who know what an Orange magistrate was in those times of terror, and recollect Sir Ralph Abercrombie's own description of the army then under him, that "it was in a state of licentiousness that rendered it formidable to every one but the enemy," may be left to picture to themselves some of the horrors to which, between bench and camp, the people of Ireland were now systematically delivered up by their rulers. That it was done on system has been since avowed, the professed object being to goad the wretched multitude into revolt before the arrival of a French force should render their outbreak more formidable; and with such over zeal and efficacy was this work of torture performed that, in the county of Wexford, where the United Irish system had but little extended itself, the effects of the floggings and burnings now introduced there by the loyalists was to convert it into one of the worst hot-beds of the rebellion that followed.

While such was the plan of the government, upon Lord Edward and his friends, whose policy it was to prevent a premature rising, fell the far more difficult task of reining in the impatience of the maddened people, so as not, at the same time, to break their spirit or allow them to fancy themselves deceived. To effect this purpose, all the influence of the Executive was now directed,—weakened, however, as that influence had, to a considerable extent, become, as well from the necessary disappearance of Lord Edward himself from the scene [1], as from the far inferior intellects that had now

he might be recalled from his command. There could scarcely, indeed, be any severer comment upon the acts of the Irish government at this period than what a record of the opinions entertained of it, both by Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, would furnish. Called to act, as they were, in this frightful struggle, at a time when its last convulsion was so near, and when,—if ever,—the violence of the government might seem to be justified by its danger, these humane and sensible men yet saw too clearly how the danger had been brought about to feel much sympathy for the party whose own injustice had provoked it, nor, while loyally assisting the authorities in their present measures of self defence, could they forget that a little more tolerance and justice would have rendered such measures unnecessary. Neither was it so much to the government as to the gentry of the old dominant party that the mischiefs which they saw, both actual and to come, were attributed by them; for it is known that Sir John Moore, in reporting to the Lord Lieutenant the state of quiet to which, in the summer of 1798, the county of Wicklow had been reclaimed by him, added that "though the presence of the troops might perhaps be necessary for some time longer, it would be more to check the yeomen and Protestants than the people in general."

[1] That he was not lost sight of, however, in the "mind's eye" of the people appears from passages such as the following, in the publications of the day:—"And thou, noble-minded youth, whose princely virtues acquire new splendour from

joined him at the helm; Mr. Lawless [1] being the only man of real ability whom the late seizure of the other Chiefs had left remaining by his side. All was done, however, that, under such circumstances, could be effected, to sustain the hopes of the people; and, early in April, we find delegates despatched to the North and elsewhere, to spread the intelligence that all was in readiness in the French ports for invasion, and that about the middle of the month it was expected the troops would be on board.

But while holding forth this expectation to their followers, the Chiefs themselves could not but be well aware that their chance of any effective assistance from France was now considerably diminished. At no time, indeed, among a purely military people like the French, could a species of warfare so much dependent upon naval tactics for its success have been expected to be very popular; and the result of the two experiments, on a grand scale, against Ireland was not such as could tend to remove their indisposition to such enterprises. The gallant Hoche, who alone felt sanguinely on this subject, was now no more; and the great man who was, at this time, beginning to direct the fortunes of France, looked with no favouring eye either upon the Irish or their cause.

At the time, indeed, when the termination of his glorious campaign in Italy left Bonaparte at leisure to turn his attention to this subject, the number of fugitives from Ireland in Paris had very much increased: and the indifferent characters of some, with the mutual jealousies and bickerings of almost all,—each setting himself forth as more important and trust-worthy than the others,—brought discredit both on themselves and on the country of which they were the self-elected organs. Neither can it be at all doubted that Bonaparte, at this period of his career, when already he saw the imperial crown glimmering in the distance, had begun to shrink from the contact of revolutionists and levellers, and to view with feelings anticipatory, as it were, of the future Emperor, those principles out of which his own power had sprung;—well knowing

a fervent zeal for your country's rights,—oh may the Genius of Liberty, ever faithful to its votaries, guard your steps!—may the new Harp of Erin vibrate its thrilling sounds through the land to call you forth and hail you with the angelic cry of the Deliverer of our Country!" (March 27, 1798.) In another Address we find—"When an O'Connor is hunted from his country for the crime of loving Ireland, when Fitzgerald is a fugitive for sacrificing the prejudices of birth to accelerate the happiness of his native land," etc etc.

[1] This gentleman, whom I knew slightly, and who was a person of that mild and quiet exterior which is usually found to accompany the most determined spirits, made his escape to France at the time of the apprehension of the Sheares's, and rising afterwards to be a general in the French service, lost a leg in one of the engagements at Walcheren.

that these principles were even more potent to overturn than to elevate, and that he had henceforth no choice but to be their victim or their master. It is not to be wondered at therefore that a race like the Irish, among whom rebellion had, he knew, been handed down, from age to age, as a sort of birthright, should be regarded by the candidate for empire with no very friendly eye, or that the energies of France which he now wielded should be diverted to objects more consonant with his designs. Had he happened to view Ireland and her cause with Hoche's eyes, who can say what might have been the result?—That he himself, in his latter days, repented of not having played the game of ambition otherwise, appears strongly from his own avowal at St. Helena [1]:—"If instead," he is represented to say, "of the expedition to Egypt, I had undertaken that against Ireland, what could England have done now?—On such chances do the destinies of empires depend!"

We left Lord Edward on his way from Mrs. **'s to take refuge in the house of Mr. Murphy of Thomas-street, whither he was brought by his friend Lawless, wrapped up in a countryman's great coat, and, in order the more completely to disguise him, wearing a pig-tailed wig. Though his host had seen him frequently before, he was now, for the first time, made known to him as an acquaintance. During the fortnight his lordship passed with him at this period, he lived much the same sort of life as at Mrs. **'s, walking out often at night, along with his host, by the canal, and receiving the visits but of two or three persons, among whom were, if I am rightly informed, Major Plunket [2] and another military gentleman, of the rank of Colonel, named Lumm. To this latter officer Lord Edward had despatched a note, immediately on his arrival, by Murphy, who returned, attended by Colonel Lumm, to Thomas-street, taking the precaution to walk before him all the way.

[1] "Si, au lieu de l'expédition de l'Égypte, j'eusse fait celle de l'Irlande,—si de légers dérangemens n'avaient mis obstacle à mon entreprise de Boulogne, que pourrait l'Angleterre aujourd'hui? A quoi tiennent les destinées des empires!" *Mémoires de Las Cases.*—If there be not some error in reporting this remark of Napoléon, it would appear to imply, that Ireland was, after all, the real object of the Boulogne armament.—See, for some remarks upon this subject, the acute and able Commentary on the Memoirs of Tone by Colonel Roche Fermoy.

So ill protected was the South of Ireland at this time, notwithstanding all the warnings that had been given, that when Sir Ralph Abercrombie made a calculation of the number of troops that could be collected, in case the enemy should appear at Bantry or the Shannon, he found that, in the course of four or five days, six thousand would be the utmost he could muster!

[2] To this gentleman, who had been in the Austrian service, I find the following allusion in the Personal Narrative of the Rebellion by Mr. Charles Teeling:—"Plunket, that intrepid soldier of fortune, whose fame will be recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered."

As it was now more than a month since he had seen any of his family, he could no longer restrain his impatience for an interview with them, but, insisting that Mr. Murphy should dress him in women's clothes, went, attended by his host, in that disguise, to Denzel-street. The surprise, however, had nearly proved fatal to Lady Edward. Some friend being with her at the moment, the servent came to say that there was a lady in the parlour waiting to see her; and, on Lady Edward discovering who it was, and that he meant to remain till next night, her alarm at his danger, and her anxiety about his return, brought on a premature confinement, and her second daughter, Lucy, was then born.

From the house of Mr. Murphy, his lordship, at the end of a fortnight, was removed to Mr. Cormick's, another feather-merchant, in the same street; and, between this and the residence of Mr. Moore, but a few doors distant, contrived to pass his time safe from detection till about the first week in May. As the connexions of Cormick and Moore, both men of extensive trade, lay chiefly among that class of persons who were most likely to be implicated in the conspiracy, their houses were of course the resort of most of those individuals with whom it was of importance that Lord Edward should communicate upon the business he had in train,—a convenience which, while it facilitated his plans of concert with his followers, at the same time endangered his safety, by putting in the power of so many more persons the secret of his concealment. It is, indeed, suspected by those best acquainted with his position at this period, that it was among the company he so rashly permitted to be collected around him at Cormick's and Moore's, that he met the person whose imprudence or treachery afterwards betrayed him. How unguardedly his life was placed at the mercy of every chance visitor will be seen by the following extracts from the evidence of a person of the name of Hughes, taken before a Committee of the Lords, in August, 1798.

"Deponent went to Dublin on the 20th of April, and remained there about nine days. He called on Samuel Neilson, walked with him to Cormick's, a feather-merchant in Thomas-street. He was introduced by Neilson to Cormick, in the office. Cormick asked them to go up stairs; he and Neilson went up stairs, and found Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Lawless, the surgeon, playing at billiards. He had been introduced to Lord Edward, about a year before, by Teeling; he was a stranger to Lawless; stayed about an hour; no particular conversations; was invited to dine there that day, and did so; the company were, Lord Edward, Lawless, Neilson, Cormick, and his wife. The conversation turned upon the state of the country, and the violent measures of government, in

letting the army loose. The company were all of opinion, that there was then no chance of the people resisting by force with any success."

Notwithstanding the opinion here reported, it had, at this time, become manifest, both to Lord Edward himself and the greater number of those who acted with him, that the appeal to arms could not be much longer delayed, and that, there being now little hope of the promised aid from France, by Irish hands alone must the cause of Ireland be lost or won. Among those who had, from the first, insisted on the necessity of French aid, one or two still strongly deprecated any unassisted effort, and even withdrew from the meetings of the conspiracy, on learning that such a course was to be pursued. Well-intentioned, however, as were the views of these persons, Lord Edward could not but recollect, that to the prevalence of the same timid advisers, in the year 1797, was owing the loss of one of the most precious moments for action that fortune had ever presented to them,—when their Union was still in full strength and heart, and treachery had not yet found its way into their councils. Even granting, too, that to refrain from action would have been the true policy at this moment, such a course, in the present headlong temper of the people,—goaded, as they were, by every torment that tyranny could devise,—had become wholly impracticable. It was not for those, therefore, who had cheered them to the combat, to let them now plunge into it alone, nor, however desperate the prospect or success, to shrink from sharing the worst with them. Such, at least, were the generous views that determined Lord Edward to take his chance with his fellow-countrymen, and the event was not far from proving, that there was almost as much policy as generosity in his resolution.

That, at the same time, too, he was not unmindful of what these more prudent persons counselled, appears from a letter which, about the beginning of May, reached him at Cormick's, in answer to a request made, through the Irish agent at Paris, that a force not exceeding 5000 men should be sent instantly to their succour. The communication of the agent, expressed in ambiguous phrase, was as follows: — "I have just received a letter from L., who has made applications to the trustees for the advance of 5000*l.* upon your estates, which they refused, saying they would make no payment short of the entire, and that they would not be able to effect that for four months."

To wait the performance of this promise, — a delusory one, as events afterwards proved, —was now considered impossible; no alternative being any longer left to the people but either to break out into revolt or throw themselves on the mercy of their torment-

ors. The goading system had done its work; discontent had been ripened into rage; and the half-hangings and the burnings, the picket and the scourge, had left little more to the leaders of the infuriated multitude than to direct that rage which their rulers had roused. To enter into details of the cruelties perpetrated at this period is beyond the scope of my work. But it may be sufficient to say, that if, out of the great mass of uneducated Catholics, by whom, disorganized and without leaders, the partial rebellion that broke out afterwards was sustained, there were some guilty of atrocities that have left a stain on the Irish name, they therein showed themselves but too apt learners of those lessons of cruelty which their own government had, during the few months previous to the insurrection, taught them.

It seems to have been about the first week in May, that the resolution was finally taken to prepare for a general rising before the end of that month. Intelligence of the design was transmitted through all parts of the Union, and arrangements made with the Executives of the three other Provinces, so as that the news of the risings of their respective districts should reach Dublin on the same day the rebellion broke out there. Of such importance was it thought to prepare the South for this simultaneous movement, that the younger Sheares, who was now one of the most active members of the Leinster Executive, proceeded, early in May, to Cork, to lay the train for explosion in that quarter.

To the momentous object of gaining over the militias, among whom disaffection had already spread to a great extent, they now applied themselves with a degree of zeal, or rather of headlong rashness, of which the trial of the unfortunate Sheares's discloses a striking example; and such a footing had they, at this time, obtained in most of the regiments, that we find Lawless, early in May, holding a conference, on the subject of the rising, with a meeting of delegates from almost all the militias in Ireland. By the plan of operations for Leinster, where Lord Edward was to raise his standard, it was arranged that the forces of the three counties of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare should co-operate in an advance upon the capital, taking by surprise the camp at Lehaunstown, and the artillery at Chapelizod, and crowning their enterprise by the seizure of the Lord Lieutenant, and the other members of the government, in Dublin.

As it was now known that the pursuit after Lord Edward was becoming every day more active and eager, his friends felt, at last, the necessity of having him removed to some fitter place of concealment; and as none offered that seemed to combine so many advantages, both of security and comfort, as his former asylum at

Mrs. **'s, to that lady's house he was again, at the beginning of May, conveyed. Being uncertain as to his coming on the evening first named, Mrs** had gone to the house of a neighbour, having left word at home, that she should be sent for "if Miss Fitzgerald, from Athy, arrived." Though so fully prepared to expect him, yet such was her sense of the risk and responsibity she so heroically took upon herself, that when the servant came, between eleven and twelve at night, to say that "Miss Fitzgerald, from Athy, had arrived," so agitated was she by the announcement, that she actually fainted.

Lord Edward's conductors, Messrs. Cormick and Lawless, had themselves experienced some alarm on the way, having heard voices behind as they came along the canal from Thomas-street, which appeared to them like those of persons eagerly in pursuit. In their anxiety they persuaded his lordship, who was, all the while, laughing at their fears, to lay himself down in a ditch, by the road's side, till these people (who, after all, proved to be only labourers returning home) should have passed by; and the plight in which, after having been covered up to the chin in mud, he made his re-appearance among his old friends, was to himself a source of much jest and amusement.

The guarded privacy in which, during his first visit here, he had lived, was now no longer observed by him, and scarcely a day elapsed without his having company—sometimes six or seven persons—to dine with him. Fearless as he was by nature, his familiarity, of late, with danger had rendered him still more reckless of it: the companions of his hours, at Cormick's and Moore's, being now in the secret of their Chief's retreat, felt no less pride than pleasure in being numbered among his visitors; and, though he himself was far too temperate to be what is called convivial, that excitement of spirits natural on the eve of any great enterprise led him to relish, no doubt, the society of those who were so soon to share his dangers. To his kind, watchful hostess, however, this unguarded mode of living was a constant source of apprehension and disquiet; nor did his friend Lawless fail earnestly to represent to him the great danger of admitting so many visitors,—more especially, a visitor so inconsiderate as Neilson, who, well known as was his person, used to ride out frequently, in full daylight, to call upon him.

While matters were thus verging towards a crisis, another fatal bolt fell, and almost as unexpectedly as the former, among the conspirators. Through the means of an officer of the King's County Militia, named Armstrong, who, by passing himself off as a person of republican principles, gained the confidence of the two brothers,

John and Henry Sheares, the government had obtained an insight into the movements of the conspiracy, of which, quickened as was now their vigilance by their fears, they lost no time in vigorously availing themselves; and, as a first step, on the 11th of this month, a Proclamation was issued, offering a reward of 1000*l.* for the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. How far this measure, and the ulterior ones it seemed to portend, had any share in hastening the moment of explosion, does not appear; but it was now announced by the Chiefs to their followers that on the night of the 23d inst. the general rising was to take place.

The awful fiat being thus sent forth, it was seen that, for the purpose of concerting measures with his colleagues, the presence of Lord Edward himself would be necessary in the capital, during the week previous to the great event, and he was, accordingly, about the 13th, removed from** to Dublin, leaving his hostess under the impression that he went but to attend some of the ordinary meetings of the Union. In taking leave of her he spoke with his usual cheerfulness, saying that, as soon as these meetings were over, he would return; nor aware as were all then present of the perils of his position, was it possible for them, while looking at that bright, kindly countenance, to associate with it a single boding of the sad fate that was now so near him.

A night or two after his leaving Mrs.**'s, it appears that he rode, attended only by Neilson, to reconnoitre the line of advance, on the Kildare side, to Dublin, — the route marked out on one of the papers found upon him when arrested, —and it was on this occasion that he was, for some time, stopped and questioned, by the patrole at Palmerston. Being well disguised, however, and representing himself to be a doctor on his way to a dying patient, his companion and he were suffered to proceed on their way.

It was thought advisable, as a means of baffling pursuit, that he should not remain more than a night or two in any one place, and, among other retreats contemplated for him, application had been made, near a week before, to his former host, Murphy, who consented willingly to receive him. Immediately after, however, appeared the Proclamation offering a reward for his apprehension, which so much alarmed Murphy, who was a person not of very strong mind or nerves, that he repented of his offer, and would most gladly have retracted it, had he but known how to communicate with the persons to whom he had pledged himself.

On the 17th, Ascension Thursday, he had been led to expect his noble guest would be with him; but, owing most probably to the circumstance I am about to mention, his lordship did not then make his appearance. On the very morning of that day, the active

Town-Major, Sirr, had received information that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body-guard, would be on their way from Thomas-street to Usher's Island at a certain hour that night. Accordingly, taking with him a sufficient number of assistants for his purpose, and accompanied also by Messrs. Ryan and Emerson, Major Sirr proceeded, at the proper time, to the quarter pointed out, and there being two different ways (either Watling-street, or Dirty-lane), by which the expected party might come, divided his force so as to intercept them by either road.

A similar plan having happened to be adopted by Lord Edward's escort, there took place, in each of these two streets, a conflict between the parties; and Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell; and had not those with whom he was engaged been much more occupied with their noble charge than with him, he could hardly have escaped. But, their chief object being Lord Edward's safety, after snapping a pistol or two at Sirr, they hurried away. On rejoining his friends, in the other street, the Town-Major found that they had succeeded in capturing one of their opponents, and this prisoner, who represented himself as a manufacturer of muslin from Scotland, and whose skilfully assumed ignorance of Irish affairs induced them, a day or two after, to discharge as innocent, proved to have been no other than the famous M'Cabe, Lord Edward's confidential agent, and one of the most active organizers in the whole confederacy.

Of the precise object or destination of this party, I have not been able to make out any thing certain; but if, as is generally supposed, Lord Edward was at the time on his way to Moira-house, it was for the purpose, no doubt, of once more seeing Lady Edward (to whom the noble-minded mistress of that mansion had, since his concealment, paid the most compassionate attention) before his final plunge into a struggle the issue of which must, even to himself, have been so doubtful.

On the following night he was brought from Moore's to the house of Mr. Murphy,—Mrs. Moore herself being his conductress. He had been suffering lately from cold and sore throat, and, as his host thought, looked much altered in his appearance since he had last seen him. An old maid-servant was the only person in the house besides themselves.

Next morning, as Mr. Murphy was standing within his gateway, there came a woman from Moore's with a bundle which, without saying a word, she put into his hands, and which, taking for granted that it was for Lord Edward, he carried up to his lordship.

It was found to contain a coat, jacket, and trousers of dark green edged with red, together with a handsome military cap, of a conical form. At the sight of this uniform, which, for the first time, led him to suspect that a rising must be at hand, the fears of the already nervous host were redoubled; and, on being desired by Lord Edward to put it somewhere out of sight, he carried the bundle to a loft over one of his warehouses, and there hid it under some goat-skins, whose offensiveness, he thought, would be a security against search.

About the middle of the day, an occurrence took place, which, from its appearing to have some connexion with the pursuit after himself, excited a good deal of apprehension in his lordship's mind. A serjeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had been seen to pass up the street, and were, at the moment when Murphy ran to apprise his guest of it, halting before Moore's door. This suspicious circumstance, indicating, as it seemed, some knowledge of his haunts, startled Lord Edward, and he expressed instantly a wish to be put in some place of secrecy; on which Murphy took him out on the top of the house, and laying him down in one of the valleys formed between the roofs of his warehouses, left him there for some hours. During the excitement produced in the neighbourhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend, Neilson, was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally, has he passed, to Murphy, who was standing in his gateway,—"Is he safe?"—"Look sharp."

While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery, —and it is still unknown from what source,—was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding-place reached the government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them. Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers, in plain clothes, along with him,—purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas-street, for the pickets of infantry and cavalry in that neighbourhood.

To return to poor Lord Edward:—as soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room,—where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed, when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room and left the house; shortly after which, Mr. Murphy, seeing

that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bed-room, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had now elapsed, from the time of Neilson's departure, not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall door open[1].

Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his host whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, "like a tiger," from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, "Take that fellow away." Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight,

[1] From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader, that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man. That his conduct was calculated to leave such an impression cannot be denied; but besides that the general character of his mind, bordering closely, as it did, on insanity, affords some solution of these incoherencies, the fact of his being afterwards left to share the fate of the other State Prisoners would seem of itself sufficient to absolve him from any such imputation.

yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

> Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
> Frighted them being free.

It being understood that Doctor Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, "I'm sorry for it."

From Thomas-street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the Castle, where the papers found upon him,—one of them containing the line of advance upon Dublin, from the county of Kildare,—were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the Castle, the Lord Lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a State Prisoner.

By the gentleman who was the bearer of this message, I have been favoured with the following particulars, as honourable to himself as they cannot but be interesting to others,—of the interview which, in consequence, he had with the noble prisoner:—

"I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the Secretary in the War Department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the Lord Lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, or whether I could undertake any other personal act of kindness in his service,—he answered merely, but collectedly, 'No, no,—thank you,—nothing, nothing;—only break it to her tenderly.'

"When I called at Lady Edward's house, this being in the evening, and after dark, I found that she was absent, at a party at Moira House: I therefore communicated to two of her female attendants the events of the evening."

The effect produced by this event is thus strikingly described, by one of the historians of the Rebellion[1]: — "The arrest of Lord Edward visibly occasioned a strong sensation among the mass of the people in Dublin, as their hopes of getting possession of the metropolis, on the approaching insurrection which they meditated, rested much on his valour and skill as an officer. Numbers of them were seen going from one part of the town to the other, with a quick pace and a serious countenance. Others were perceived, in small parties, conversing with that seriousness of look and energy of gesticulation, which strongly indicated the agitation of their minds. A rising to effect a rescue was expected that night; the yeomen, therefore, and the garrison, which it was to be lamented was very thin, remained on their arms all night, and were so judiciously disposed as to prevent the possibility of an insurrection."

Of the melancholy close of lord Edward's days, I am enabled to lay before my readers all the minutest details, through the medium of a correspondence, which took place immediately on his apprehension, between some of his nearest relatives and friends, — a correspondence as affecting as it has ever fallen to the lot of a biographer to put on record. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a family more affectionately attached to each other than that of which his lordship had been always the most beloved member; and it is only in language direct from such hearts, at the very moment of suffering, that dismay and sorrow such as now fell upon them could be at all adequately conveyed. Of one of the writers, Lady Louisa Conolly, it is gratifying to be able to preserve some memorial beyond that tradition of her many noble virtues which friendship has handed down to us, and to the truth of which the amiable spirit that breathes throughout her letters bears the amplest testimony.

In the accounts given in some of these letters of the circumstances of the arrest, there will be found mistakes and misstatements into which the writers were naturally led by the hasty reports of the transaction that reached them, but which the reader, acquainted as he is already with the true facts of the case, will be able to detect and rectify. In the desperate resistance which he made, Lord Edward had no other weapon than a dagger, and the number of wounds he is said to have inflicted with it on his two adversaries is such as almost to exceed belief. This dagger was given by lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living in Dublin, who has, by some accident, lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buckhandle, — the blade, which was two edged, being of a

[1] Musgrave's History of the Rebellion.

waved shape, like that of the sword represented in the hands of the angel in the common prints prefixed to the last Book of Paradise Lost.

The rebel uniform, belonging to his lordship, which was found at Murphy's, passed afterwards into the hands of Mr. Watson Taylor, in whose possession it remained for some time, till the late Duke of York, who had always been much attached to Lord Edward, and had even offered, when made Commander-in-Chief, to restore him to his rank in the army, having expressed a wish to possess so curious a relic of his noble friend, Mr. Watson Taylor presented it to his Royal Highness, and what has become of it, since the Duke's death, I have not been able to ascertain.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE ESQ.[1]

"Castletown, May 21st, 1798.

"My dear Mr. Ogilvie,

"I was too ill yesterday to write, but as there sailed no packet, I have an opportunity of letting my letter go now among the first, with the sad narrative of Saturday night's proceedings. Which of poor Edward's bad friends betrayed him, or whether, through the vigilance of the town magistrates, he was apprehended at nine o'clock that night, I know not, but, at a house in Thomas-street, Mr. Serle, the town-major, Mr. Ryan (printer of Faulkener's Journal), and Mr. Swan (a magistrate), got information of him, and had a small party of soldiers to surround the house. Mr. Serle was settling the party, and advised Ryan and Swan not to be in haste; but they hastily ran up stairs, and forced open the door where he was asleep. He instantly fired a pistol at Mr. Ryan, who we have this day hopes will recover. Upon Mr. Swan's approaching him, he stabbed Mr. Swan with a dagger, but that wound is not considered dangerous.

"Mr. Serle, upon hearing the resistance, ran up stairs, and thinking that Edward was going to attack him, fired a pistol at him, which wounded Edward in the shoulder, but not dangerously. He was then carried prisoner to the Castle, where Mr. Stewart (the surgeon-general) was ordered to attend him. He dressed his wound, and pronounces it not to be dangerous. Lord Camden had ordered an apartment for him, but the magistrates claimed him, on account of his having wounded their people. He was therefore carried to Newgate, and, after the first burst of feeling was over, I hear that he was quite composed.

[1] Mr. Ogilvie was, at this time, in London.

"Mr. Pakenham has promised to inquire if he wants any comfort or convenience that can be sent him in prison; and I am going to town this evening, meaning to see Mr. Stewart, the surgeon, to know from him what may be wanted. I am also going for the purpose of hearing whether this event makes any alteration in the determinations respecting Lady Edward's leaving the country. If it is necessary that she should still go, I shall wish to hurry her off, and will in another letter write you more particulars about her. In the mean time, I have had the satisfaction of hearing, that she bore the shock yesterday better than one could expect, and she had some sleep last night.

"As soon as Edward's wound was dressed, he desired the private secretary at the Castle (Mr. Watson, I believe, is the name) to write for him to Lady Edward, and to tell her what had happened. The secretary carried the note himself. Lady Edward was at Moira House, and a servant of Lady Mountcashell's came soon after, to forbid Lady Edward's servants saying any thing to her that night. Poor Miss Napier, with my Emily, were at the play that night, with Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. Pakenham, in the next box to the Lord Lieutenant's, where the news was brought to him, and of course the two poor girls heard it all. Miss Napier was so overcome that Lady Castlereagh went out with her, and Miss Napier went instantly to Moira House, knowing Lady Edward to be there. Lady Moira forbid her telling her that night, so that Miss Napier made some foolish pretence to go home with her, and she has never left Lady Edward since. Mr. Pakenham made Louisa Pakenham keep Emily in the box, as they feared that all running out of the box might have the appearance of some riot; and I believe it might be better, but the poor little soul was wretched, as you may imagine. The next morning (being yesterday), Miss Napier told Lady Edward, and she bore it better than she expected; but Mr. Napier, who went to town, brought us word that her head seemed still deranged, and that no judgment could yet be formed about her. He and Sarah are gone again this morning. I wait for the evening, as I wish to go a little better prepared with advice than I could hitherto have been.

"It is my intention to entreat for leave to see him (nobody has been permitted to go since he was carried to Newgate), but I will wait to see surgeon Stewart, and know first the state of his health, and if he would like to see me. The trial, it is thought, will not come on immediately, but as reports are the only information I have upon that head, I shall postpone saying more until I am better informed. My astonishment at finding that Edward was in Dublin can only be equalled by his imprudence in being in it. I had felt

such security, at being sure of his having left Dublin Bay, added to the belief, from the Duke of Portland's office, that he had left the English coast in a boat, that I scarcely felt startled when the Proclamation came out, though I began to wonder why it took place now.

"I received yours of the 15th yesterday morning, with the bad account of the poor Duchess of Leinster's state of health. It affected me, certainly, but under the impression of Edward's misfortune, I could feel no other equal to what *that* has brought upon us. I am very sorry that the poor Duke still deceives himself about her.

"This last week has been a most painful one to us. Maynooth, Kilcock, Leixlip, and Celbridge, have had part of a Scotch regiment quartered at each place, living upon free quarters, and every day threatening to burn the towns. I have spent days in entreaties and threats, to give up the horrid pikes. Some houses burnt at Kilcock yesterday produced the effect. Maynooth held out yesterday, though some houses were burnt, and some people punished. This morning, the people of Leixlip are bringing in their arms. Celbridge as yet holds out, though five houses are now burning. Whether obstinacy, or that they have them not, I cannot say, but you may imagine what Mr. Conolly and I suffer. He goes about entreating to the last,—spent all yesterday out among them, and to-day is gone again. He goes from Maynooth to Leixlip and Celbridge, and begins again and again to go round them.

"We have fortunately two most humane officers, that do not do more than is absolutely necessary from their orders. At present I feel most prodigiously sunk with all the surrounding distress, but I am determined to exert myself, for the little use I may be of. It would grieve you to see Mr. Conolly's good heart so wounded as it is.

"Yours affectionately,

"L. C."

FROM COLONEL NAPIER TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Dublin, May 21st.

"My dearest Ogilvie,

"I must trust to the manly firmness I know you possess, as the only preface which can enable you to support the heavy intelligence I am obliged to convey in this melancholy letter. Poor Lord Edward, *seduced* and *betrayed*, was arrested the night before last by three men sent for the purpose, who took him after a desperate resistance, in which he wounded two of them with a poniard, and was himself shot in the right arm, and bruised and cut in three places of his left.

He was first carried to the Castle, and, after his wounds had been dressed, removed to Lord Aldborough's room, in Newgate, on the requisition of the magistrates, as one of his opponents appeared to be mortally wounded in the groin. However, this day it is found the intestines are not hurt, and great hopes are entertained of his recovery.

"Lord Ross brought the dreadful intelligence to Castletown yesterday morning, and after a miserable scene, in which I feared their violent hysterics would have ended fatally with both Lady Louisa and Sarah, I set off for Dublin, but was peremptorily refused to be allowed an interview with our unfortunate prisoner. I next went to Geo. Stuart, who dressed his wounds, and attends him; but, missing him, I went to the poor sufferer's wife; who, kept up by her spirits, bore her misfortunes like a heroine. Alas! she does not know what I dread to be true, that government have strong and even indubitable proofs of *treason*. It is in vain to dissemble: Geo. Ponsonby, who is to be Edward's counsel, in conjunction with Curran, fears the event, at least if ministers produce what they assert they possess. In short, my dear friend, no time must be lost in applying to the King, or the catastrophe is—I dare not write what! As no packet sailed yesterday, I have waited till now, that I might guard you against flying or malicious reports; for, among others, it was said yesterday, that Ryan, the man wounded in the groin, was dead; and to-day, that Lord Edward had a locked jaw, both which are utterly unfounded.

"I write this from Moira House. Opposite, in Thomas-street, they are destroying the houses; and I expect, on my return, to find Celbridge and Maynoot in ashes, as that was the 'Order of the day.' I inclose this to my sister, who will direct Alexander to give it into your *own* hand, as I dread and shudder at the thoughts of its effect on your dear wife. Good God! how my heart bleeds for her. I can't write more: my breast is so very bad, and not relieved, you may believe, by the scenes of misery I am every where witness to. I have, however, the satisfaction of thinking, that neither party can accuse me of having abetted them, in thought, word, or deed; and this is no small consolation to an honest man. I hope poor dear intrepid Lady Edward will go to England (where the Privy Council have ordered her), as Ponsonby says she cannot be of any use here. Adieu, my dear friend; for God's sake exert your fortitude, and be prepared for the worst.

"I cannot write more, but I am

"Very, very sincerely yours.

"Lady Moira's kindness, in every sense of the word, has surpassed that of common mothers.

"My sister, at the King's feet imploring a pardon on condition of exile, *may* do more than all the politicians, lawyers, or exertions in the whole world : let her try it *instantly,* and never quit him till obtained : stop at no forms or refusals. Human nature must give way.

"This is intended for the Duke of Leinster, and all the family, none of us being able to write more."

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO LADY SARAH NAPIER.

"May 22d, 1798.

"My dearest Sal,

"Poor Lady Edward *is* to go : when I brought her the passport this morning, it threw her into sad distress, for she had hoped I could prevail upon them to let her live in prison with him. Lord Castlereagh told me, that it had been a determination, at the beginning of all this particular business, not to admit the friends at all, and that it had not been departed from in any one instance; and that, if Mrs. Emmet saw her husband, it was by stealth, and contrary to the most positive order. I tried for *one* day before she went; but *that,* Lady Edward says, she would not have ventured, on account of his wound, lest it should have caused him fever. Lindsay brought word to-day that he was better. Lady Edward will have her choice of a Parkgate or Holyhead packet on Thursday morning, at five o'clock. I shall, therefore, stay in Dublin till that time, to put her on board, to pay her the last little friendly office in my power.

"In the House of Commons, to-day, the discovery of the conspiracy was announced, which they report to have been found out, but just in due time, as this week was to have completed it. Two men, of the name of Sheares, have been taken up; in the pocket of one of them a proclamation was found, intended for distribution after that Dublin should be in their possession; and in Mr. Braughal's pocket, a letter, addressed to him, saying, '*Get off as soon as you can, for we are discovered.*' I vouch for nothing, but tell you what I have heard; and know nothing for certain, but my own wretchedness. God bless you, dearest dear Sal.

"Ever yours,

"L. Conolly.

"Pray send Mrs. Staples word of my stay in town.

"I saw Mr. G. Ponsonby : he advised her going. I hear that Mr. Curran does the same.

"Dear good Miss Napier, don't look ill. Surgeon Stewart is to write constantly to Lady Edward an account of his health."

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Burlington House,
"Wednesday, May 23d, 1798, 11 A. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is with infinite concern that I take upon myself to acquaint you with the very melancholy circumstances which have attended the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. When Justice Swan, attended by a Mr. Ryan, entered the room (at the house of one Murphy, in the Liberty) where Lord Edward was in bed, Lord Edward, who was armed with a case of pistols and a dagger, stood in his defence, shot Mr. Ryan in the stomach, and wounded Mr. Swan with the dagger in two places. Major Sirr, on entering the room, and observing Lord Edward with the dagger uplifted in his hands, fired at him and wounded him in the arm of the hand that held the weapon, upon which he was secured. Mr. Ryan's wound is considered to be mortal: no apprehensions are entertained for Mr. Swan's life. Upon so very melancholy and distressful a subject as this must be, it would as little become me as it can be necessary, to assign reasons for this intrusion: the motives will speak for themselves, and I need make no other appeal than to your candour and to your feelings for my justification upon this distressful occasion.

"I have the honour to be,
"Dear sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"PORTLAND."

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Goodwood, May 24th, 1798.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, at a moment when you must have so much anxiety on your mind, to communicate to me the very melancholy event of Lord Edward's being taken, and the circumstances attending it. God grant that Mr. Ryan may recover!

"I can easily conceive the oppression of my poor sister's mind; for although I know that she possesses great fortitude, none can stand under the sort of misery with which she may be afflicted. It is in vain to offer any assistance or comfort where none can be of any

avail; but she may be assured that no one can sympathize more sincerely in her misfortune than I do.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"RICHMOND, etc.

"P. S. I have sent your letter to Lord Bathurst and Captain Berkeley who are at Wood End.

"I read a case a few days ago in the newspapers, in which Lord Kenyon is said to have expressed, very strongly, his opinion how much it was the duty of any officer executing a warrant to declare who he was, and his authority; otherwise, what dreadful consequences might ensue by a resistance supposed to be justifiable!

"If it should turn out that the persons who arrested Lord Edward did not declare their authority, this speech of Lord Kenyon's from the bench, of which you may easily get a correct minute, might be useful.

"The letters of to-day were brought by Hyde, the messenger: if you should wish to ask him any questions, he will certainly not return sooner than to-morrow."

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Thursday morning, 24th May, 1798.

"DEAR SIR,

"Give me leave to assure you, that I am much gratified by the reception my unfortunate intrusion of yesterday met with from you. I wish I could in any degree relieve your anxiety by the accounts I have received to-day: they are of the 20th, and state no new unfavourable symptoms; but I must not conceal from you, that they give no better hopes of Mr. Ryan's recovery than the letters of the 19th.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"PORTLAND."

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Whitehall, Friday, 25th May, 1798.

"MY LORD,

"I have the honour of your lordship's letter, in which you desire me to give you an order to be admitted to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom you are going over to Ireland for the purpose of visiting. I am

therefore to inform your lordship, that as Lord Edward is not under confinement in consequence of a warrant issued by me, I have not the power of complying with your request.

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

"PORTLAND."

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Whitehall, Friday, 25th May, 1798,
"Half past 4, P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have the pleasure of acquainting you, that since I left St. James's, I have been assured by a person whose accuracy may be depended upon, that he has seen private letters, *but of high authority*, of the 21st, from Dublin, which state, that though Mr. Ryan's wound is a very dangerous one, it is not considered to be necessarily mortal.

"Very sincerely yours,

"PORTLAND."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Saturday morning, 26th May, 1798.

"DEAR SIR,

"By a letter, dated the 22d, I am informed that Lord Edward remains in the same state: that though the ball is not yet extracted, the surgeon who attends him does not think the wound dangerous; and that *great hopes* are entertained of Mr. Ryan's recovery.

"I am, sir,

"Your faithful humble servant,

"PORTLAND."

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Castletown, June 1st, 1798.

"MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,

"I have this instant received your two letters of the 26th and 28th of May, and have written to Lord Castlereagh, to entreat for the *order of silence* in the papers. I trust it will be complied with, because it cannot impede the course of justice; and, if I may judge by dear Lord Castlereagh's distress about all this business, I fancy

government mean to soften the distress as much as possible, and of course will accede to a thing that cannot counteract justice.

"I am so entirely of your opinion about dear Edward, that his heart could never be brought to the guilt imputed to him, that I begin to rest my afflicted soul in *hope*, and do not yet give it up; though it was a sad blow to me, yesterday, to year of Ryan's death. It is said he died of a fever; but when once all the circumstances of that affray come to be known, I do verily believe, that it can only be brought in manslaughter, in his own defence. However, in the confused state that all things are in, and the mystery that involves the truth, every new thing creates doubt and alarm. I have also written to Lord Castlereagh, to know the mode of proceeding *now;* for upon the idea of Ryan's recovery, he had told me, that trial was out of the question.

"Louisa Pakenham, who sees Doctor Lindsay every day, sends me constant accounts of dear Edward, who suffers less; and the accounts of yesterday are better than I have had yet, as his appetite and sleep were better. But Lindsay cannot pronounce him out of danger until the balls are extracted, which is not yet the case, though the discharge one day was so great as to make him expect it. The warm weather has been against him.

"My two letters to poor Lady Edward, directed to you, contained all the accounts concerning him, which made it unnecessary to write to you. I long to hear of her arrival in London, and whether she will have permission to remain there. I hope the Duke of Portland will let her stay. I must, for ever and ever, repeat my firm belief of her innocence, as far as *acts of treason*. That she should know dear Edward's opinions, and endeavour to secrete him when in danger of being taken, I easily believe; and where is the wife that would not do so? As Mr. Conolly justly says, no good man can ever impute *that* as guilt in her. However I believe that under the illiberal prejudice that has been against her, as a Frenchwoman, ever since she came to Ireland, and which has much increased upon this occasion, I believe it was safer to send her to England. God bless her, poor soul! She is to be pitied more than can be expressed; and I never knew how much I loved her, still she became so unfortunate.

"I wrote word in my last, that Edward had made his will. Lieutenant Stone, of the Derry Militia, has been appointed to stay with him: he is a good man, and I hear that Edward is pleased with him, and got him to write his will, which Stewart and Lindsay signed. I hear that dear Henry is just landed: I am very glad of it. I felt sure he would come, but I thought you would stay with my poor sister. Oh, good God! what is to become of her? I hardly dared read your letters this morning. Her wish to come over, I also ex-

pected; and it is so natural, that I think it must be the best for her, and yet I *dare not* advise. The trial, I hear, is to be the 20th of next month. I shall beg of Lord Castlereagh, when he sends this letter, to tell you as many particulars as he can upon that subject. And now, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, that I have said all I know about him, I must inform you of the dreadful state of this country.

"The *pikes* prove the intended mischief to any body's understanding, without being in the secrets of either government or the United Men, and the rebellion is actually begun. The north, south, and west, are perfectly quiet, and we have every reason to believe the militia are true to the existing government; so that Leinster is the province devoted to scenes of bloodshed and misery. As yet, there does not appear to be any leader that can be dangerous, and their depending on numbers (which they endeavour to collect by force, as they pass through the country), shows great want of skill; for the numbers must embarrass instead of assisting, and the consequence has been, the loss of hundreds of those poor creatures, who confess they do not know what they are going to fight for.

* * * * * * [1].

"There have been several skirmishes in this neighbourhood; two hundred of them forced through our gates, and passed across our front lawn, at three o'clock on Saturday morning last, the 26th, when I saw them;—but they went through quietly. However, it is thought prudent to put our house into a state of defence: we are about it now, and we shall remain in it. If I had not for ever experienced the goodness of God upon trying occasions, I should be at a loss to account for my total want of feeling, as to personal danger; but, knowing His mercy, I feel at this moment a safer natural strength, that can only be sent me from Him.

"My heart is almost borne down with what I feel about dear Edward and the family. His mother and wife are two sores that I can find no balm for; and I sometimes am almost sinking under it, but I do not let it get so much the better of me, as not to think of every thing that can serve him; but, alas! how little is in my power, being in no secrets whatever.

"But to return to the rebels: they have a camp at Blackmore Hill, near Rusborough; are in possession of Lord Miltown's house, another camp at Tarah, and another at Stapletown, near the Bog of Allen. At Dunboyne, the first breaking out appeared; and the town is burnt down all to a few houses. Mr. Conolly tells me, that the destruction in the county from Sallins to Kilcullen bridge made

[1] The passages omitted contain some local details respecting the rebellion, which would not now be read with any interest.

him sick, and that many years cannot restore the mischief. We are happy in having been able to preserve Celbridge, and the poor people, I trust, will find that *we* are their best friends at last. You may be sure that we are protecting them to the best of our power. God bless you. I will endeavour to keep a journal of what passes here : I shall pretend to no more, for I can know but little of what passes in Dublin.

"Yours affectionately,

"L. O'Conolly."

The mutual affection by which the whole Leinster family were so remarkably bound together was even more warm between Lord Edward and Lord Henry than between any of its other members. "Dear Harry!—he is perfect[1]," was the enthusiastic feeling which Lord Edward no less sincerely entertained than he thus strongly expressed and which was answered with a corresponding warmth on the part of his brother. When millions, therefore, were mourning the fate of the gallant Edward, what must have been the sorrow of one so near, and so devoted to him? Soon after the dreadful news reached him, Lord Henry hurried over to Dublin, resolved to share the sufferer's prison and be his attendant and nurse. But, by a sternness of policy which it seems impossible to justify, even the privilege of a single interview with his brother was denied to him; and he was left, day after day, in a state of anguish only to be conceived by those who knew the strength of his affections, to implore this favour of the Lord Lieutenant and his advisers in vain. The following is one of the answers which he received to his applications :—

FROM THE EARL OF CLARE TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Ely Place, Sunday, 5 o'clock.

"My dear Lord,

"I am sorry to tell you, that it will be impossible, for the present, to comply with your wishes; and if I could explain to you the grounds of this restriction, even you would hardly be induced to condemn it as unnecessarily harsh.

"Always very truly yours,

"My dear Lord,

"Clare, C."

This resolution, so harshly persevered in, not to suffer any of Lord Edward's own friends to see him, is rendered still worse by the fact that, in some instances, the government relaxed this rule of exclusion; and I have been told by Mr. Brown,—a gentleman

[1] See a letter of Lord Edward's, at page 73.

already mentioned, as having received from Lord Clare the present of Lord Edward's dagger,—that, through the favour of the same nobleman, he was himself, a day or two after the arrest, admitted to the noble prisoner. This gentleman's father was, it seems, the landlord of the house in which the fatal event occurred, and having a desire to speak with Murphy, on the subject of the lease, he procured an order of admission from Lord Clare, to which was added also a permission to see Lord Edward. Having first visited the unfortunate Murphy he proceeded to Lord Edward's room, where he found his right of entrance contested by two ruffianly-looking members of Beresford's corps of yeomanry, who were there standing, with their swords drawn, beside the bed of the sufferer. On his showing the order, however, from Lord Clare, he was admitted; and having mentioned, in the few minutes' conversation he had with Lord Edward, that he had just been in Murphy's room, his lordship, with his usual kindness of feeling, recollecting the blow he had seen Swan give to his host with the pistol, said, in a faint voice, "And how is poor Murphy's face?"

Even for the purpose of drawing up his Will, which took place on the 27th of May, no person at all connected with his own family was allowed to have access to him; and Mr. John Leeson, who executed the instrument, sat in a carriage at the door of the prison, while Mr. Stewart, the government surgeon, communicated between him and the prisoner during the transaction. The following is the Sketch of the Will indited under such circumstances:—

"I, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, do make this as my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all others: that is to say, I leave all estates, of whatever sort, I may die possessed of, to my wife, Lady Pamela Fitzgerald, as a mark of my esteem, love, and confidence in her, for and during her natural life, and on her death to descend, share and share alike, to my children or the survivors of them; she maintaining and educating the children according to her discretion; and I constitute her executrix of this my last Will and Testament. Signed, sealed, and delivered, May the 26th, 1798.

"In presence of. . . . . [1]."

During this painful interval, the anxiety of Lord Edward's friends in England was, as the following letters will show, no less intense and active. The letter from the late King will be found to afford an amiable instance of that sort of good-nature which formed so atoning an ingredient in his character. While, with the world in general, it seems to be a rule to employ towards living kings the language only of praise, reserving all the licence of censure to be let loose upon

[1] The signatures to the instrument itself were, "Alex. Lindsay, Geo. Stewart, and Sam. Stone."

them when dead, it is some pleasure to reverse this safe, but rather ignoble policy, and, after having shocked all the loyal and the courtly by speaking with more truth than prudence of his late Majesty when living, to render justice now to the few amiable qualities which he possessed, at a time when censure alone is heard, over his grave, from others. Seldom, indeed, were the kindlier feelings of George the Fourth more advantageously exhibited than on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald;—not only at the time of which we are speaking, when, on his first interview with the afflicted mother of his noble friend, he is said to have wept with all the tenderness of a woman in speaking of him, but at a much later period, when it was in his power, as monarch, to perform an act of humane justice towards Lord Edward's offspring, which, both as monarch and man, reflects the highest honour upon him.

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Whitehall, June 5th, 1798.

"My dear Henry,

"Your poor wife has been with me, much alarmed, this morning, at the idea that your generous, but I must say, imprudent offer, of sharing your brother's prison would be allowed of. She very justly fears that it would materially hurt your health, and expose you to many dangers; but we trust more to other reasons than those which are personal to yourself, to hope you will abandon that plan,—and those are what you yourself state, namely, that some friends think you could be much more useful out than in prison. *In* it you would do no other good than afford a comfort to his mind, which, thank God, has fortitude enough to support itself under all its present pressures; but, *out*, you may be of essential service to him, by a calm and prudent behaviour, which will make you listened to when you represent how impossible it is for him, under the bodily pains he suffers, and the debility they must leave on his mind, to do himself justice on his trial;—that the very ends of justice would be defeated, by arraigning a man, who, from illness, is not capable of defending himself; as the object of justice such as it is the glory of our constitution to distribute, is to give a prisoner every fair means of defence;—that, independently of his bodily and mental complaints, the present state of Ireland, in which men of all descriptions must have their minds much agitated, and their passions stirred with just resentment against the attacks on the constitution, affords no room to hope for that calm, dispassionate, and fair investigation of truth, which is so necessary to make justice loved and respected; and that

therefore a delay of his trial seems necessary to give him fair play, and to convince the world, that, if he is found guilty, he really is so; for, tried under all the present circumstances of his illness, and the temper of the times, it will never be believed that he was fairly convicted, if such should be the issue of a trial now carried on.

"But there is another point of view in which it appears to me that it will be impossible to try him now, and that is the existence of Martial Law at this moment in Dublin. While that subsists, all other law must be silent, and we are told that, in consequence of it, the judges have shut up the courts, and will not try the common suits. With how much more reason must it then be objected, to try a prisoner for his life, for crimes alleged on the very subject that has caused the existence of Martial Law; and, while it exists, how can any juryman, or any witness, or indeed the judges themselves, feel that they are safe, when they may be taken out of court, or seized the moment they quit it, and be flogged or hanged at the will of the military! I am not saying any thing against these measures: they may have been deemed necessary; nor do I suppose that government would, by their power, influence a judge, juror, or witness; but the fear that underlings may, will produce the same effect, and make men afraid to speak truth that may not be acceptable, lest they should be considered and treated as marked men, and justice will of course not be free.

"No mischief can arise from a delay. Your brother cannot escape; and, whatever may be his fate, government itself will gain infinitely more credit by postponing his trial till the times can afford a fair one, than by hurrying it on, as if they thought they could not convict him but through passion and prejudice.

"I have been with Mr. Pitt, and stated the substance of these arguments to him, and, with his approbation, have stated them to the lord-lieutenant, in whose justice and moderation I have too much confidence not to believe but that they will have weight. Don't show this letter, so as to make it a topic of conversation, which might do more harm than good: but I have no objection to your making use of it where you think it can be of any real use.

"Good God! how different will the proceedings in Ireland be from the humane laws of this country in criminal cases, which here, in times of profound peace, remove even the appearance of all military from the town where the assizes are held, lest their being there should be supposed to cause the smallest influence,—how different from a trial in a court, at the doors of which any man may be instantaneously hanged by the military, without trial! But I convince myself the thing is impossible, and that a reasonable delay, and certainly till Martial Law ceases, will be allowed.

"Adieu, my dear Henry; you will hear from others that your mother sets off to-morrow for Ireland. Her fortitude adds a respect and dignity to her sufferings that I think no heart can resist.

"Adieu! heaven ever bless and protect you.

"I am, ever,

"Your most affectionate uncle,

"RICHMOND, etc."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Carlton-house, June 6, 1798;
Three-quarters past 5, P. M.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I feel so truly for the Duchess and the unfortunate Edward, that I am sure there is nothing in the world I would not attempt to mitigate the pangs, which I am afraid but too much distress her grace at the present dreadful crisis. I would, were I in the habit of so doing, most undoubtedly write to Lord Clare; though, even were that the case, I should hesitate as to the propriety of so doing, thinking that such an application to *the Chancellor* might be subject to misconstruction, and consequently detrimental to Lord Edward's interests. But I have no hesitation in allowing you to state to his lordship how much pleased I shall be, and how much I am sensible it will conciliate to him the affections of every humane and delicate mind, if every opportunity is given to poor Lord Edward to obtain an impartial trial, by delaying it till his state of health shall be so recruited as to enable him to go through the awful scene with fortitude [1]; and until the minds of men have recovered their usual tone, so absolutely necessary for the firm administration of justice.

"This, my dear sir, I have no scruple to admit of your stating in confidence, and with my best compliments, to the lord chancellor. My long and sincere regard for both the Duchess and Duke of Leinster would have naturally made me wish to exert myself still more, were I not afraid by such exertion I might do more harm than good.

"Excuse this scrawl, which I pen in the utmost hurry, fearing that you may have left London before this reaches Harley-street. I am, dear sir, with many compliments to the Duchess,

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE P.

"William Ogilvie, Esq."

[1] It will be seen by a subsequent letter that the Duke of York exerted himself with such zeal, on this point, that he succeeded in obtaining the Royal consent to a delay of the trial.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES J. FOX TO LORD HENRY FITZ-GERALD.

"St. Anne's-hill, June 7.

"DEAR LORD HENRY,

"I am very sorry to hear so bad an account of poor dear Edward's wounds, which give me much more apprehension than his trial, if he is to have a fair one. I understand from Lady Henry that you wish his friends to go to Dublin. I am sure you will not suspect me of a wish to save myself, on such an occasion, and, therefore, I have no difficulty in saying that I think, and that upon much reflection, that my going is far more likely to be hurtful than serviceable to him; but if you and Mr. Ponsonby, his counsel, think otherwise, I will set out whenever you think it necessary. Ill as I think of the Irish government, I cannot help hoping that the trials will be put off for some time at least, from a consideration of their own reputation. At any rate, the time between the arraignment and the trial will, I suppose, be sufficient to send for such of us as you wish.

"If you see my dear, dear Edward, I need not desire you to tell him that I love him with the warmest affection. When I hear of the fortitude with which he has borne his sufferings, I hear no more than what I expected from *him*, though from him only could I have looked for so much. God bless you, my dear cousin!

"Yours affectionately,

"C. J. FOX."

Except as some comfort to the wounded hearts of his survivors, this sympathy was now unavailing. A day or two before these letters, so creditable to the feelings that dictated them, were written, the gallant spirit of him who was the object of all this tenderness had been released from its pains. Through the following memorandums, which I find in Lord Henry's hand-writing, may be traced more touchingly than in the most elaborate narrative the last stages of his suffering.

"Has he got fruit?—does he want linen?

"How will the death of R. (Ryan) affect him?

"What informers are supposed to be against him?

"Upon his pain subsiding the hearing of Ryan's death (which he must have heard) caused a dreadful turn in his mind.

"Affected strongly on the 2d of June—began to be ill about 3.—Clinch executed before the prison. He must have known of it—asked what the noise was.

"2d of June, in the evening, was in the greatest danger.

"Mr. Stone, the officer that attended him, removed the 2d of June—could not learn who was next put about him.

2d of June, in the evening, a keeper from a madhouse put with him—but finding him better in the night, left him.

"June 3d, exhausted, but composed.

"3d of June, wrote Chancellor a pressing letter to see E."

The answer of the Chancellor to the application here mentioned was as follows :—

FROM THE EARL OF CLARE TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Ely-place, June 3d, 1798.

"My Dear Lord,

"Be assured that it is not in my power to procure admission for you to Lord Edward. You will readily believe that Lord Camden's situation is critical in the extreme. The extent and enormity of the treason which has occasioned so many arrests make it essentially necessary, for the preservation of the State, that access should be denied to the friends of all the persons now in confinement for treason. Judge, then, my dear lord, the situation in which Lord Camden will be placed, if this rule is dispensed with in one instance. Mr. Stewart has just now left me, and from his account of Lord Edward, he is in a situation which threatens his life. Perhaps, if he should get into such a state as will justify it, your request may be complied with; and believe me, it will give me singular satisfaction if you can be gratified. You may rest assured that his wound is as well attended to as it can be.

"Yours always, truly, my dear lord,

"Clare."

On the same day the following letter from a fellow-prisoner of Lord Edward was written :

FROM MR. MATTHEW DOWLING TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Newgate, 3d June.

"My Lord,

"Having, in happier days, had some success and much satisfaction in being concerned for you and Mr. Grattan on the city election, I take the liberty of writing to inform you that your brother, Lord Edward, is most dangerously ill—in fact dying—he was

delirious some time last night. Surely, my lord, some attention ought to be paid him. I know you'll pardon this application.

"I am yours,

"With respect and regard,

"MATT. DOWLING.

"I am a prisoner a few days,—on what charge, I know not.

"He is now better, and has called for a chicken for dinner.

"Past 2.

"Seeing you, or any friend he has confidence in, would, I think, be more conducive to his recovery than 50 surgeons. I saw him a few moments last night—but he did not know me—we'll watch him as well as is in our power."

On the night of the 3d of June, it having become manifest that the noble prisoner could not survive many hours, the hearts of those in authority, at length, relented, and Lord Henry and Lady Louisa Conolly were permitted to take a last look of their dying relative.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Dublin, June 4th, 1798.

"MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,

"At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday, he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.

"Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled

at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow?'

"Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman:' and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me, that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

"When we left him, we told him, that as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do;' but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly [1]. He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go;' and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon those subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.'

"I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation; and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a

[1] The following is Mr. Garnet's note announcing the event:—

Six o'clock, June 3*d,* 1798.

"Mr. Garnet presents his most respectful compliments to Lady Louisa Conolly, and begs leave to communicate to her the melancholy intelligence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death. He drew his last breath at two o'clock this morning, after a struggle that began soon after his friends left him last night."

mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you! The ship is just sailing, and Henry puts this into the post at Holyhead.

"Ever yours,

"L. C."

From the heart-breaking scene here described Lord Henry hurried off, instantly, to Holyhead, and from thence, in the agony of the moment, addressed a long letter to Lord Camden, of which it would be injustice to both parties to lay the whole before the world; —the noble writer being at the time in a state of excitement that left him scarcely the master of his own thoughts, while in the gross, gratuitous cruelty which marked, on this, as on all other occasions, the conduct of the Irish government, Lord Camden had no further share than what arose out of the lamentable weakness with which he surrendered his own humaner views to the over-ruling violence of others. This vindication of his lordship, — if vindication it can be called, to defend thus his humanity at the expense of his good sense —was brought forward, during the very heat of the crisis itself, by one who best knew the real authors of that system of governing from the guilt of which he so far exonerated his Chief. In boasting of the success of those measures of coercion which had been adopted by the Irish government, Lord Clare expressly avowed, in the House of Lords, that they, "were, *to his knowledge, extorted* from the nobleman who governed that country."

To this best of all testimonies, on such a point, is to be added also the evidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who always declared, that in every suggestion which he had, in his own capacity, tendered to the Irish Cabinet, recommending the adoption of a more liberal and conciliatory policy, he had been invariably supported in the Council by Lord Camden; though, when matters came to a decision, the more violent spirits carried it their own way, and the sanction of the Lord Lieutenant was thus yielded to a course of measures which, in his heart, he disapproved. For these reasons, as well as from a sincere admiration of the disinterestedness which, as a public servant, this nobleman has displayed, I most willingly expunge from Lord Henry's letter all such expressions as, though natural in his state of feeling, at the moment, appear to me undeservedly harsh towards the noble person to whom they are applied.

FROM LORD HENRY FITZGERALD TO THE EARL OF CAMDEN.

"My Lord,

"A little removed from scenes of misery and wretchedness scarcely to be equalled, I feel myself, thank God! sufficiently composed to write you this letter. I owe it to the memory of a beloved, I may almost say an adored brother. An uncommon affection, from our childhood, subsisted between us; such a one as* * *. The purport of this, however, is not to give a loose to reproaches alone, but to state to you, and to the world * * * supported by facts. A full catalogue of them would take up many pages; mine is very short. Many indignities offered to him I shall for the present pass over in silence, and begin from the time of my arrival in Ireland, which was last Thursday.

"Surgeon Lindsay, who attended my brother with surgeon Stewart, told me, when I really had imagined my brother to be in a recovering state, that, a few days before, he had been dangerously ill: 'apprehensive of a lock jaw' was his expression; and that he had been consulted about the breast. I also learned that he had made his will, etc. Mr. Lindsay added, 'But, however, he is now much better;' and told me, also, that the wounds were going on well, and that he did not apprehend any danger from them. When I came to inquire into the circumstances relating to the signing of the will from others, I find this suffering, dying man, was not even allowed to see his lawyer, a young man he put confidence in, but the paper was handed, first in, and then out of the prison, through the hands of the surgeons. Possibly he might have had little or nothing to say to his lawyer, but a decent consideration of his situation ought to have left him a choice of seeing him or not.

"Thus, situated as he was, who would have thought, my lord, but that upon my arrival, you would yourself have urged me to see him? * * After this came my audience of your Excellency:—* * I implored, I entreated of you, to let me see him. I never begged hard before. All, all in vain! you talked of lawyers' opinions;—of what had been refused to others, and could not be granted for me in the same situation. His was not a common case;—he was *not* in the same situation: he was wounded, and in a manner dying, and his bitterest enemy could not have murmured, had your heart been softened, or had you swerved a little from duty (if it can be called one) in the cause of humanity.

"On Friday, the surgeon told me still that the wounds were going on well; but that he perceived, as the pain subsided, that his mind was more than usually engaged. He felt ill treatment. * * * *—but

he communed with his God, and his God did not forsake him. But, oh! my lord, what a day was Saturday for him! * * * * *. On Saturday, my poor forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed;—he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch, at the prison door. He asked, eagerly, 'What noise is that?' and certainly in some manner or other he knew it; for,—O God! what am I to write?—from that time he lost his senses: most part of the night he was raving mad, a keeper from a madhouse was necessary. Thanks to the Almighty, he got more composed towards morning.

"Now, my lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world,—I wish I could to the four quarters of it!—that amongst you, your ill-treatment has murdered my brother, as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. In this situation no charitable message arrives to his relations, no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him, who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all sorts from him. No, no; to his grave, in madness, you would pursue him,—to his grave you persecuted him.

"One would think I could add no more,—but I have not yet done. At this very time, a Mr. Stone, an officer, that was in the room with him, whom they tell me he grew fond of and liked, was removed, and a total stranger put about him. Are you aware, my lord, of the comfort, of the happiness, of seeing well-known faces round the bed of sickness, and the cruelty of the reverse? or, have you hitherto been so much a stranger to the infirmities of this mortal life, as never to have known what it was to feel joy in pain, or cheerfulness in sorrow, from the pressure of a friend's hand, or the kind looks of relations? yet he, my lord, possessed as he was of the tenderness of a woman to all whom he loved, was abandoned, most barbarously neglected;—a man to attend him (and that, I believe, only latterly), as a nurse.

* * * * * *

"These were his friends, these his attendants on his deathbed in Newgate. Sunday, I urged the Chancellor once more, and stung him so home, with regard to the unheard-of cruelty of hanging Clinch close to my brother, in his weak state, that he *did* seem sorry and to relent. He said, 'it was very wrong indeed, that he was sorry for it, that it should not happen again, but that they did not know it,' was his expression. Oh, my lord! what does not this expression involve? what volumes might be written on these last words!—but that is foreign to my purpose. At last the Chancellor, in a sort of way, gave me hopes of seeing my poor brother,—talked even of the secrecy with which the visit must be conducted. The joy of a reprieved wretch could not exceed mine;—it was of short duration. The pro-

spect that gladdened me with the hopes that, in the interval, when he was quiet, I might still be a comfort, — be of use to him, — vanished. A note from the Chancellor came, saying, that my request could not be granted. What severity could surpass this?

"In the evening of the same day, the surgeons told me that the symptoms of death were such as made them think that he would not last out the night. Then, I believe, the Almighty smote your consciences! Lady Louisa and myself indeed saw him, three hours before he breathed his last, in the grated room of Newgate. God help you! that was the extent of your charity. This was your justice in mercy,—but I will not embitter the sweet remembrance of that scene, which I hope will go with me through life, by mis-timed asperity, nor will I dare to talk of it * * *

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"My grief has plunged me deeper into correspondence with you than I at first wished; but to recount a brother's sufferings, a brother's wrongs, and above all, his patience, is, and will be, my duty to the end of my life. I will complain for him, though his great heart never uttered a complaint for himself, from the day of his confinement. My lord, you did not know him, and happy is it for you. He was no common being. I have now eased my mind of a part of the load that oppressed it, and shall now conclude, returning thanks to that kind Providence that directed my steps to Ireland, just in time to discover and be the recorder of these foul deeds.

"One word more and I have done, as I alone am answerable for this letter. Perhaps you will still take compassion on his wife and three babes, the eldest not four years old. The opportunity that I offer, is to protect their estate for them from violence and plunder. You can do it if you please. I am, etc."

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Monday Evening, 7 o'clock.

"My dearest Henry,

"To tell you with what heartbreaking sorrow I parted with you this morning is surely unnecessary. God protect you and relieve you, my dear, dear nephew, for doubly dear does your misfortune make you to me. I have sent Sheils for some more hair, the little gray cloak, and all the apparel that we saw on him, to be put by for you. I have also consented to the funeral's taking place on Wednesday night, from a circumstance Dr. Lindsay informed me of, just as I returned from you, which was the necessity of opening

the body, as a coroner's inquest sat upon it, to ascertain the causes of dissolution, which were proved to arise from fever.

"Mr. Stone and Mr. Sheils are to go in the coach, and I have written down the direction for the intermediate attention,—ordering the man and woman who attended him during the illness to sit up these two nights, and sent them necessaries for the purpose. I have got the watch and chain that hung constantly round his neck, with a locket of hair, which I will send you by the first opportunity, along with his own dear hair. I have been also with Hamilton the painter. There are two pictures of him, one for your mother, and the other for you, besides one of Lucy, I believe, for you also. Mr. Hamilton says they are not finished, and cannot be ready to go to England these two months; but he will hasten them as much as possible, and I will take care to forward them. My love to your dear wife, and believe me ever, my dearest Henry, your most affectionate aunt and fellow-sufferer,

"L. Conolly."

FROM CHARLES LOCK, ESQ. TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Harley-street, June 9, 1798.

"Dear Sir,

"You will be glad to know that the intelligence of this misfortune has not had the violent effect we feared upon Cecilia. On Thursday we prepared her for it, by informing her that Lord Edward was in extreme danger. She cried very much during the course of the day, and being tired with the agitation, and perhaps soothing herself with a ray of hope, slept tolerably well. Yesterday, I was under the painful necessity of disclosing to her the truth. She had two hysteric fits, and suffered dreadfully all the day; but, towards evening, became more composed, and was perfectly calm at bedtime. She slept several hours, and is this morning, though extremely low, collected, and seems resigned. Her grief will be lasting, but I no longer fear any premature effects from its violence.

"What you write of Lady Sophia and Lucy is very comfortable. If Lady Lucy feared when her brother was arrested that the event would be fatal, from knowing more of the matter than ourselves, it will account for the alarming state of mind she was in previous to her leaving London, and I trust she will be less affected now. I think there is every reason to hope, from the religious temper of mind the dear duchess possesses, that she will support herself under this heavy dispensation with fortitude. My mother has been here constantly, and so has Charlotte, who desires her love to you, and

says she does not write since I am writing. She has been of the greatest assistance and comfort to Cecilia, from the composure she has shown from the beginning, and will be so to her mother and sisters when they arrive.

"Lord Henry came to town last night. The Dukes of Richmond and Leinster have been to Stratford-place, but it was thought prudent he should not see any one yet, as he is much agitated and fatigued with all he has undergone. I shall probably hear from you to-morrow, and I hope good news. Believe me very sincerely yours,

"CHAS. LOCK.

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Whitehall, June 9th, 1798.

"You will believe, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, how anxious I am to hear of my poor sister. Charles Lock showed me, this morning, your letter to him from Coleshill; and I trust we shall hear again to-morrow, how she is able to bear this dreadful blow. I doubt that now the hopes of saving him, which kept up her mind and occupied her attention, are gone, she will sink into melancholy and wretched regret. The only topics to keep her up are what you so wisely hint at in your letter,—the reflections of how much worse it probably would have ended,—the saving of his fortune for his children,—and the pleasure of now showing to his wife and them the affection one possessed for him. Little Edward will be an occupation for my sister, and the reflection of the shocking scenes that have been avoided will afford a comfort for a loss which, any way, was, I fear inevitable.

"Believe me, I feel much for the terrible task you have had, of conducting Lady Sophia and Lady Lucy from Towcester to Coleshill, and without female assistance. But you have shown such kindness to them all, that the recollection of the real use you have been of, will, I trust, compensate for the pain it has occasioned. You and my sister will be glad to know how those left here go on. As soon as I heard the event, which the Duke of Portland very humanely communicated to me, I sent to Harley-street to know if you was gone, and had a messenger ready to despatch after you, when they brought me word that Lady Henry had sent her servant. I went immediately to Harley-street, and brought Lady Edward here, trying to prepare her, in the coach, for bad news, which I repeatedly said I dreaded by the next post. She, however, did not take my meaning. When she got here, we had Dr. Moseley present, and, by degrees, we broke to her the sad event. Her agonies

of grief were very great, and violent hysterics soon came on. When the Duke of Leinster came in, she took him for Edward, and you may imagine how cruel a scene it was. But by degrees, though very slow ones, she grew more calm at times; and, although she has had little sleep, and still less food, and has nervous spasms, and appears much heated, yet I hope and trust her health is not materially affected. She yesterday saw her children, and all of his family who have been able to come here, but no one else, except Miss Coote, who got admittance by mistake. She is as reasonable as possible, and shows great goodness of heart in the constant inquiries she is making about my sister, Lady Lucy, and Mrs. Lock. It seems a diversion of her own grief, to employ her mind in anxiety for that of those she most loves, and who were dearest to her dear husband.

"The Duke of Leinster has supported himself with great fortitude, though, with Lady Edward, he is often crying. Lady Mary has also great command over herself; Lady Emily less. Dear Cecilia is, I trust, as well as can be expected. They thought it right to break the business to her by very slow degrees, which, I fear, rather tormented her with a vain hope; but, since she has known the worst, she is more quiet and composed. In one way or other, the effusions of grief must have their vent, but after that one gets somehow reconciled to misery. Lady Charlotte Sturlt's fortitude has not forsaken her strong mind, and, though much distressed, she employs her whole time with Cecilia.

"Lady Henry, too happy to have got her husband back, is totally occupied about him. I called there this morning, but he was not composed enough to see me. Lady Henry told me that he was very angry and violent; that he had written a warm letter to the Lord Lieutenant, and talked of publishing accounts of the treatment his brother had received. One knows Henry's good and warm heart enough to be prepared for his feelings being thus excited by having been so near a witness of events which, in every light, convey such unpleasant thoughts. But I trust that a little calm reflection, and talking with friends, will convince him that his plans can do no good, but on the contrary much harm now. Attacks will be retaliated, and perhaps be attended with unpleasant circumstances; and now, I do think, the best friends to poor Edward's memory must wish to have as little said of the past as possible. No doubt some things might have been better: more humanity and attention to him might have been shown, and would have done them credit; but some allowances are to be made for the critical times, in which there were too many things to think of to permit half to be done properly. The Duke of Leinster is quite reasonable and right about

keeping all discussions down, and I trust we shall soon bring Henry to our opinions. I have been promised that I shall see him before any body else, except his brother.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The Duke of Leinster, Lord Holland, and myself, on hearing a variety of reports, thought it right that something should be published, and accordingly the inclosed was agreed upon, and sent to the papers : I hope you and my sister will approve of it. Lady Henry, this morning, showed me a copy of poor Edward's will. It was, I think, dated the 27th of May. He makes Henry trustee, to pay off debts, and gives the remainder to his wife for life, and then in equal shares amongst his children; failing of them, to his right heirs.

"You will see in the papers such news as we have about Ireland; it seems but bad; but there are reports to-day, though I believe not as yet confirmed, that the rebel camp at Wexford has been carried with great slaughter; and it is said that the regiments are going from hence. I hear from Charles Lock, that you very prudently mean to stop at Coleshill for some days, and then come up by slow journeys to London. I wished to wait here your arrival, and after a few days' rest, to propose to you all to go to Goodwood, where you will have good air, and a quiet you can never get in this town, which seems to me quite necessary for all. But perhaps my sister may wish to wait in town, to attend Cecilia, or perhaps she may trust her with her mother-in-law.

"I am most anxious that she and all of you should do whatever may, on the whole, appear pleasanter to her. Goodwood will hold you and my sister, Lady Sophia, Lady Lucy, Miss Ogilvie, Lady Edward and her children, and Lord and Lady Henry. The Duke of Leinster must, of course, stay with his wife, and Lady Charlotte Sturtt will be with her husband; but I can take all the rest, and more if necessary. Don't let my sister fancy that it will be crowding, or distressing me. Far otherwise, I assure you : it will give me real pleasure to be of any use to you all on so melancholy an occasion, and it is on such that the affections of near relations is soothing to grief. I hope, too, that the quiet of Coventry may be useful, for I expect nobody, and at all events should have nobody else then.

"Lady Edward, to whom I have talked on this scheme, seems rather inclined to go to Hamburgh, as soon as she has seen my sister a little more composed, Lady Lucy quiet, and Mrs. Lock brought to bed. She is very naturally suspicious, and disgusted with affairs in this country; and although she says that politics are the last thing she should think of, yet she fancies she should be quieter at Hamburgh than in England. I wish her to do exactly what her

own inclination may lead her to, for I have no other wish than to see her as comfortable as her misfortunes will permit; and it will be no inconvenience whatever for me to have her remain some time at Goodwood. My sister's wishes will determine me to press it or not; as, for my own part, I really should feel a particular pleasure in showing this mark of attention to poor Edward's memory. I have a county meeting at Lewes, on this day se'nnight, the 16th instant, which I wish to attend, and shall be glad if it should so happen that my sister was to come to town before Friday, on which day I wish to set out. But I would by no means wish her to hurry in the least on that account; only let me know your plan, as near as you can, and I will endeavour to accommodate mine to it as well as I can. If my sister don't come so soon, I would go and come back again, and could leave Lady Edward here with Henrietta, taking care first to see the Duke of Portland, and obtain his approbation: but I believe that now they will let her do as she pleases, at least I cannot see why they should not, especially as, from what I can see, she behaves with the most strict propriety. Adieu, my dear sir: assure my dear sister of my kindest and most affectionate love, and tell all her daughters with you how sincerely I sympathise in their sorrows.

"Ever yours, most truly,

"RICHMOND, etc."

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO THE HON. JOHN LEESON.

"Castletown, June 13th, 1798.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received both your letters, and acquainted the Lord Lieutenant with the neglect in Mr. Cook's office, as I thought it right that he should know it, to prevent mischief for the future on such occasions. The grief I have been in, and still do feel, is so much above any other sensation, that the want of respect to my feelings on that melancholy procession was not worth any notice. I should have answered your second letter, but that I expected from it to have the pleasure of seeing you here yesterday. The inclosed letter to General Wilford (which I have left open for you to read) was to have gone to Kildare by a servant of Mr. Conolly's five days ago. But as he changed his mind about sending there, I send it now to you, and am,

"Dear sir,

"Your humble servant,

"L. O'CONOLLY[1]."

[1] On the back of this letter is the following memorandum, in the hand-writing of Lord Henry:—From Lady Louisa Conolly—in consequence of a complaint made

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"Castletown, June 27th, 1798.

"It is impossible, my dearest brother, to find expressions suitable to the extraordinary sensations occasioned by the uncommon events that daily fill my thoughts,—a succession of anxious doubts, fears, anger, grief, indignation. Public calamities touching each person individually, private concerns awakening all one's feeling; the calls of honour, duty, mixed with pity, and deep concern for the fate of thousands,—all together forms such a chaos, that, with double joy, I catch at those few pleasing ideas that come along with sorrow. Your generous, tender, and noble conduct towards all our afflicted family, but in particular to Lady Edward, has made an impression on my mind of the most consoling nature. It brings forth all those qualities your good heart possessed into their full lustre, and they not only act as a balm to many a wounded heart at this juncture, but secure to yourself those happiest, best of feelings, which no power on earth can rob you of,—that inward blessing of self-approbation that will make your days calm and content amid all these storms.

"I have hitherto only heard a general exclamation of gratitude from the family,—the Duke of Leinster in particular,—and that Lady Edward was actually gone to Goodwood, from which I augur so much good to her health and spirits and feelings, that I trust the time is not far off before you will be rewarded by success in your generous solicitude to comfort the afflicted. And when you know her, my dear brother, I will venture to assert you will not think your pains bestowed on an unworthy or ungrateful object. She is *a character*, but it is noble, elevated, great, and not easily understood by those who level all down to common worldly rules. According to the observations you must have made, in reading and experience of characters, you will find hers susceptible of all that belongs to a superior one. Uneven in strength of body and mind, she rises or sinks suddenly with illness and with affections. She launches out into almost ravings from her lively imagination,—sees things in too strong lights,—cannot bear violent checks, but is soothed into reason

to her, of the indecent neglect in Mr. Cook's office, by Mr. Leeson. A guard was to have attended at Newgate, the night of my poor brother's burial, in order to provide against all interruption from the different guards and patroles in the streets:—it never arrived, which caused the funeral to be several times stopped in its way, so that the burial did not take place till near two in the morning, and the people attending obliged to stay in the church until a pass could be procured to enlarge them."

by tenderness with ease. I know no human being more formed by your tender, patient perseverance to bring her poor distracted mind to composure; and your talents for cheerfully occupying her thoughts will, I doubt not, chime in with her natural youthful vivacity so well, as to give you full powers of consolation over her mind in due time.

"Alas! would I could think your success as sure with our dear, dear sister;—how different must your system be with her! Yet, even in *that* task, I know nobody, next to Louisa, so fit to undertake it, or so likely to succeed. Your affectionate manner to my sister will have all the weight which Nature gives, and added to that, the pleasing powers of unexpected tenderness;—for, although she knows you love her, yet she has not been so much in the habit of receiving such unequivocal proofs of your kindness, as her grief now produces in your most unwearied attention to her and all hers. I am sure she will feel all these sentiments, because I anticipate them in my own mind as hers, and feel a comfort in the contemplation of what hers must be.

"I thank God and you for the least gleam of sunshine to my beloved sister: she is my first object; but how many, many more wander round my imagination like ghosts! The poor Duke of Leinster—how my heart bleeds for him! I am even now interrupted by the sad tidings of his last and still deeper misfortune being just at hand[1]. God grant him fortitude. He has great feeling, little energy, and an accumulation of distress beyond the common lot of man. His lost brother, and the entire ruin of his fortune (perhaps for ever), are the preliminaries to his sorrows: deeply will he feel the loss. No mortal can pity him more than you, for his dear wife's attachment was of that nature never to be forgotten; she was his friend, his counsellor, with an uncommon share of sense, and warmth of heart in all that concerned him, that made her the haven to which he looked in all distresses: she soothed and calmed his griefs, pointed out remedies, and, by occupying him in his tender care of her sorrows, made him forget his own. He will now sink, I fear, into a depth of affliction from which additional ruin will start up. The only chance he has, would be what his nature, I much fear, can never be roused to undertake,—the immediate arrangement of business. The county of Kildare, in which is all his property, is almost desolate, and growing worse every day. The peculiar marked object has been to ruin his tenants, and the insurgents will now finish it; for although personal attachment to him makes them very anxious to avoid it, yet necessity forces them to

[1] The death of the Duchess

take what they can get. The cruel hardship put on his tenants, preferably to all others, has driven them to despair, and they join the insurgents, saying, 'It's better to die with a pike in my hand than be shot like a dog at my work, or see my children faint for want of food before my eyes;' from hence you may guess he will get no rents.

"Private distresses divert one's thoughts from public evil, yet you see how it brings one back to it on every occasion. A servant is waiting for this letter: I therefore will only add some slight account of our situation, in case you do not hear of it from others. The victory, as it is called, in Wexford, has only secured the town, and killed five thousand,—a lamentable victory; yet, if it tends to save more lives, it is success; but how far it *does* do that, no mortal can yet decide. They say (for I assert nothing) that there were thirty thousand there;—call it twenty, then fifteen thousand have escaped, and are now, as I to-day hear from Celbridge (where I fear our intelligence is too good), at Timahor, a hill that forms a kind of peninsula in this end of the Bog of Allen. We knew of many thousands between Timahor and Celbridge for this month past; for Colonel Napier has, by his personal attention, kept them off from Celbridge by odd means, too long to explain, but which, being a *ruse de guerre*, which they did not expect, has answered the purpose; and as they waited for the event of Wexford, it could be done. But *now* I fancy it will be the seat of the next insurrection; it is nine miles from hence, and all their outposts within three or five of Celbridge.

"What Lord Cornwallis will do, I cannot say, but probably he will make some military arrangement, and this camp at Timahor again be routed. But what is more alarming is, that in the South, and in the Queen's County, they start up, so that our troops will never be sufficient to prevent insurrections; though, if well managed, I have no doubt they will drive away the multitudes by a flying camp pursuing them in time, and that it will never amount to a *rebellion*, which the Camden government have so imprudently called it.

* * * * * * * * *

"I hope some good will arise from **'s disgrace; indeed it cannot fail, for there will be some system, and the violence of the troops requires to be directed to useful exertions, and not wasted on the innocent as well as the guilty. Dublin is well guarded by a very fine body of yeomanry, but it is not safe to move them. You send us no militia, which is natural enough, and what are we to do? The small bodies of army quartered every where to stop passes towards the capital are harassed to death by want of sleep, and by going

about like a young dog in a rabbit-warren, here and there, flying from spot to spot, and catching little or nothing; for all those calculations of hundreds which you see are commonly from six to ten or twelve men killed, and four or five poor innocent wretches shot at in the fields, and afterward bayoneted, to put them out of pain;—this a soldier told my sister.

"Adieu, my dearest brother: I will in general terms request our most affectionate love from hence to Goodwood inhabitants, and to yourself in particular. My husband gains strength in proportion to fatigue and thinness, I think. I hope it will not essentially hurt him: he made me come here with my children, to clear our house for action, as it is the first to fall on if they come this way; and we expect them every day. My dear sister is as usual much the better for the constant employment of doing good, and much has she now to exert that talent on. Mr. Conolly is at home, well guarded, and wishing to do good, but knows not how. Adieu.

"Ever, most affectionately,

"My dearest brother, yours,

"S. N."

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

"Castletown, July 10th, 1798.

"My dear Mr. Ogilvie,

"I was most truly thankful to you for yours of the 10th of June from Coleshill, and would have answered the business part of it directly, had it been necessary; but as dear Henry is left sole executor to the will, and that he had a copy of it, there was nothing left for me to do. You must also have heard from him, that the dear remains were deposited by Mr. Bourne in St. Werburgh church, until the times would permit of their being removed to the family vault at Kildare. I ordered every thing upon that occasion that appeared to me to be right, considering all the heart-breaking circumstances belonging to that event; and I was guided by the feelings which I am persuaded our beloved angel would have had upon the same occasion, had he been to direct for me, as it fell to my lot to do for *him*. I well knew, that to run the smallest risk of shedding *one drop of blood*, by any riot intervening upon that mournful occasion, would be the thing of all others that would vex him most; and knowing also how much he despised all outward show, I submitted to what I thought prudence required. The impertinence and neglect (in Mr. Cook's office) of orders (notwithstanding Lord Castlereagh

had arranged every thing as I wished it), had nearly caused what I had taken such pains to avoid. However, happily, nothing happened; but I informed Lord Camden of the neglect, for the sake of others, and to prevent mischief on other occasions, where a similar neglect might have such bad consequences. You may easily believe that my grief absorbed all other feelings, and Mr. ** is too insignificant even to be angry at. At any other time than this, his impertinence might amuse one—but now it passes unnoticed.

"Mr. Stone is an officer belonging to our regiment. I have never been able to see him since, though I long for that satisfaction; but previous to our dear angel's departure from this life, Mr. Stone was forced to join his regiment, which has been at Kilcullen ever since; and the two last days he was attended by a surgeon, whose manner and appearance I liked. But I shall never lose sight of Mr. Stone, or of being of all the use I can to him for the friendship he showed my beloved Edward,—my beloved Edward, I may well say, for, indeed, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, the sorrow I feel is beyond what I could well have imagined, and I own to you that I do not grow better. The complicated scene of distress that involves our family is perpetually before my eyes; and that of my dearest sister, whom I love so much better than myself, grieves my heart. Your account of her was as good as I could expect, and I hear that she bore the meeting at Goodwood without any bad effect to her health. I long to hear of her again, and beg, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, that you will write to me. I won't write to her myself, because I really can't. It is so impossible to write on subjects that tear one's very heart-strings asunder, and on no other, I am sure, *could* we write. Her heart and mine are like one, from the affection we bear each other; and, therefore, she must be sensible of all that passes in mine, without my undergoing the painful task of writing it. But I wish greatly to hear of her; therefore, pray write to me, and tell me about the rest of the sad afflicted family.

"The poor Duke of Leinster and his dear girls go to my heart,—exclusive of my own regret for that most truly worthy dear duchess, whose mind I know to have been one of the purest that ever mortal had, and fit for heaven. On her own account I hardly know how to regret her, for the very miserable state of her nerves, at all times, deprived her of enjoyment here; and her well-spent life, with the unceasing desire of doing what was right, certainly always gave her an indifference about living, that at times, I have thought, amounted to a wish of its being at an end. But her loss to her family is irreparable; for a better mother never existed, nor one who has instilled better principles than she did into her children. The three eldest I am convinced will never lose the good effects of them, and the three

youngest I trust will profit by their example. I am going to town to see them—Cecilia has not been well, but I hope there is no cause for alarm. The situation of the country has separated us sadly, and it was thought more advisable for them to stay at Leinster-house, where the yeomanry corps keep guard, so that I believe they are in the best possible place. I shall venture to persuade poor Bess to come here for a week, as her spirits want help, for she is deeply afflicted at the loss of her dear mother.

"I have been interrupted two or three times in the course of writing my letter, and that not without agitation; for although I make it a rule to believe, as little as possible, all that I hear, yet these histories of cruelty I cannot at all times avoid. I confess candidly that I hear of them on both sides, and they equally thrill me with horror; but I am determined to pursue, as long as I possibly can, the plan of standing my ground; for I really do not apprehend personal danger, but sufferings. The miseries of the country pursue me day and night, for I have at times most terrible dreams. Lord Cornwallis's coming at first raised me;—his character has always been so good, and his own sentiments upon his arrival seemed so calculated for restoring us to peace, that a cheering ray pierced through the dreadful clouds that are hanging over us. But, alas, I hear that our Cabinet are all against him,—what can he do? and yet, if he leaves us, I am afraid we are undone. It is astonishing to see the veneration his name creates; and it is my firm belief that, if all sides would submit to him as an arbitrator, he could still save us. What could be so wise as trusting to an honest man, an experienced military man, and, above all, an unprejudiced man, who cannot have imbibed any of our misguided passions[1]? All the Irish necessarily must be prejudiced at this moment; suffering as we all do, from various causes, it becomes extremely difficult to steer the little bark of reason, justice, and humanity, that yet remains among us, through the ocean of fear, mistrust, treachery, cruelty, and revenge: — to which catalogue I may add, an extraordinary and unaccountable frenzy that seems to have influenced the lower class; for not one in a hundred have an idea what they are fighting for. However, that part of the people would be in our favour, if ever we were restored to peace; for the same levity that brought them to this pitch would make them forget it, when the thing was once over, which, if originating from any fixed principle, would not be the case.

[1] It was the opinion of Sir John Moore, of whose sincere love of liberty no one can doubt, that if ever there was a case in which the employment of such an officer as Dictator could be desired, it was that of the state of Ireland,—one honest, strong, and uncompromising hand being alone adequate, in his opinion, to the application of such remedies as she requires.

"Our house is a perfect garrison, eighteen soldiers sleep in our saloon, and we are all blocked up, and shut up, except by the hall door, and one door to the kitchen-yard, and are frequently ordered all into the house, upon the alarm being given of the rebels being near Celbridge. Thank God, they have never been in a body since the military company came into it, or else there must have been some battle, which is the thing I dread. Lord Cornwallis *would* have a Proclamation inviting them to come in; and although it has not been as decided as I am sure he wished it to be, yet many are daily coming in to Mr. Conolly, begging protection, which you may imagine he gives them with the greatest pleasure. I have opportunities of conversing with these poor people, from whom I find that many are forced into the rebellion, and of course are grievously to be pitied. I verily believe that many of them are heartily tired of it. My love to all at Goodwood. And pray tell me something of my dearest brother, whose kindness, I am sure, does you all so much good. Adieu. Believe me affectionately yours,

"L. Conolly."

FROM THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF LEINSTER TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Goodwood, July 17, 1798.
Fatal year!

"We are neither of us in a state at present, my beloved Henry, to touch on a subject so heart-rending and distracting as all that has passed within these last three months of wretchedness; but I am sure you will be glad to know from myself that I am much better, thanks to Almighty God! and in proportion as I look around for comfort is the wish I feel of seeing you next week. The Leinsters are asked to come; but, at that time, it would make too many. They will probably not stay longer than a week, and then I hope to be blessed with a sight of you. My brother has often asked why you don't come; and the dear little interesting Pamela, who must ever be an object, dear, precious, and sacred to all our hearts, has often expressed a desire of seeing you. Hitherto I have dreaded its affecting you too much, but as I hope your mind is more composed, you might perhaps be better able to bear it. This you must judge of yourself, and when you can come, I hope you will.

"I wish for your advice and opinion in regard to dear Pamela's future destination, as I know it will in great part be determined by that which I give her, and I am really afraid of recommending any particular plan to her for that very reason; but I think we could talk

it over more comfortably together. There is no need of hurry, for she is welcome, I am sure, to stay here as long as she likes; my brother is extremely fond of her, and enters into her situation with parental solicitude. Indeed it is one that must move all hearts, and claims all our protection, tenderness, and attention. You, my dear Henry, have been the chosen person for this duty; but we are all ready to share it with you. She seems at present much undecided about going to Hamburgh: Mr. Matheuson's pressing letters, the cheapness of living, and being perhaps more in the way of seeing those who might give her information as to the small chance she may have of recovering her property, are all inducements to go. On the other hand, she hates leaving his family, to whom she is naturally drawn by affection. She hates the appearance as well as the reality of separating herself from us, and wishes us to witness the propriety and good sense with which she always has and always will guide all her actions, and which the ill-nature that has prevailed against her makes more particularly necessary in her case than in any other. She is a charming creature, and the more one is acquainted with her real character, the more one esteems and loves it;—but even were she not so, *he* adored her: *he* is *gone!* This is an indissoluble chain, that must ever bind her to our hearts. But here let me stop, lest I break the resolution I made at the beginning of my letter.

"Mr. Leeson, I understand, has been with you, and you may now have it in your power to know a little whether she has the power of making a choice as to her motions, for they must greatly depend on money. We are too poor to give her any assistance, and I believe it is pretty much the case with the whole family, who at any other time would have done it with pleasure; but it is now quite out of the question, and, therefore, to avoid expense must be her first object. This she is very sensible of, and it throws her into irresolution, which is always an unpleasant state, and oftener brought on by the want of money, I believe, with most people, than by any other sort of distress whatever. It is very much ours at present, and I have not the least guess where we shall be the remainder of this year. I am sorry for others, but as to myself it is perfectly indifferent—all, all alike! To see those I love pleased is the only thing that ever can have the power of cheering me. To that I am not insensible.

"Adieu, my dearest Henry: remember me most kindly to your dear wife. I hope she is well, and will write often to the girls accounts of you both, and of the dear boys. God bless you all.

"E. L.

"I inclose this to William, to save postage, as I understand he is with you. Poor dear William! give my love to him."

Though it would be impossible to adduce any more convincing proof of the amiableness of Lord Edward's private life than what the interest in his fate evinced throughout these letters affords, it would be injustice not to cite also some of those public tributes to his character which friends and enemies of his political principles have alike concurred in paying:

"I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honour and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained, and, in this last instance, illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon, than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble fellow! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune, a beautiful wife, and a family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under government, if he would condescend to support their measures, he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed every thing to it, even to his blood."—*Diary of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*

"As I suspected, the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald was meditating an attack on the capital, which was to have taken place a few days after that on which he was arrested. He is since dead, in prison; his career is finished gloriously for himself, and, whatever be the event, his memory will live for ever in the heart of every honest Irishman."—*Ibid.*

"*Sir J. Parnell.* Mr. Emmet, while you and the Executive were philosophising, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arming and disciplining the people.

"*Emmet.* Lord Edward was a military man, and if he was doing so, he probably thought that was the way in which he could be most useful to the country; but I am sure, that if those with whom he acted were convinced that the grievances of the people were redressed, and that force was become unnecessary, he would have been persuaded to drop all arming and disciplining.

"*Mr. J. C. Beresford.* I knew Lord Edward well, and always found him very obstinate.

"*Emmet.* I knew Lord Edward right well, and have done a great deal of business with him, and have always found, when he had a reliance on the integrity and talents of the person he acted with, he was one of the most persuadable men alive; but if he thought a man meant dishonestly or unfairly by him, he was as

obstinate as a mule."—*Report of Evidence before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons.*

"The Irish nation could not sustain a greater misfortune in the person of any one individual, than befel it in the loss of Fitzgerald at that critical moment. Even his enemies, and he had none but those of his country, allowed him to possess distinguished military talents. With these, with unquestioned intrepidity, republicanism, and devotion to Ireland, with popularity that gave him unbounded influence, and integrity that made him worthy of the highest trust, had he been present in the Irish camp to organize, discipline, and give to the valour of his country a scientific direction, we should have seen the slaves of monarchy fly before the republicans of Ireland, as they did before the patriots of America. And if at last the tears of his countrymen had been constrained to lament his fate, they would have been received on the laurels of his tomb."—*Dr. Mac Neven.*

"If Lord Edward had been actuated, in political life, by dishonourable ambition, he had only to cling to his great family connexions and parliamentary influence. They, unquestionably, would have advanced his fortunes and gratified his desires. The voluntary sacrifices he made, and the magnanimous manner in which he devoted himself to the independence of Ireland, are incontestable proofs of the purity of his soul."—*Ibid.*

"Lord Edward had served with reputation, in the nineteenth regiment, during a great part of the American war, and on many occasions had displayed great valour and considerable abilities as an officer. When in the army, he was considered as a man of honour and humanity, and was much esteemed by his brother officers for his frankness, courage, and good-nature—qualities, which he was supposed to possess in a very high degree."—*Sir Richard Musgrave, History of the Irish Rebellion.*

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose name I never mention without anxiety and grief, and of whom I wish to speak with as much tenderness as possible."—*Speech of the Attorney General* (Toler) *on Bond's Trial.*

"The allusion in the following passage of Mr. Curran's speech, to the amiable character of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, will lose much of its force to those who have heard nothing of that unfortunate nobleman, except his fate. His private excellencies were so conspicuous that the officer of the Crown, who moved for leave to bring in the Bill of Attainder, could not refrain from bearing ample testimony to them: 'His political offences he could not mention without grief; and, were it consistent with the principles of public

justice, he would wish that the recording angel should let fall a tear and wash them out for ever.' "—*Curran's Life, by his Son.*

To these high testimonials, in his lordship's favour, I cannot resist the gratification of adding a few words of my own; though conscious that the manner in which his frank, simple character has unfolded itself before the reader of the foregoing pages, renders any further comment on it almost wholly superfluous. Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his tastes, habits of thinking, affections and pursuits; and it was in this simplicity, and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration, have afforded a far less efficient light. It is Lord Bacon, I believe, who remarks that the minds of some men resemble those ill-arranged mansions in which there are numerous small chambers, but no one spacious room. With Lord Edward the very reverse was the case,—his mind being, to the whole extent of its range, thrown open, without either partitions or turnings, and a direct singleness, as well of power as of aim, being the actuating principle of his understanding and his will.

It is evident that even a moderate portion of talent, thus earnestly and undividedly brought to bear, must be capable of effects far beyond the reach even of the most splendid genius, when tempted, as it is too often, by the versatility of its own powers, to deviate into mere display, and so to lose sight of the end in the variety and prodigality of the means.

Another quality of mind which, both in action and in the counsels connected with it, gave Lord Edward the advantage over men far beyond him in intellectual resources, was that disinterested and devoted courage, which, rendering self a mere cipher in his calculations, took from peril all power to influence his resolves, and left him free to pursue the right and the just, unembarrassed by a single regard to the consequences. Never, indeed, was the noble *devise* of the ancient Worthies of France, "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra," more genuinely exemplified than in his chivalrous character.

How much of self-will there was mixed up in his disposition may be seen throughout the ordinary events of his life. "Make Ogilvie remember," he says in one of his letters, "how obstinate I am when once I take a resolution." But, in him, the tendency of this sort of character to settle into obstinacy was in a great degree counteracted, not only by the natural gentleness of his disposition, but

by a spirit of candour which, as we have seen attested by his friend Emmet, rendered him easily convincible by those on whose good sense and good intentions he had reliance. The same candour and gentleness of nature,—however singular such a mixture may appear,—continued to mingle with and influence his feelings even throughout that part of his career when it must have been most difficult to keep them clear of intolerance and bitterness; nor, in warring fiercely against principles which he thought ruinous and odious, did he entertain towards the persons professing them any of that rancorous spirit which is so rarely separable from the excitement of such a strife. As one who acted by his side throughout that conflict[1] says of him—"He was the most tolerant of men:—he had no enmity to *persons*;" and the same authority adds, in all the warmth of friendly portraiture, "I never saw in him, I will not say a vice, but a defect."

But while thus a natural sweetness and generosity of temper counteracted in him those defects of obstinacy and intolerance to which a degree of self-will such as he possessed almost always leads, the great efficacy also of this quality giving decision to the character was no less manifested by the perseverance with which, through all the disappointments and reverses of his cause, he continued, as we have seen, not only to stand by it firmly himself, but what,—despondingly as he must often have felt,—was far more trying, to set an example of confidence in its ultimate success for the encouragement of others. There was, it is true, in these very failures and misfortunes a sufficient stimulus to a strong and generous mind, like his, to call forth all its energies. Of such spirits reverses are the true whetstones, and, as has been well remarked, "None can feel themselves equal to the execution of a great design who have not once witnessed, with firmness and equanimity, its failure[2]."

We have seen accordingly, how unshrinking was the patience, how unabated the cheerfulness with which he was able to persevere under the continued frustration of all his plans and wishes. The disappointment, time after time, of his hopes of foreign succour might, from the jealousy with which he regarded such aid, have been easily surmounted by him, had he but found a readiness, on

[1] Mr. Arthur O'Connor, now a General in the French service

[2] From the speech given as that of the Marquis de Bédémar to his brother conspirators on an occasion resembling somewhat the situation of the United Irishmen in 1797,—when the fleet of the Viceroy of Naples, which was on its way to assist him, had been attacked by Corsairs, and disabled from coming:—"Les grands revers qui, dans les affaires communes, doivent surprendre les esprits, sont des accidens naturels aux entreprises extraordinaires. Ils sont la seule epreuve de la force de l'âme, et on ne peut se croire capable d'un grand dessein que quand on l'a vu une fois renversé avec tranquillité et constance."

the part of his colleagues, to second him in an appeal to native strength. But, while the elements baffled all his projects from without, irresolution and timid counsels robbed him of his chosen moment of action within; till, at last,—confirmatory of all his own warnings as to the danger of delay,—came that treachery by which the whole conspiracy was virtually broken up, their designs all laid open, and himself left, a fugitive and a wanderer, to trust to the precarious fidelity of persons trembling for their own safety, and tempted by the successful perfidy of others,—with hardly one of those colleagues remaining by his side on whose sagacity he could rely for help through his difficulties.

Still, as we have seen, he persevered, not only firmly but cheerfully, conceiving his responsibility to the cause to be but increased by the defection or loss of its other defenders. After the appearance of the Proclamation against him, some of his friends, seeing the imminent peril of his position, had provided some trusty boatmen (like those through whose means Hamilton Rowan had escaped) who undertook to convey him safely to the coast of France. But Lord Edward would not hear of it;—his part was already taken. Submitting with heroic good-humour to a series of stratagems, disguises and escapes, far more formidable to a frank spirit like his than the most decided danger, he reserved himself calmly for the great struggle to which his life was pledged, and which he had now to encounter, weakened, but not dismayed,—"animatus melius (as Cicero says of another brave champion of a desperate cause) quam paratus."

While such were the stronger and, as they may be called, public features of his character, of the attaching nature of his social qualities there exist so many memorials and proofs, both in the records of his life and, still more convincingly, in those bursts of sympathy and sorrow which his last melancholy moments called forth, that to expatiate any further on the topic would be superfluous. As son, friend, husband, and father, he may be said to have combined all that most adorns and endears such ties. Limited as was his income, he could, at all times, find the means to be generous, the simplicity of his own habits enabling him to be liberal to others;—"he avoided," says the friend already quoted, "every expense for himself; for others his generosity was bounded only by the means to satisfy it." By his servants he was idolized;—"there was not one of us (said an honest old groom of his to me) that would not gladly have laid down life for him." Poor Tony, of whose fate the reader must be desirous to know something, never held up his head after his noble master's death, and very soon followed him.

Besides that charm which the most perfect good-nature threw

round all that he said and did, he had likewise in his conversation a vein of natural pleasantry, which was the more amusing from its making no pretensions to amuse, and which, from his great power of self-possession, he was able to preserve in situations where few people could afford to be playful. Of this we have a characteristic instance in what Lady Sarah Napier mentions him to have said, on an occasion of no less danger to himself than the arrest of his friend Mr. O'Connor, at Maidstone [1].

Among those traits of character which adorned him as a member of social life, there is one which, on every account, is far too important not to be brought prominently forward in any professed picture of him, and this was the strong and pure sense which he entertained of religion. So much is it the custom of those who would bring discredit upon freedom of thought in politics, to represent it as connected invariably with lax opinions upon religion, that it is of no small importance to be able to refer to two such instances as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the younger Emmet, in both of whom the freest range of what are called revolutionary principles was combined with a warm and steady belief in the doctrines of Christianity.

Thus far the task of rendering justice to the fine qualities of this noble person has been safe and easy,—the voice of political enemies, no less than of friends, concurring cordially in the tribute. In coming to consider, however, some of the uses to which these high qualities were applied by him, and more particularly the great object to which, in the latter years of his life, he devoted all their energies, a far different tone of temper and opinion is to be counted on; nor are we, even yet, perhaps, at a sufficient distance from the vortex of that struggle to have either the courage or the impartiality requisite towards judging fairly of the actors in it.

Of the right of the oppressed to resist, few, in these days, would venture to express a doubt;—the monstrous doctrine of passive obedience having long since fallen into disrepute. To be able to fix, however, with any precision, the point at which obedience may cease, and resistance to the undue stretches of authority begin, is a difficulty which must for ever leave vague and undirected the application of the principle;—a vagueness, of which the habitual favourers of power adroitly take advantage, and while they concede the right of resistance, as a general proposition, hold themselves free to object to every particular instance of it.

How far the case of Ireland against her government, as it stood in 1798, comes under that description which most writers on poli-

[1] See her Ladyship's Diary, p. 135.

tical science consider as justifying a people in rising against their rulers, must be left to the readers of her previous history to decide for themselves, according to the views they respectively take of the boundaries within which human patience ought to limit its endurance. One of the most ancient, as well as most able expounders of the mutual relations between rulers and their subjects, in speaking of the functions for which a people are qualified, says,—"The safety of every free government requires that the major part of the citizens should enjoy a certain weight in the administration. If this does not take place, the majority will be dissatisfied; and where the majority are dissatisfied, the government will soon be subverted [1]."

Had the philosophic politician carried his supposition still farther, and contemplated the possibility of a system in which the great majority of the people should not only be excluded from all weight and voice in the administration, but should be also disqualified, by statute, for the acquisition of property, insulted, as well as proscribed, for adherence to their faith, and, in every walk of life, branded, as serfs and outcasts,—what duration would the sage's knowledge of human nature have led him to assign to such a system?

If in addition, too, to such a proscription of the great mass of the people, he should be told that, even over the small, patronized minority of its subjects, the government in question would usurp a power, less glaring, but as base, of which corruption was the life-blood and peculation the aliment, and to support which, therefore, the interests and the rights of the whole community were made a matter of open traffic between their representatives and their rulers,—would he not have indignantly applied to a system so monstrous, a system thus availing itself of all the worst uses to which the sword and the purse are made subservient by power [2], his own strong language, in speaking of the various causes of revolutions:—"In such hands authority itself becomes hateful; and the feelings of mankind conspire with their reason to destroy a government pregnant only with mischief, deformed by peculation, and disgraced by injustice [3]."

[1] Aristotle, Polit. lib. 3, cap. 7. "Ubi enim multi ab honore omni atque dignitate excluduntur, ibi multos reperiri hostes Reipublicæ necesse est: imo plenam talibus Rempublicam ac penitus differtam esse." Heinsii Periph.

[2] The whole course of the ruling party in Ireland, from 1782 to 1798, is thus strongly and truly traced by Mr. Grattan:—"They opposed the restoration of the Constitution of Ireland; they afterwards endeavoured to betray and undermine it. They introduced a system of corruption unknown in the annals of Parliament..... Having, by such proceedings, lost the affection of the people of Ireland, *they resorted to a system of coercion to support a system of corruption, which they closed by a system of torture, attendant on a conspiracy of which their crimes were the cause.*"—*Letter to the Courier Newspaper, November,* 1798.

[3] Ὑβριζοντων τε και των εν ταις αρχαις και πλεονεκτουντων.—The translation

By such as view in this light the system against which Lord Edward raised the standard of revolt, the question as to the justifiableness of his resistance will not be found difficult of decision; nor even among those who, while acknowledging the extent of the evil, yet shrink from the desperate nature of the remedy, will there be found many who, on comparing the manifold enormities of the aggressor with the long forborne vengeance of the wronged, can feel a doubt as to *which* of the two parties the blame of that alternative must rest with, or hesitate to pronounce, as Mr. Grattan did deliberately in his place in the Irish House of Commons [1]—"I think now, as I thought then (1798), that the treason of the Minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Minister."

There are persons, it is true, the bias of whose thoughts and feelings renders them incapable of considering the noble subject of these pages in any other light than that of a rebel against legitimate authority, and, as such, politically excluded from the circle of their sympathies. But not so does the feeling of mankind in general requite the generous martyrs of their common cause. Even where contemporaries have been unjust [2], Time, the great vindicator of those who struggle for the Right, seldom fails to enforce a due atonement to their memories; and, while on those who so long resisted the just claims of the Irish people lies the blame of whatever excesses they were ultimately driven to, the concession, late, but effectual, of those measures of Emancipation and Reform which it was the first object of Lord Edward and his brave associates to obtain, has set a seal upon the general justice of their cause which no power of courts or courtiers can ever do away.

It is plain, however, that, strong as may be the inherent justice of any cause, without some clear and rationally grounded probability of success, an appeal to arms in its behalf can, by no means, be justified;—the very interests of the great principle which is at issue demanding, as a moral duty, from its defenders that they should not rashly expose themselves to the disgrace of failure, nor, by any burst of weak violence, provoke a retaliation which may only add to the fetters it is their purpose to break. With this sort of miscalculation,—adversely as all that depended upon chance turned out for them,—the leaders of the Irish Rebellion are, by no means, to be

or rather very loose paraphrase of the whole passage which I have given above, is from Gillies.

[1] Debate on the Union, Feb. 14, 1800.

[2] Few have the courage, like Lord Chatham, to put the matter in its true light, even while the storm is raging, or say, as he did, in the year 1777,—"Those Whigs and freemen of America, whom you, my lords, call rebels."

charged. It was truly said by Lord Halifax that "there is more strength in union than in numbers;" and the United Irishmen, in combining both these sources of strength, secured to themselves two of the surest elements of success [1]. When, in addition to this, too, we take into account the expected aid from France, the many embarrassments in which England was involved at that crisis, the disaffection of the Irish militias, and the unprepared state of defence of the entire country, it will be confessed not to have been over sanguine in the Chiefs of the Union to calculate upon a preponderance of chances in their favour.

Even the rebellion that followed, mutilated as it was of native strength, and unassisted from without, yet presented so formidable a front as to incline Sir John Moore to the opinion that, had a French force, at the same time, shown itself on the coast, the most serious, if not fatal consequences must have ensued. As it was, the cost to the government of no less than 20,000 lives [2] in putting down what was but a partial movement of the Union,—the North, its head-quarters, having scarcely stirred,—leaves awful room for conjecture as to what *might* have been the result, had the whole organized mass, under its first leaders, been set in motion.

Another point connected with and, in some instances, included in the question of resistance, is that of the allowableness or expediency of calling in foreign aid,—a resource the peril of which to national independence, in all cases, limits the occasions where it can be at all justifiably employed to a very few. Where the will of a majority of the people is declared in favour of a change, such aid will, of course, be unnecessary. It is, therefore, in the very nature of things, the sort of expedient most likely to be resorted to by a small and desperate minority, or sometimes even by individuals,

[1] How powerfully they were backed also by property will appear from the following evidence of Dr. Mac Neven:—

"Mr. Alexander.—Although talents and education are to be found in the Union, yet there is no comparison, in point of property, between those who invited the French and those who brought in King William.

"Dr. Mac Neven.—Pardon me, sir. I know many who possess much larger properties than did Lord Danby who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange, or than did Lord Somers who was the great champion of the Revolution. The property of the Union is immense; but persons in a situation to be more easily watched were not required to render themselves particularly conspicuous."

In Emmet's account of his own examination, too, we find, "I was asked by many of the members whether there were many persons of property in the Union. I answered that there was immense property in it. They acknowledged there was great personal property in it, but wished to know was there much landed property; I answered there was."

[2] The calculation of the loss on both sides makes it 20,000 lives on the part of the government, and 50,000 on that of the insurgents.

who, as in the case of Count Julian, the betrayer of Spain to the Moors, or Mac Murchad, who first invited the English into Ireland, have been able, in one reckless movement of revenge, to fix the yoke of the stranger on their country's neck for ages.

That Lord Edward was well aware of the peril to which even the purchased aid of France might expose his country's independence, has been shown sufficiently in the course of these pages [1]. Soon after his junction with the United Irishmen, a friend of his, who approved perfectly of their objects, but had a strong objection to the intention of calling in foreign aid, having expressed his opinions to this effect, Lord Edward answered that, without such aid, it would be impossible for them to accomplish their purpose. "This, then, only proves," replied his friend (from whom I heard the anecdote), "that the country is not yet ripe for the design, and that you are premature in your movements."

Applied to a country not dependent upon the power of another, this argument would have been conclusive. In the natural course of affairs, indeed, the whole question of resistance, as well as of recourse to foreign succour, lies within a very simple compass. Where the great bulk of a people are disposed to change their government for a better, they have not only the right to do so, but, being the majority, have also the power. In this case, therefore, the intervention of foreign assistance is unnecessary. It happens sometimes, however, that the right is not thus backed by the power,—as in Ireland, at the time we are speaking of, and some years before in America, where the malcontents, though strong on their own land, yet constituted but a minority of the whole empire, and the arm of the stranger from without, however hazardous the alliance, presented one of their few chances of liberation from the intruder within. In Ireland, as we have seen, this alternative was adopted with reluctance and fear; but so little did the Americans hesitate in resorting to such aid that, in the first public declaration of their independence of Great Britain (May 15th, 1776), the second sentence stated that "measures were to be immediately taken for procuring the assistance of foreign powers." The example of England in 1688, to which the United Irishmen constantly referred, as a justification of their own conduct in inviting foreign aid, was by no means a case in point, and went to establish, indeed, a far more dangerous precedent; it being, in that instance, against a *native* government that the aid of the foreigner was called in, and not only by a minority of the nation, but that minority composed chiefly of the aristocracy,

[1] "I believe, latterly, Lord Edward was rather afraid of invasion, lest the French should conquer Ireland, and therefore urged on the insurrection."—*Neilson's Evidence before the Secret Committee.*

—a class who assuredly have not always shown themselves so worthy as on that occasion of being the sole arbiters and disposers of a whole people's destiny.

For the excesses and, in more than one instance, cold-blooded cruelties by which the rebellion that followed Lord Edward's arrest was disgraced, neither he nor any of those leaders who first directed its movements, and the spirit of whose views and counsels had departed with themselves, are to be considered at all responsible. In reference to a Proclamation, of a sanguinary character, found upon one of the Sheares's, Mr. Emmet declared, in his examination before the Lords, that he entirely "disapproved of it;—that the old Executive had never meant to spill blood, but rather to retain men of a certain rank as hostages, and if they found them hostile to the Revolutionary Government, to send them out of the country."

Even while present and in full activity, the authority of these chiefs had not been able so to "turn and wind" the fiery spirit they had excited, as to prevent it from breaking out into violences the most abhorrent to their own natures; and the charge brought against Lord Edward and his friends of having connived at, if not encouraged, the circulation of an infamous paper, called "the Union Star," the professed object of which was to point out victims for the assassin's dagger, was, by that class of partisans who believe any thing of an enemy, received with ready credence. In a similar manner, we know, the schemes of the underlings, in the Rye-House Plot, were assumed as matter of real charge and odium against their principals. But the same justice which repels from the memories of such men as Lord Russell and Sydney any suspicion of having sanctioned the cowardly crime of assassination, will reject, with no less indignant promptness, any such aspersion on the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Of the natural endowments and dispositions of his lordship little more remains to be said. His acquisitions from education or study were, as may be concluded from the active tenor of his life, not very extensive: but he had a retentiveness of memory which, in some degree, supplied the place of study, by enabling him to treasure up with selection and accuracy whatever he heard in conversation. In thus arriving, too, at the contents of books through other men's minds, he became acquainted at once both with the men and the books, instead of studying, in his closet, only the latter. While this faculty was of such advantage to him, as a man of the world, he had a quickness of eye no less remarkable and useful to him, in his profession, as a soldier. The most hasty glance, in passing through a tract of country, was sufficient, it is said, to put him in possession of all its bearings and military positions: not a ridge or

a stream escaped him as he went, and he could have mapped it all, immediately after, with the utmost accuracy.

By these latter remarks we are led naturally to a consideration of his lordship's military character,—a point of view in which he will be found to stand pre-eminent, as, in addition to his great courage and early experience, he appears, also, from the report of persons who were acquainted with his opinions, to have taken enlarged and original views of his art, and to have anticipated some of those lights, on military subjects, which the bolder spirit of modern warfare has, since his time, elicited.

It will be recollected that immediately after he had joined the United Irishmen, their system of organization, which had before been purely civil, was converted, with scarcely any other change than that of the titles of the officers, into a most efficient system of military force; and it is a proof of the skill and foresight with which this mode of organization had been devised, that not only did it thus easily admit of being turned into a compact national armament, but that, from the sound principles of representation on which the whole scheme was constructed, and the facility it afforded of transmitting the will of the Executive to the people, it presented ready made, when wanted,—in the event of their struggle succeeding,—the complete frame-work of a provisional, if not of a permanent government.

In training the people to arms, it was the opinion of Lord Edward, that till they had been perfected in that first rudiment of soldiership, marching, or, in other words, moving through equal spaces in equal times,—till they had been also brought to a sufficient degree of celerity and precision in forming from column to line, and from line to column, and in executing these changes of position by dispersion and re-formation, it was altogether premature to think of placing arms in their hands. So far was he, indeed, from being impatient to see the people armed that, for this as well as other reasons, his utmost efforts were directed to repress that habit so long prevalent among the lower orders of Irish, of providing themselves with weapons by the plunder of gentlemen's houses; his constant observation being that "till the arms were wanted, they would be safest and best taken care of in the hands of their present owners."

Even for the purpose of training troops to be good marksmen, he had a notion, it seems, that fire-arms might be dispensed with, and the expense of the ammunition which target-practice requires be saved. Having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are almost all expert marksmen, have attained this accuracy of aim by the use of the bow and arrow while young, he was of

opinion that, among the means of training a people to national warfare, the same economical mode of practice might be adopted,—the habit of aiming at a mark with any missile, whether bow or sling, being sure to establish that sort of sympathy between the hand and eye which enables the execution of the one to follow instantly the direction of the other, and this precision of aim once acquired, being, with little difficulty, transferable to the use of the musket or rifle.

That Lord Edward may have thrown out this ingenious suggestion in conversation can be easily believed; but that he had any serious notions of adopting it in his system of military organization for Ireland, appears somewhat questionable.

Another peculiarity of opinion attributed to him is that of having preferred the rifle, as an arm of common use, to the musket; an opinion which is at variance, at least, with the first military authority of our age, who has declared "que le fusil est la meilleure machine de guerre qui ait été inventée par les hommes [1];" an opinion, of the sincerity of which there could not be a better practical proof than that, in the whole Imperial army, there was not a single rifle. Whatever may have been Lord Edward's theory on the subject, it is certain that there occurs no mention of this description of arms in any of the Returns made to the Irish Executive by its officers, nor does it appear in what manner the supply of them, counted upon, it is alleged, by Lord Edward, was to be obtained. It is, indeed, stated that a dépôt of such arms was, by his orders, preparing at Brest, which, when the proper time should arrive, were to be run over in luggers, and landed; but for this supposition I cannot find any satisfactory evidence.

Of his lordship's other views, on military subjects, as conveyed in the conversations reported to me, I have not space sufficient to enter into any details. But, on all the points connected with the sort of warfare he was about to engage in,—the advantages to be derived from the peculiarities, both moral and physical, of the country; from the equal diffusion of the population over its whole surface, enabling every district to produce its own army, and thus saving the expense and disorganization of long marches;—the account to which superiority of numbers may be turned by the power they give of outflanking the enemy,—the prudence of avoiding pitched battles [2],—the disadvantage of being the assailant in moun-

[1] Napoléon's Notes upon Rognard's *Art de la Guerre*.

[2] "In imitation of the Central Juntas, they call out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power, I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call; and, if I had, the cause would now have been safe."—*Duke of Wellington's Letters to the Portuguese Regency*.

tain war [1],—on all these, and other such tactical points, the mind of Lord Edward seems to have been considerably in advance of his contemporaries, and to have anticipated much that a long experience in warfare has taught to Europe since.

At the time of the search after him on the 12th of March, there was found in his writing-box, at Leinster-House, a paper, which is generally supposed to have been the production of his own pen, and with the insertion of which, therefore, I shall conclude this part of my subject.

"If ever any unfortunate cause should put our city, with the other parts of the country, into the possession of a cruel and tyrannical enemy, whose government might, by repeated oppressions, drive us into the last stage of desperate resistance, our conduct then should be regulated in a manner best calculated for obtaining victory.

"The following thoughts are humbly offered for the inspection of every real Irishman.

"In such a case every man ought to consider how that army could be attacked or repelled, and what advantage their discipline and numbers might give them in a populous city, acting in concert with the adjoining counties.

"It is well known that an officer of any skill in his profession would be very cautious of bringing the best disciplined troops into a large city in a state of insurrection, for the following reasons:

"His troops, by the breadth of the streets, are obliged to have a very narrow front, and however numerous, only three men deep can be brought into action, which in the widest of our streets cannot be more than sixty men; as a space must be left on each side or flank, for the men who discharge to retreat to the rear, that their places may be occupied by the next in succession, who are loaded; so, though there are a thousand men in a street, not more than sixty can act at one time, and should they be attacked by an irregular body armed with pikes or such bold weapons, if the sixty men in front were defeated, the whole body, however numerous, are unable to assist, and immediately become a small mob in uniform, from the inferiority of their number, in comparison to the people, and easily disposed of.

"Another inconvenience might destroy the order of this army. Perhaps at the same moment, they may be dreadfully galled from

[1] "The attacking party in mountain warfare will have the disadvantage."—*Réveries du Maréchal de Saxe.* In a similar manner, Colonel Napier (without ever having, as he assures me, read Marechal of Saxe) says,—"He who receives battle in the hills has always the advantage."

the house-tops, by showers of bricks, coping-stones, etc., which may be at hand,—without imitating the women of Paris, who carried the stones of the unpaved streets to the windows and tops of the houses in their aprons [1].

"Another disadvantage on the part of the soldiers would be, that, as they are regulated by the word of command, or stroke of the drum, they must be left to their individual discretion, as such communications must be drowned in the noise and clamour of a popular tumult.

"In the next place, that part of the populace, who could not get into the engagement, would be employed in unpaving the streets, so as to impede the movements of horse or artillery; and in the avenues where the army were likely to pass, numbers would be engaged forming barriers of hogsheads, carts, cars, counters, doors, etc., the forcing of which barriers by the army would be disputed, while like ones were forming at every twenty or thirty yards, or any convenient distances the situation might require; should such precautions be well observed, the progress of an army through one street or over one bridge would be very tedious, and attended with great loss, if it would not be destroyed. At the same time the neighbouring counties might rise in a mass and dispose of the troops scattered in their vicinity, and prevent a junction or a passage of any army intended for the city; they would tear up the roads and barricade every convenient distance with trees, timber, implements of husbandry, etc., at the same time lining the hedges, walls, ditches, and houses, with men armed with muskets, who would keep up a well-directed fire.

"However well exercised standing armies are supposed to be, by frequent reviews, and sham battles, they are never prepared for broken roads, or enclosed fields, in a country like ours covered with innumerable and continued intersections of ditches and hedges, every one of which is an advantage to an irregular body, and may with advantage be disputed, against an army, as so many fortifications and intrenchments.

"The people in the city would have an advantage by being armed with pikes or such weapons. The first attack if possible should be made by men whose pikes were nine or ten feet long; by that means they could act in ranks deeper than the soldiery, whose arms are

[1] "The soldier, if posted in the streets of a town, will be assailed from the roofs and windows of the houses and lost. He cannot remain there; nor is he much better off, if in the squares surrounded by houses. The examples of Warsaw, that of Ghent, and of Brussels in 1789, sufficiently demonstrate the truth of what I advance."—Bulow, *Spirit of Modern System of War*.

much shorter; then the deep files of the pike-men, by being weightier, must easily break the thin order of the army.

"The charge of the pike-men should be made in a smart trot. On the flank or extremity of every rank, there should be intrepid men placed to keep the fronts even, that, at closing, every point should tell together. They should have at the same time two or three like bodies at convenient distances in the rear, who would be brought up, if wanting, to support the front, which would give confidence to their brothers in action, as it would tend to discourage the enemy. At the same time there should be in the rear of each division some men of spirit to keep the ranks as close as possible.

"The apparent strength of the army should not intimidate, as closing on it makes its powder and ball useless: all its superiority is in fighting at a distance; all its skill ceases, and all its action must be suspended, when it once is within reach of the pike.

"The reason of printing and writing this is to remind the people of discussing military subjects."

On the 27th of July, 1798, a Bill was brought forward by the Attorney-General for the Attainder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Cornelius Grogan, and Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey. After a long discussion and examination of witnesses in both Houses, the Bill passed the House of Lords in the month of September, and received the Royal Assent in the October following.

From among the letters and documents in my possession connected with the history of Lord Edward's Attainder, I shall select such as appear to me most generally interesting, and throw them into the form of an Appendix for the conclusion of the volume.

APPENDIX.

FROM COLONEL NAPIER TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Celbridge, July 28th, 1798.

"My dear Lord,

"I feel it incumbent on me to apprise you that Mr. Toler has most humanely thought proper to move for leave to bring in a bill of attainder for the purpose of confiscating the property of your poor brother, as well as that of B. Harvey and Grogan Knox. For his attempt on the estates of the two last, there exists some pretext, as they were tried and condemned by a court martial; but this wanton *posthumous* malignity to Lord Edward is repugnant to every principle of law and equity, and diametrically opposite to the spirit of the constitution, which presumes every man innocent until he has been fairly tried and convicted. However, it accords well with the illiberal rapacity of the prevailing faction in this miserable country, which will move *hell* and *earth* to carry the measure into effect, unless you succeed in disappointing their inhuman avarice by a timely application to his majesty, in any manner you judge most likely to prevail.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Lord Cornwallis's avowed predilection for humane and conciliatory measures gives great offence to the *Robespierres*, *Neros*, and *Caligulas* of this country, but is applauded by every prudent man, as well as every friend to humanity, and I have strong hopes he will succeed in tranquillizing the public mind, of which desirable object (if it be obtained) he must have the sole merit, as nobody can accuse his counsellors of being so weak as to sacrifice either personal interest, or contemptible and indiscriminate resentment, to the softer sentiments of liberality and compassion.

"Adieu, my dear lord. Present my respects to Lady Henry, with Lady Sarah's love to you both, and believe me yours most sincerely,

"George Napier."

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"Goodwood, August 14, 1798.

"My dear Henry,

"As Mr. Ogilvie will, I believe, write to you pretty fully, and the position of writing hurts my stomach, I shall not trouble you long to-

day; but I will, as shortly as I can, state my opinion, which is,—that you, as trustee for the children, should instruct counsel to oppose the bill; after presenting a petition to be heard against it in their behalf:—that you should direct your counsel not to attempt any defence, alleging that it is impossible to defend a dead man against accusations of a personal nature, which he alone is competent to controvert; but which, nevertheless, cannot be admitted till proved, and cannot be proved now, because there is no possibility of hearing the accused in his own defence, and without hearing, no man can, in justice, be condemned or convicted:—that therefore, even supposing all Mr. Reynolds or any other witness may swear to be true, it cannot be received as such, or as sufficient to convict a man in a court of justice, unless the accused has an opportunity of opposing that evidence by other evidence; and that he who knew whether he was guilty or not being dead, and consequently incapable of defending himself, no one else can:—that almost all the acts of attainder in the statute-book are made against persons alive, who have fled from justice, and give them a day to appear and defend themselves; if they do not, then their non-appearance is taken for admission, and they are, upon that, adjudged guilty; but this calling on them to appear proves the necessity of hearing them, or at least of giving them an opportunity to be heard.

"Of persons who are dead being attainted there are few examples—I rather believe none since the Revolution; and the only one I can find before, is the attainder of Oliver Cromwell and the regicides immediately after the Restoration. That case will be allowed to be a singular one, and the grounds on which it went was the notoriety of their guilt; and certainly no man would deny but that it was notorious that Oliver Cromwell had usurped the regal power, and that those who publicly sat in judgment on Charles the First and condemned him had been concerned in his death. But surely such notoriety is very different from an overt act consisting of private meetings, speeches, papers, commissions, or receiving money to stir up a rebellion. These overt acts may have taken place, but they are not matters of public notoriety like that which alone was thought sufficient to found this single act of attainder against dead persons. The charges against Edward are, undoubtedly, of a very different description, and such as are not known but by the evidence of one or two men, which evidence he might possibly have disproved; and therefore upon such *ex parte* allegations to attaint, not the man, but his innocent children, must be the height of injustice.

"On these grounds, I should advise your counsel to say that he will not pretend to enter upon any defence, and thereby give a countenance to such a proceeding; but that he protests against it as a measure contrary to the first principles of justice. I think this will be far better than getting into a dispute about his being more or less concerned; in which Reynolds would swear what he pleased, which could not be disproved: and, besides, entering into all this might involve Lady Edward, and raise a spirit against them both. All this would be avoided by your counsel not attempting any defence, but only protesting against the measure. I am, also, clear that Lady Edward should barely petition on the same grounds, and make no defence; and, above all, that her affidavit should

not be produced. The protest of your counsel should also be renewed, when the bill comes on in the House of Lords.

"Adieu, ever yours,

"Most sincerely and affectionately,

"RICHMOND, etc."

FROM COLONEL NAPIER TO GEORGE PONSONBY, ESQ.

"Castletown, August 15, 1798.

"DEAR SIR,

"As I understand there is much merit assumed by ministers for their lenity in excepting Lord Robert Fitzgerald from the consequences of their posthumous malignity to Lord Edward and his unfortunate family, and that they attempt to deceive the world by pretending that their humane condescension secures to Lord Robert and his heirs the honours of the family, I trust you will excuse my taking the liberty to suggest the case of Earl Kilmarnock to your contemplation, as somewhat in point on the present occasion. He was tried, attainted, and beheaded during the life of his aunt, the Countess of Errol, who, on her demise many years subsequent to his execution, was succeeded in her title and estate by his son, Lord Boyd, her grand-nephew; and this happened without any renewal of the attainder, or any interference of the crown.

"I shall make no apology for troubling you with this letter, because an excuse would imply a doubt of the sincerity and zeal with which I have seen you adopt the cause of Lord Edward's orphans, whose interest on this occasion is, in my humble opinion, intimately blended with that of the Constitution, since the ministers themselves affirm, they are neither actuated by resentment against the *dead*, nor malevolence to the *living*. I therefore conceive it a fair logical deduction to conclude, that the measure has 'plus in capite quam in fronte promittit!' and having long observed the subsisting variance betwixt these 'honourable men' and the Constitution, I can divine no other enemy to the object of their unrelenting hostility. Our slight acquaintance scarcely warrants the length of this letter, but there are some subjects which would make even a Spartan prolix.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear sir,

"Yours, with much regard,

"GEO. NAPIER."

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"Castletown, August 26th, 1798.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,

"Yesterday an express came from Sligo, to give notice that three French frigates were on that coast; and from an express this moment received from Mr. Conolly, who is at Lord Ross's, near Enniskillen, we learn that *eighteen hundred men are landed*. The troops, of course, are all under orders for immediate movements:—the yeomanry ordered to

do duty again. Lord Cornwallis probably won't *neglect* all *possible* means of defence, and we hope to look on this event as *good news;* for where the governor is an *honest, sincere,* and *able* character, and the bulk of the people sincerely against giving up the kingdom to France, surely it is a good thing to show, on one side, to republicans, how little chance they have of success, and, on the other, to detestable leeches of their country that *words* and *murders* are not the way to *prove loyalty,* but danger and *real* fighting. We shall now see who is the true or the *soi-disant* friend of Ireland.

"All things considered, it seems not to have given any sensible person the least alarm, and I trust will prove only a predatory descent. I will write you word what bulletins say, for more we are not likely to know; and yet bulletins *were so false* in Lord Camden's reign that they were not to be depended on, but I trust they will now wear the fashion of the times which Lord Cornwallis's *plain dealing* seems to give; for nothing ever was equal to the effect his clemency has had on *all.* Those who sincerely approve of it seem relieved from anxious misery; those who affect to approve do it with so bad a grace that it is quite ridiculous, and many abuse him openly,—so that the Castle-yard is become a medley of more *truth* than ever was heard in it for years past.

"I say nothing, my dearest brother, about our most interesting subject of affliction; it is too heart-rending to enter on. But what *you* would never suspect possible, in persons who ought to be so tenderly attached to my beloved sister [1], *no signs of feeling accompany their conduct.* She feels hurt and miserable, yet is trying to conquer her feelings, not to show them coolness. Oh, my dearest brother, she is not made for this world: her angelic mind passes on them for indifference, and almost for approbation of their conduct, so little do *they* know her who ought to know her well!

"This whole week has been passed in accusing, judging, condemning, and ruining, the characters and properties of poor Edward and his family; and on Sunday Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Mr. and Mrs. P., Mr. and Mrs. F., have made a party to come and dine, and stay here, because Lord Hobart comes; so that all Dublin will hear that the very people who passed the week in plunging daggers in Louisa's heart hallow the seventh day, by a junket to her house! Mrs. P. is indeed just landed from England, and Mr. P., we have reason to believe, has *avoided* the House of Commons as much as he could; but Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. French went to the House of Commons to hear their *intimate acquaintance,* Lady Edward, traduced and ruined; and the nephew of their aunt, Mr. French, spoke *for* the bill of attainder; and Lord Castlereagh I firmly believe to be the *chief* mover and pursuer of the prosecution against Lady Edward. But Louisa thinks otherwise, and therefore, if you write, say nothing on that subject as coming from me, because my hatred to him vexes her, and never opens her eyes at all; therefore, having once done my duty in putting her on her guard against a false heart, I have done, and avoid giving her the least additional pain. Adieu, dearest brother.

"Ever yours,

"S. N."

[1] Lady Louisa Conolly.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Castletown, 29th August, 1798.

"I have no news I can authenticate as coming from Lord Cornwallis, dearest brother; but from Dublin I find that the French landed great stores, threw up works, and on finding the rebellion in a different stage from what they expected, are trying to get off; but it is believed they must be taken by land or by sea, as such pains are taken to catch them. The *reports* of *risings* are terribly manufactured by agitators on *both* sides, orangemen and rebels Government, of course, keeps it down as much as possible; so that you see, from the nature of such a critical landing, one cannot expect to hear truth, and one must trust to one's own judgment on the reports.

"From what we learn here, I think numbers are on the wing, but dare not fly, because they still doubt the success, and because *greater* numbers by far plainly declare they will not stir from their harvest work, and that they *will fight* the French, who are only come to rob them of the harvest. Besides this, there are, to my certain knowledge, a set of the worst rebels, who have *offered* the officer of the City Cork Militia, quartered here, to set off under his command, and with his soldiers (famous *anti-rebels*, but not Orangemen), to attack the French; and, also, to my certain knowledge, there is a banditti here, who are trying to muster up a little corps of robbers, who, at all events, will enrich themselves, and, perhaps, appear under the name of United I., if the French succeed, and by that means evade law.—So now you have the pro and con in a small circle.

"I suspect the same sentiments are in the balance in the larger circle, and that Lord Cornwallis, by taking the field with ten thousand men, has two objects; the first to secure the banks of the Shannon, which form a barrier to all Connaught, and prevents a junction of French and northern enemies. Secondly, if it all melts away, he relies on his own conduct at the head of a large army to impress the guilty with fear, and the doubtful with confidence in his government and his character. If I am right, I hope we shall soon see the good effects of his government, notwithstanding the dreadful villany with which every principle he holds out seems to be counteracted in an underhand way.

"I will not enter on the subject of the attainder, as I have hitherto been so careful not to mention what appears to me to admit of such deep researches, before one can venture to *assert* any thing on the subject; but the newspaper and common accounts I will transcribe:—on a long and interesting debate, in which Mr. Egan spoke finely, the third reading came on on Monday, and the votes 42 to 9. It is said, 'many people who would have voted against the bill, seeing so large a majority, went out;' from which it appears that these *persons* (who certainly prove one cannot serve God and Mammon), finding their interest in opposition to their conscience, left the field at the moment of conquest; for had they stayed, the division might have run equal; and had the vote been delayed *one* day, Mr. Conolly just come up to town, yesterday, would have added one, and the Duke of Leinster, expected to-day, would, *perhaps*, have

influenced others. By a near vote the question would have come into the House of Lords with double strength for opposition—but what then?—Lord * * has, with his usual weakness of character, been frightened out of his zeal, by the Chancellor (I suppose), though I don't know more than that he *flinches*.

"The Chancellor, I suppose you heard, said, with his wonted dictatorial style, that your *queries* were inadmissible [1]; and of course it required no very great spirit of prophecy, I think, to be assured, as I was from the beginning, that, 'to consult with one's enemy how one is to beat him,' was not a very probable means of conquering."

* *

FROM THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"My dear Henry,

"I have not written hitherto, because I had nothing to suggest to be done for our poor Edward's heirs, and partly because I had hoped, from an account in the newspaper, which I now find was an erroneous one, that the business was dropped. I see a petition has been presented from Lady Edward on behalf, as I suppose, of her children, as well as herself; but I cannot express the degree to which I am astonished at not seeing any notice taken of this abominable proceeding in any of the newspapers, who are constantly praising Lord Cornwallis's clemency, at a time when a bill is going on exceeding in injustice and tyranny all the past.

"I do not know how poor Edward's property was disposed of, nor whether his children inherit from him by will, by settlement, or as heirs-at-law, nor, perhaps, is this material, but I should like to know. Dr. Brown, of the College, who is the only attending member of the Irish Parliament that I am acquainted with, is, I hear, in England, but if you think it would be of any use that the Ponsonbys should be written to, that may easily be done. My opinion is, that nothing can be of any use, unless it were a strong representation to Lord Cornwallis, nor should I hope much even from that; but my opinion still is, that the thing is too bad to be possible, and yet, after all that has been done, this is, perhaps, a foolish and certainly a sanguine opinion. I know how the whole of this subject affects you, but, in the present moment, it is impossible not to think upon it.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"C. J. Fox.

[1] The following are the queries, here alluded to, as having been submitted by the Duke of Richmond to Lord Clare:

"1st. Whether it be consistent with the known constitutional justice and laws of the land, to institute a criminal proceeding against a man after his decease, and to hear evidence against him, when he cannot be heard in his defence?

"2d. Whether it be consistent with the known constitutional justice and laws of the land, upon such a proceeding, to adjudge a man guilty who has not been convicted or tried whilst living?

"3d. Whether it be consistent with the known constitutional justice and laws of the land, to make such a judgment the foundation of a further proceeding to affect the property of his heirs?"

"P. S. If the bill should pass the Irish Parliament, I think there should certainly be a petition to the king against it, in which, I take for granted, the Duke of Richmond would concur."

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"Castletown, Sept. 2d, 1798.

"No news of any importance has yet reached us, my dearest brother, but your own judgment must point out to you the doubtful state of Ireland, which entirely depends on the French landing in sufficient force to make it worth while for all U. I. men to join them; and even then it would, I trust, be more than they can accomplish to surmount the immense number of persons of *common sense* who dread a French government, and will with sincere zeal join their efforts to give the army, *under Lord Cornwallis*, their utmost help. Not so, had Lord Camden and Lord Carhampton remained, for no human being can bring themselves to depend on the weak or ignorant, or on the *false* help they lend. It is like the description of Egypt in the Bible—'Trust not to Egypt, for like the broken reed she will bruise thy side if thou rest upon her.' So that we must consider the moment in which Lord Cornwallis was fixed on to come here as salvation to Ireland; for the balance turned instantly on his coming, and disposed the common people to consider the change of government as an object within *their sphere*. They told my sister and I, 'Sure this is a brave man they 've sint us now, he holds the *swoord* of war, and the *swoord of pace*, and sure we may do as we like now.'

"This in two words shows you they consider *him* as a respectable being, whom it is worth while to be cautious in attacking, and Paddy is shrewd enough if he gives himself time to *think*. Now as this landing is (hitherto) only 1800 men at the most, and called by government 700 only, Paddy has full leisure to think, and does think, I promise you, on this occasion. For example, about 200 stragglers have joined the French, who began by hanging eight men for giving false information: poor Paddy never thought one was to be hanged for lying, and is wofully discomposed. Then the French put the rebels in front of the battle, and this was not civil; consequently, Paddy is all ears and eyes just now, but steadily at harvest, securing the main chance, for if the French land in force, and gain battle after battle, then it is time *after harvest* to join with their pockets full of money.

"This, according to my own observation, is the general state of mind of *rebellious* subjects; and of good subjects one may easily guess the state of anxiety, as so much depends on chance. We do not yet hear of any other landing, and if they try, you know there is, thank God! many a chance in our favour, both by sea and land. In short, to be frightened is folly— to be anxious is natural and unavoidable, for on private accounts one must feel strong sensations of fear about individuals now exposed to battle any day against an active, brave, and clever enemy.

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"Lord Yelverton has made a charming declaration on the second

reading of the bill of attainder in the House of Lords, which bill has been tried to be hurried through with shameful haste, but now I trust the protest will have an excellent protector. The Duke of Leinster [1] just arrived, safe and well—wretchedly low, poor soul! My dearest brother, how every thing gives me reason to love you better and better every day! Adieu.

"Believe me ever yours."

In a subsequent letter from the same lively pen, the fair writer says—"I hope you will read all the debates on the attainder bill; and not wonder if the Irish Parliament now tempts one to *wish* for a Union with England, to mortify those lawgivers to their country, who have made so unjust a use of their power over their countrymen." The declaration of the Chief Baron, Lord Yelverton, referred to in the foregoing letter, was to the effect that he "would oppose the bill, as unjust, illegal, and inconsistent with the gracious principle of mercy and lenience, which formed the leading character of Lord Cornwallis's administration."

In the course of the debates on the subject, Lord Clare said with considerable feeling, in referring to some circumstances connected with Lord Edward's death, that "he well remembered them, for, a short time before the death took place, he was witness to one of the most painful and melancholy scenes he had ever experienced."

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"September 11, 1798.

"My dear Brother,

"The bulletin [2], which I cannot get, but which will be in the papers, I suppose, will tell you all the particulars we know, and General Lake's panegyrics on every body will speak for themselves. * * * *

[1] I avail myself of the mention here of this most amiable nobleman to say a few words relative to his short secession from the Whig party in 1788, to which somewhat too strong a character may seem to have been given in earlier passages of this work. It appears from Hardy (*Memoirs of Lord Charlemont*), who does but justice to the character of the Duke, in describing him as "proverbially liberal," that not only his Grace, but the greater number of the Irish Whigs of that period, were so far satisfied with the Marquis of Buckingham's administration, as, during the whole of the session of 1788, to offer but little, if any, opposition to his government. "The charge, indeed (adds Hardy), against this opposition, differed totally from the general accusations preferred against them. They were not said to endanger public tranquillity, but they gave no unnecessary molestation to government, and were therefore guilty, according to some persons, of the most inexpiable crime." The Duke of Leinster, it is true, was one of those who, by taking office, gave a more decided sanction to the government; but the general leaning of his own party in the same direction took from his conduct, on that occasion, all that, in the remotest degree, deserves the name of apostasy.

[2] The Bulletin which gave an account of the surrender to General Lake of Humbert and his small army, at Ballinamuck. "It must ever remain (says Plowden) a humiliating reflection upon the lustre and power of the British arms that so pitiful a detachment as that of eleven hundred French infantry should, in a kingdom in which

Your curiosity will naturally lead you to wish for information relative to the minds of the Irish on this occasion. The little information I can give you will lead you to judge for yourself. In a letter from a very *sensible, good* man in the North, who heads a yeomanry corps, are these words :—

" 'What I foretold, in February, has now taken place, that distinction of religions would produce the worst evils. The five corps of this garrison are equally divided in persuasions, and did live in the most perfect cordiality till now, when within these few days there has arisen dissensions almost coming to blows. The cause of this change in the minds of the men is occasioned by the pains taken by persons in official departments to form Orange lodges, which has had the most pernicious effects. My own opinions have never changed; but I wish to ask you a question, not from mere idle curiosity, but to determine my own conduct. As these lodges are formed by persons in official departments, am I to consider them as sanctioned and approved of by government? for, though my own principles are the same as before, I should be extremely sorry, at this critical period, to show any opposition to a measure that government may consider as conducive to the general good; and, should it be against my principles, I shall retire from the scene.'

" This letter, dated *September*, proves that what Lord Cornwallis positively asserted, as his most anxious wishes in *July*, is not attended to by those in office out of his sight. The consequence of a government that is undermining its governor you well know. This renewal of ill-blood will have its effect in time, if not stopped; but, for the present, the North seems perfectly quiet; the South the same. In Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath, etc. the risings were sudden, and as suddenly quelled, you see. Yet in these very counties are numberless proofs of the attachment of the tenants, who flocked to their landlords' houses, to guard them, and behaved with all possible merit, industrious, grateful, and generous,—for they went and reaped the corn, in great bodies, to save it for their landlords.

" In *our* neighbourhood, which I may well entitle the *doubtfuls*, I can *read* my neighbours' thoughts in their eyes, in the tone of their voices, their gait,—in short, *on connaît son monde,* with a very little observation,—they are all ears, and distrust all they hear. They watch to take the *ton* from Dublin, their constant traffic with which makes intelligence come like lightning—to *them,* though not to *us*. They at first disbelieved the surrender of the French; they now believe it, and put a good face on it, still hankering after a chance of a new force, which is collecting in Wicklow, under a clever man called Holt, who *rejects* mob, and *chuses* his associates. This keeps up the flame, and while it burns, all those who persuade themselves that they acted on principle only, and those who have gone too far to retreat, besides those whom ill-usage has worked up into revenge, all reluctantly give up hopes of

there was an armed force of above 150,000 men, have not only put to rout a select army of six thousand men, prepared to resist the invaders, but have also provided themselves with ordnance and ammunition from our stores, taken several of our towns, marched 122 Irish (above 150 English) miles through the country, and kept arms in their victorious hands for seventeen days, in the heart of an armed kingdom."

success. Yet their own judgments *now* have fair play; they see the lower order quite tired of the business; they see a *vast number* who loudly proclaim their determination to stick to the promise they made to old General Dundas [1], who is their hero; for not one of those he forgave has returned to the rebels. They see the tide is against them; and, in short, I can perceive by their countenances, that they are low, and sorry, and fearful. But, if they once give the point up, they all will return to their work with a heavy but not a sulky heart; for they are nearly convinced they are conquered by *fate*, not by *force*; and you must know that all the common people are predestinarians, which is a great cause of their hardy courage for moments, and their seeming indifference about death. They have very little shame about running away, being convinced they are reserved for another fight by *fate*, and not by their running. * * *

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From all these circumstances one may, I think, decide, that all depends on there being no more landings; for if any succeed, risings will follow of course. Yet, after all, we have such millions of chances now in our favour, that there is nothing to alarm one: since the United Irishmen, by their own confessions, seem to have so very little head or plan, that no reasonable being could for a moment depend on their government, even if they *could* conquer all Ireland: so that the whole plan, whether of French, Irish, Presbyterian, or Catholic extraction, seems dissolved into impossibilities, and can no longer be a bugbear now, I think, by which government can frighten the world into approbation of despotism. Lord Cornwallis has undoubtedly saved this country from a still more bloody war, which was to have been expected; but the United Irishmen themselves have proved they never could have kept Ireland.

"I ought to apologize for all my political and private accounts of the state of the country, when you certainly must hear it from much better judges and better authority; but, when the whole conversation of societies is turned on political causes, which immediately concern every individual, one can scarce take up a pen and steer clear of them. Indeed, there is but one other subject that comes across us, and it is not pleasant to dwell on it, though one part of it is so gratifyng to my very sincere affection for you, my dearest brother, that I cannot refrain from expressing it. From Mary I hear a thousand particulars of your goodness to poor Lady Edward, which I know the full value of. I can trace your generous attention to all her feelings,—your spirited resistance to the torrent that ran against her; your protecting hand that shielded her hopeless situation from the most aggravating circumstances. You gently said in a letter to my sister, 'she is not popular.' I own I was struck with the expression, and wondered how you, who could hear nothing of her, but through her family, should have heard so (though it is true *in Dublin*);—but I now find from Mary that the very common people had imbibed prejudice against her, poor little soul, to a degree that is quite horrible, yet a well-known characteristic of the English nation. What is to become of her, my dear brother? I pity her from my soul, for

[1] A compact entered into by General Dundas with the rebels, in the County of Kildare, for which he was much censured, but which, like every step of conciliation or justice towards the Irish, was productive of the best effects.

her elevated mind will suffer torture from the necessity of being under obligations to *many*, and I fear no *one* individual can, at this time, soften the bitter pangs of adverse fortune, by generously giving her, under the tender tie of affection, an income equal to procuring her a comfortable situation. Pride has nothing to do with affection. Obligations from those who know how to grant them nobly become a pleasure to the receiver, as long as he perceives the giver is gratified by the gift; but so *very*, *very* few can and will be such givers, that I fear she will be subject to all those feelings which poverty is most unjustly expected *not to have*, and which only belong to poverty,—feelings, the nature of which induces one to examine, consider, and value the nature of every *gift*.

"When I reflect, as I often do, on poor Lady Edward's fate, I cannot help comparing it to my own, and in proportion as my own unworthiness of all the blessings I have had, and the kindness I have received, strikes my recollection, my warmest wishes arise, that she, whose misfortunes have arisen only from the strongest attachment to her dear husband, may meet with the same protection from heaven, and on earth, from friends, as I have done. The former I am sure she will, the latter is more doubtful, yet I hope will not fail;—though circumstances alter the mind of man so much, one can never be sure. Yet surely, in this instance, the world would wonder if the widow and orphans of a man adored by his family are not publicly supported by that very family who acknowledge her attachment to him. A stranger, an orphan herself, lovely in her appearance, great in her character, persecuted, ruined, and banished,—her name so well known as to be brought into the history of the country,—*that history* will, of itself, be the test of the generosity of her family connexions, or their disgrace. I wish those who should first step forward saw it in the light I do, which, exclusive of affection for her, is of importance, I think, to the family. Adieu, my dear brother, ever most affectionately yours,

"S. N."

Having passed the House of Lords, the Bill of Attainder was, at the latter end of September, sent to England, to receive the Royal Assent; and, though there could be but little hope, at that stage, of arresting its progress, the friends of the family were resolved to make one more effort and address a Petition to the King. To Sir Arthur Pigott the task of drawing up their appeal was intrusted, and it is with much pleasure I find myself enabled to lay this document before my readers; as a composition more admirable for its purpose—more precious as an example of the adroitness and power with which rhetoric and logic may be made subservient to each other,—has rarely, perhaps, been written.

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"The humble petition of Henry Fitzgerald, Esq., commonly called Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Charles, Duke of Richmond, William Ogilvie, Esq., Charles James Fox, Esq., Henry Edward Fox, Esq. and Henry Richard Lord Holland;

For and on behalf of Edward Fitzgerald, an infant of the age of four years

or thereabouts, only son and heir of Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., lately deceased, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and for and on behalf of Pamela Fitzgerald, an infant of the age of two years, or thereabouts, and of Lucy Fitzgerald, an infant of the age of four months, or thereabouts, daughters of the said Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and for and on behalf also of Pamela Fitzgerald, widow of the said Lord Edward Fitzgerald,

"SHEWETH,

"That the said Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, departed this life on or about the fourth day of June last, being at the time of his death seised of some real estate, situated in Ireland, and also possessed of some personal estate, which by his death became vested in his said infant children, as his heir at law and sole next of kin, according to their respective titles to the said real and personal estates, subject to the right of his said widow to be endowed out of the real, and to receive her share of the personal estate.

"That the said Pamela Fitzgerald, the widow of the said Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is at present absent from this kingdom, on which account alone, as your petitioners have reason to believe, she is not in her own person a party to this petition.

"That your Majesty's petitioner, Henry Fitzgerald, is a guardian of the persons and estates of the said infants, and that he and your Majesty's other petitioners are near relations of the said infant children.

"That your petitioners have observed with great concern, that a bill has been passed by the parliament of Ireland, and transmitted for your Majesty's royal assent; for, among other purposes, the attainder of the said Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, under the title of 'A bill for the attainder of Edward Fitzgerald, Cornelius Grogan, and Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, deceased, of high treason,' or some such title; reciting, alleging, and assuming, as the cause and foundation of the said bill, that the said Edward Fitzgerald did, *during the period of his life*, since the first day of November, 1797, commit and perpetrate several acts of high treason, by *conspiring* together with several false traitors to *raise and stir up* insurrection and rebellion within this kingdom (Ireland), and by endeavouring to persuade the enemies of our Lord the King to invade this his kingdom of Ireland; and did, in pursuance of the said treason, commit several overt acts with intent to depose and dethrone the king, and subvert and overthrow the government of this his kingdom of Ireland: and further reciting that several other false traitors who were concerned in the said treasons and rebellion have already received their trials at law for the same, and have been convicted, and by judgment of law thereupon had, do now stand duly and legally attainted:

"The said bill therefore enacts (among other things), that the said Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, deceased, shall be *adjudged to be convicted and attainted of high treason* to all intents and purposes *as if he had been attainted during his life*:

"And further enacts (among other things), that all and every the manors, messuages, lands, tenements, etc., and all other the heredits,

leases for years, chattels real and other things, of what nature so ever they be; of the said Edward Fitzgerald, which he or any other person to his use or in trust for him had on the first day of November, 1797, shall be forfeited to his Majesty, and shall be deemed to be in the actual and real seisin and possession of his Majesty, without any inquisition or office taken or found; and that all and every other the goods and debts and other the chattels personal whatsoever, of the said Edward Fitzgerald, whereof, upon the first of March, 1798, he or any person in trust for him stood possessed, either in law or equity, shall be deemed forfeit, and are vested in his Majesty, without any inquisition or office found. And several provisions follow, for declaring void all subsequent alienations and transfers whatsoever of the property of the said Edward Fitzgerald, and also all previous alienations and transfers except for valuable consideration.

"Your petitioners conceive it to be their duty to the said infant children and absent widow of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald, humbly to represent to your Majesty that the said bill is contrary to the first and most sacred principles of law, of justice, and of the constitution; as it intends, by special and arbitrary provisions, neither known to the law of Ireland, nor analogous to any of its just and wise maxims, to despoil the innocent family of the said Lord Edward Fitzgerald of that property which upon his death vested in them, and which the law secures to them by the same sanctions and protections under which all the rest of your Majesty's subjects, both in England and Ireland, enjoy their lives, liberties, and property.

"The best security, Sire, against the injustice, the passion, and violence, which frequently characterize the partial, occasional, and arbitrary acts of power, wherever it is placed, is the observance of the steady course of general and equal law; which, as it ascertains the obligations, secures alike the rights of all, and impartially applies its rules and maxims, through the medium of its tribunals, to the actions of individuals. But, whatever may be the censures which have been by grave and weighty authorities pronounced upon bills of attainder in general, whatever the irregularities and deviations from the rules of law, or principles of justice, which have sometimes attended their progress, into these we do not presume to enter; because we apprehend that bills of attainder of living persons, or the motives which lead to them, or the maxims which govern them, do not apply to the present bill. We are aware that the *Salus Populi*, of which the legislature, we know, must judge,—that the security of the government, of which the legislature is, we know, the guard,—may sometimes, though very rarely, be supposed to render necessary an anomalous and extraordinary proceeding, which certainly dispenses with some of the most valuable securities for the life, liberty and property of the subject. But these are still proceedings against living men; and at least the never varying and eternal principle of justice, *not to condemn and punish unheard*, is not violated. In a proceeding in parliament, as on the trial of an indictment, the accused if living may make a full defence; has the important privilege of answering the charge; cross-examining the witnesses against him; contradicting their testimony; showing their incompetence to be heard, or incredibility when heard; and of availing himself

of all other means by which falsehood is demonstrated, or innocence established. He has the use of his own talents, and the assistance of the talents of others; and it should not be forgotten that he has the opportunity and advantage of exposing the errors and ignorance of his adversaries. And in whatever human tribunal charge is made, or accusation preferred, no experience will contradict the assertion that it is most frequently in the power of the accused alone to furnish the means of his own defence; to detect fraud; to make falsehood manifest; to develop motives; to unravel events; to point out time, place, persons, the whole train of circumstances which discriminate human actions, and, by imparting to them their true colour and real character, either assert and protect innocence or fix and ascertain the exact shade and precise gradation of guilt, where guilt does exist. But these inestimable privileges are the privileges only of the living: and accordingly the wisdom, and justice, and mercy, and decorum of the law of England (and we believe the law of Ireland is not different) confine its jurisdiction to the living; to those who can hold communion with parliaments and courts, with judges and juries, with counsel and attorneys and witnesses. But our law teaches us that, as the persons of those on whom the tomb is closed are no longer objects of human punishment, their actions are no longer of human cognizance, or subjects of temporal judgment, which death in all cases, and necessarily, disappoints of its victim.

"Of this we shall only lay before your Majesty the striking instances which follow, and apply closely to the subject on which we address your Majesty.

"We have the authority of Sir Matthew Hale for stating, that at all times, in all cases of felony or treason, except the single case of death received in open war against the king, and, as that exception will be found to have been soon over-ruled, it may now, upon the same authority, be stated, that from the beginning of the reign of Edward III, in all cases of felony or treason without any exception, *if the party die before he be attainted,* though he were killed in the pursuit (which implies his resistance), or even in open war against the king (a still stronger case), and (still more) even though he had been tried and convicted, yet, *if he died after* conviction, and before judgment, 'there ensued,' to use Sir Matthew Hale's words, 'neither attainder,' that is, judgment, 'nor forfeiture of lands.'

"And from the eighth year of King Edward III, the judges would not allow an averment that *a party died in open war against the king*, either in rebellion, or adhering to the king's enemies, *without a record of his conviction.*

"And now, by the statute of the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King Edward III, *de proditionibus,* which requires an attainder by conviction, and attainder *per gents de leur* condition, attainder *after death* for adhering to the king's enemies is ousted.

"And nine years afterwards, because subtlety or chicanery might say, that an inquest before the escheator might satisfy those words, the statute of the thirty-fourth year of the reign of the same King Edward, chap. 12th, has, in express terms, for the future, *ousted such attainders or convictions after death of the parties.*

"And this venerable judge, Sir Matthew Hale, a text writer of the highest authority on the criminal law, emphatically lays down, what is indeed engraven on every breast endued with a sense, or animated with a love of justice, that,

"'No man ought to be attainted of treason, *without being called to make his defence and put to answer*, which is called, *arrenatio*, or *ad rationem positus*.'

"And, among several remarkable precedents of justice in support of that just and protecting maxim, Sir M. Hale states the case of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, condemned for treason, for the death of King Edward the Second. His heir, Roger Mortimer, in the reign of King Edward the Third, brought a petition of error upon that judgment, and the record of his attainder was removed into parliament, and there entered of record, and errors were assigned *that he had not been arraigned and called upon to answer*; and, by the judgment of king, lords, and commons, the judgment appealed from was reversed and annulled, and the petitioner was restored to the title of Earl of March, and the lands, etc. of his grandfather.

"It cannot be pretended, and therefore it is not alleged, that the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald was killed in open war against your Majesty, fighting either in open rebellion or for the enemies of your Majesty: the only case in which, even in the least civilized and most irregular times, when the constitution can scarcely be deemed to have been settled, a forfeiture by a proceeding after death could be incurred: and to effect a forfeiture, even in those unruly and turbulent times, and in a case so extraordinary, when death was received in the very act of flagrant and raging rebellion, a presentment in Eyre, a presentment in the King's Bench, or an inquisition by the Escheator, was indispensable.

"But this practice has been shown to have been of old time discountenanced and reprobated by the judges of the land, and condemned and prohibited by the authority of parliament.

"And even the practice of accusing and attainting in cases of treason or felony, without indictment or presentment, where the party was taken *living*, with the *mainour cum manu opere*, is, says Sir M. Hale, disused and ousted by the statutes of the fifth year of the reign of King Edward the Third, chap. 9, and the 25th year of the reign of the same king, chap. 4, according to which statutes, 'none shall be put to answer without indictment or presentment of good and lawful men of the neighbourhood.'

"Attainder, on which, as we have frequently had occasion to show, so much depends, we understand to be the immediate and inseparable consequence of *sentence of death*. When that sentence is pronounced, the criminal is called attaint, *attinctus*, stained or blackened. 'This,' says Mr. Justice Blackstone in his excellent Commentaries, 'is after judgment; for there is great difference between a man *convicted* and *attainted*, though they are frequently, but inaccurately, confounded together. After conviction only a man is liable to none of these disabilities' (the inseparable consequences of sentence of death): 'for there is still' (after conviction) 'in contemplation of law, a possibility of his innocence. Something may be offered at any time before judgment' actually pro-

nounced, and at the very instant that it is about to be pronounced, for which express purpose the criminal is, at that time, asked, whether he has any thing to allege why judgment should not pass against him. 'The indictment may be erroneous, which will render his guilt uncertain, and thereupon the present conviction may be quashed: he may obtain a pardon' (which we understand may be *pleaded* after conviction, and at any time before judgment is actually pronounced), 'or be allowed the benefit of clergy. But when judgment is once pronounced, both law and fact conspire to prove him completely guilty, and there is not the remotest possibility left of any thing to be said in his favour. Upon judgment, therefore, of death, and not before' (that is, when the remotest possibility that any thing can be said in his favour is exhausted,—merciful law! and not more merciful than wise!) then 'the attainder of a criminal commences: or, upon such circumstances as are equivalent to a judgment of death, as judgment of outlawry on a capital crime, pronounced for absconding or fleeing from justice, which tacitly confesses the guilt. And, therefore, either upon judgment of outlawry or of death, for treason or felony, a man shall be said to be attainted. The consequences of attainder are forfeiture and corruption of blood.'

"Enough, we humbly hope, Sire, has been urged to satisfy your royal mind that forfeiture of lands and corruption of blood are the legal fruits and consequences, the strict technical effects of the *attainder* of an existing traitor or felon, who has, at the time of the attainder, blood to be corrupted and land to be forfeited (all alienations of his land between the period of his crime and that of his attainder being by the judgment of the law avoided). Forfeiture and corruption of blood are indeed the fruits of crime, but fruits which the nice and scrupulous justice of the law disdains to gather until it has given to the criminal every possible opportunity of defending himself, and is enabled to say, *even the most remote possibility of his innocence is now excluded.* May such, Sire, ever be the just description and character of the law of forfeiture and corruption of the blood of an innocent posterity, whilst it is deemed expedient to permit that law to endure, and may none other ever be executed by the sovereign of a free people! Where there is no *attainder* in the life-time of the subject, the legal root from which alone these fruits spring fails; and we might as well look for an effect of which the sole cause has no existence. If the subject die *unattainted*, who shall take upon him to say that he does not die innocent? Who is authorized to assert that had he lived he ever would have been attainted? Who shall presume to allege that the *most remote possibility of his innocence was excluded?* Who will undertake to answer for the issue of his trial, had he lived to such an event? and, supposing him convicted, who will prescribe limits to your Majesty's clemency, or dare to affirm that no motive to mercy, no service he could have rendered, no discovery he could have made, no repentance of his errors, no situation into which his misfortunes, his sufferings, or his offences might have plunged him, could possibly have actuated your royal breast to the exercise of that godlike attribute at any moment previous to the time of his being *stained* by final sentence and the dreadful judgment of the law?

"If then, Sire, the subject die unattainted, his blood flows unattainted

to his unoffending offspring, and his property descends, at the instant of his death, to his legal representatives, whose dominion over it from that moment becomes absolute; whose title is guarded and secured by all the laws of property, by all the rules, and maxims, and statutes, which prescribe and regulate its descent and distribution on the death of the person last seised and possessed. Their title is without defect or imperfection. Their alienations, whether by sale, or mortgage, or settlement, would convey a pure and unadulterated right. In this state of things, to overturn the general law of the land, the security of every man's inheritance, and by an arbitrary act of power, and a fictitious post mortem attainder (a solecism in language and a contradiction in terms), divested of every characteristic of a real one, to sentence innocence and infancy, on which alone this shocking proceeding can operate, to degradation and dishonour; to create in those who not only have not committed but who are incapable of the commission of crime, the incapacity of inheriting after they *have* inherited; to break and intercept the descent of that which *has* already descended; and to inflict on the unoffending the loss of property which has, in the due course and operation of law upon that property, come to them,—can, gracious Sire, such an instrument of injury and worker of wrong expect to obtain the sanction and authority of a legislative proceeding, which would foul the fountain and pollute the sanctuary of law, and make those records, which ought to be the monuments of truth and justice, a whimsical compound of absurdity, imposture, passion, and tyranny?

"Of examples in good or regular times for this monstrous proceeding, we are, with one exception only, fortunately ignorant; although, since the happy accession of your Majesty's family, its title to the crown of these realms was long and openly disputed, and twice by open rebellion, and oftener by meditated insurrection and conspiracies to levy war, attempted to be subverted; so that occasions for such examples, and the weak excuse of provocations to such acts of outrage and violence, could not have been wanting. The same observation applies to the reign of King William the third. A recollection of the commencement and events of his reign, and of the conspiracies which were formed for the destruction of his person and government, justifies the conclusion.

"To very remote times, to the melancholy and disgraceful periods of our history, when hostile factions alternately gave away and resumed the royal sceptre, and the crown was supported, not by the law, but by the sword, we shall not resort; nor shall we ransack the flagitious registers of those rapacious counsels which hunted after forfeitures, and sought a source of revenue in the destruction of opulent subjects. These the judgment of a more just and more enlightened posterity has doomed to their merited fate. But the precedent which, as an exception, we mentioned before, is furnished by the case of the attainder of the regicides, after the restoration of King Charles the Second, among whom four were dead, Cromwell, Bradshaw, Pryde, and Ireton,—a precedent which, as far as it relates to the dead, has never since been followed, and which, in all human probability, there never will, in these kingdoms, be again occasion to follow. And on that act of attainder, whether the measures then pursued against the dead may now be looked back upon with pride

or shame, it may be observed, that the acts of treason were not of more enormity than notoriety. The destruction of the person of the king, the subversion of the regal authority, the usurpation of the government, did not admit of any sort of question. That was no case of *conspiring to levy war*, or of *endeavouring to persuade the king's enemies to invade the realm*. There the treasonable purposes were perfectly accomplished, and the guilt of the conspirators was consummated by the complete attainment of their treasonable objects. To the conviction of mankind, from the nature of the case, *the most remote possibility that any thing could be said in contradiction to the facts alleged against the regicides* did not remain; and the dead could not possibly have been tried, could not possibly have been pardoned, before their decease, because they had overturned the authority under which they were to be tried, and destroyed the source from which grace and mercy flowed. Their wealth, too, in so singular a state of guilt, was presumed to have been the fruit of their successful treasons, and it was alleged at the time, that the fact justified the presumption. We do not make these remarks for the purpose of exercising a judgment which we are not called upon to pronounce on any part of that proceeding, but solely to point out the little resemblance which the case that produced it has to that brought by this bill under your Majesty's consideration.

"After what has been already alleged, it can scarcely be necessary to add, but the truth is, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald never, during any period of his life, had judgment of high treason pronounced against him; never was convicted of high treason; never was tried for or arraigned of high treason; nor had any indictment or presentment for high treason ever been found or preferred against him by good and lawful men of his neighbourhood.

"Your petitioners, Sire, have always apprehended that the guilt of man cannot be presumed or acted upon, unless it has been established in a due and regular course of law; but in this case the guilt of the dead ancestor is assumed, for the unjust and odious purpose of divesting his innocent posterity of their just and lawful rights, and despoiling them of their absolute and indisputable property. What are the limits to the exercise of such a power? For what injustice, what violence, what oppression, what rapacity may not such a bill be a precedent? What rights of property does it leave secure? Does not the same general and equal law which assures the inheritance and possessions of all the rest of your Majesty's subjects, secure the inheritance and possessions of these unfortunate and oppressed children? Is their title less valid than the title of any other man; or worse secured than if they had acquired it by purchase, settlement, or deed of gift? Upon the principle of this bill, may not any man, or number of men, equally void of offence as these helpless infants, be stripped of their property, and reduced to indigence and misery by an arbitrary, ex parte, extra-judicial, posthumous, legislative enactment of the treason of some departed ancestor? What new and unheard-of power is this, which punishes living persons of acknowledged innocence, by trying and condemning the dead? And what ideas of justice must those entertain who thus attempt to violate the sacred rights of property? and perpetrate an act of wrong and violence by exhibiting

a mock trial of the dead, where, if there may be accusation, there can be no defence, and if there may be crime, there can be no criminal.

"If for any reason beyond our capacity to perceive, it were thought necessary by a special legislative act, made on the spur of the occasion and in the rage of the moment, to *find the fact and make the law* for dooming the untried dead to a judgment of high treason; we cannot but hope, that your Majesty's love of justice will countenance us in thinking, that even then the bill might have stopped there, without superadding the confiscation and forfeiture of that property, which now by law belongs to his innocent children. Treason *they* cannot have committed, and they are not traitors by birth or inheritance; yet this bill makes them so, and, at the same time that it cruelly renders them, innocent and helpless as they are, incapable of inheriting any thing else, it presents them with treason for their inheritance, leaves them destitute of the means of education and sustenance, and turns them into the world naked and desolate, in calamity, misery, and despair, as if it were necessary by this bill to embitter their misfortunes and aggravate their sufferings; and to teach them their duties to society, by robbing them of their rights in it.

"These superadded provisions in the case of perfect innocence cannot but appear the more extraordinary proofs of precipitation and passion, that your Majesty's royal clemency has been recently extended (highly to the satisfaction of your petitioners, and, we believe, to that of the rest of your Majesty's subjects), to several persons, one or more convicted of, and the rest charged with, high treason; all of whom have, consequently, preserved their property, whilst the innocent children of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, those who cannot have been guilty of any offence, are, by the provisions of this bill, made to forfeit theirs. Thus, it appears, that whilst the government of Ireland is remitting the punishments which in the course of law fall upon the guilty, it is extending and aggravating beyond the law those consequences of guilt, which fall only upon the innocent. What would be the sense and feeling of mankind, if, in the case of a tried, convicted traitor, his property were preserved for him during his life, but that effect of his attainder were enforced which forfeits his property after his death, when it would devolve upon his innocent children? that is, that the guilty father should be pardoned, but the innocent children punished? And what less can be said of this bill, when the case of the innocent children of Lord Edward Fitzgerald is contrasted with that of those who, at the very time of its passing, have been objects of royal mercy in Ireland?

"The provisions of this bill are, also, rendered more striking, by considering that several modern statutes which constitute the offence of treason, provide that it shall work no forfeiture of lands, save only for the life of the offender; and all such modern statutes preserve to the wife of the offender her dower. And in the case of high treason itself, the hereditary punishment of a traitor actually attainted has, during nearly the whole of this century, stood in the statute book tacitly condemned; as a period has been fixed for its cessation, which in the course of nature must in all probability soon arrive.

"We trust, may it please your Majesty, that we have urged reasons of

sufficient weight against the general principles of this bill of injustice and violence, to induce your Majesty, in your known love of justice and uniform regard for the rights of property, to protect these defenceless orphans in the enjoyment of theirs, and to withhold your royal assent from this bill. But, according to the best account which we have been able to obtain of it, it will in the detail of its provisions be found consistent with the violent and oppressive character of its general principles.

"In such a bill, instead of loose, and general, and accumulative terms; instead of recitals of the crimes and convictions and attainders of others; there might have been expected some legal precision and certainty in the description of the treason charged upon the deceased, and at least some clear and distinct specification of the overt acts by which it was manifested and to be proved.

"The bill alleges, that *since* the first of November, 1797, the deceased did commit *several acts of high treason, by conspiring to raise and stir up insurrection and rebellion, and by endeavouring to persuade the enemies of our lord the king* to invade his kingdom of Ireland; and did, *in pursuance of the said treason*, commit *several overt acts, with intent* to depose and dethrone the king, and subvert and overturn the government of his kingdom of Ireland.

"Such legal advice as we have been able to procure has instructed us that this contains no legal description of the crime of high treason. To compass or imagine the death of our lord the king is high treason: to levy war against our lord the king is high treason: to adhere to the enemies of our lord the king is high treason. But *conspiring to raise and stir up insurrection and rebellion*, we are informed, is not a description of high treason; though it may, when properly laid, be charged as an overt act of compassing or imagining the king's death. And *endeavouring to persuade the enemies of our lord the king to invade the kingdom*, we are also informed, is not a description of high treason; though persuading the enemies of our lord the king to invade the kingdom may, when properly laid, be charged as an overt act *of adhering to the king's enemies.*

"But what are the overt acts of what the bill describes as high treason? The deceased '*did, in pursuance of the said treason, commit several overt acts* with intent to depose, etc.' But what these *several overt acts* were, or what *any one of them was*, or where or when committed, this bill of attainder of treason no where informs us; so that the infant children of the deceased were expected to defend their parent against high treason not described by the charge, and of which no overt act was disclosed by the charge; although your petitioners are informed, that to sustain a charge of high treason, the treason itself must be first correctly charged; and next, some act, with the place, time, and other necessary ingredients thereof, by which such treason is demonstrated or made *overt.*

"If it be true, as we have been informed, that no access was permitted to Lord Edward Fitzgerald after he was taken into custody, no measures could have been concerted in his life-time for his defence: still, after his death, his infant children were, it seems, expected to undertake that defence, and had their all at stake on it. And yet they were not

informed by the charge against him what were the overt acts of treason against which they were to defend him.

"Neither does the bill state that any of the facts, alleged as they are against the deceased, have been proved at all; still less which of them, or how, or by what witnesses or evidence, so as to give your Majesty any information to satisfy your Majesty's conscience or judgment; although your Majesty is called upon to be a party to this bill, to sit in judgment upon the dead, and to confiscate the property of the living innocent!

"And whatever confidence in the case of public acts, or in ordinary cases of private acts, your Majesty may constitutionally be expected to place in the proceedings of parliament; yet, when parliament assume these extraordinary functions of judicial magistracy; institute prosecutions of a sort quite unknown to the law, and conduct them on principles utterly repugnant to it; dispose of private rights legally vested in innocent and unoffending persons, whose tender age and incapacity make them peculiar objects of the protection of the law; enact a crime, *ex post facto*, after the death of the alleged criminal, and a confiscation of an inheritance after it is vested, we trust that it will not be thought either unreasonable in itself, or any departure from your Majesty's general confidence in parliament, that a bill of so singular a species, and so terrible an aspect, should not, merely because it has passed the other two branches of the legislature, and without any examination of its principles, allegations, or provisions, receive your Majesty's assent, and obtain the force of law.

"Moreover, Sire, this bill declares forfeited all the real estate which Lord Edward Fitzgerald had on the first of November, 1797; and makes void all transfers of it subsequent to that time, and yet makes no provision out of it for the payment of any of his debts; though from that time to the time of his expiration, several months afterwards, he had the uncontrolled dominion over his property, and may have mortgaged or charged it for money lent, or other valuable consideration; or, without specifically incumbering it, may have contracted specialty debts upon the faith and credit of his possession of it with a known and just title to it. Was it criminal in his creditors to transact with him the ordinary business of life? or what care or caution have they omitted? What prudence or foresight could reveal to them that after the death of their unconvicted debtor, a special act of parliament should, by a post mortem attainder of treason, confiscate his property from a date purely arbitrary and capricious; which property was, at that date and at the time of his death, more than sufficient to enable the lawful owner of it honourably and conscientiously to fulfil all the pecuniary obligations for which it was responsible, or which he had contracted.

"The bill also declares all his personal estate forfeited; and carries that forfeiture back to the first of March, 1798; although by his death unconvicted of any crime, independent of the legal claims of his widow and next of kin, all his creditors, at the time of his death, have a legal claim on his personal estate for the payment of their debts. Yet this bill has no respect to such their claim; nor, which is still more extraordinary, does it even make provision for the payment of his funeral expenses out of his personal estate, so that those who contracted for his funeral

expenses, or furnished the means of his christian burial, are to be added to the number of persons punished by this bill for the performance of an act of decorum and piety,—the decent interment of his remains. It is not improper to be suggested, that between the first of March, 1798, and the time of his death, his personal estate, or some of it, may have been sold and transferred, and the produce appropriated to the fulfilment of his obligations, or expended in the necessary support of himself, his wife, and children. If, for instance, he had any property in the public funds, it may have been sold at the Stock Exchange, and transferred at the Bank, either by himself or by the authority of a letter of attorney, under the existing laws of this country. Yet the bill attempts, at least, to reach all the personal estate of which, on the first of March, 1798, he was possessed, though he died unconvicted, and though, by the law of the land, the forfeiture of personal estate, on conviction for treason, does not relate back to any time previous to *conviction*. 'The forfeiture of goods and chattels,' says Sir William Blackstone, 'has no relation backwards; so that those only which a man has *at the time of conviction* shall be forfeited. Therefore, a traitor, or felon, may bonâ fide sell any of his chattels, real or personal, for the sustenance of himself and family, *between the fact and conviction*; for personal property is of so fluctuating a nature, that it passes through many hands in a short time, and no buyer could be safe if he were liable to return the goods which he had fairly bought, provided any of the prior venders had committed treason or felony.' So that this bill not only enacts a *conviction* of the dead, but gives to that conviction an effect which it would not have had by law, had it actually taken place in his life-time: the bill fixes an arbitrary date, for which no reason is assigned, and which has no reference even to its own fictions, for the forfeiture of the personal estate; refuses to pay for the burial of the dead; takes from vendees and creditors their legal property; makes the deceased, against his will, a fraudulent debtor in his grave, a posthumous insolvent, though he died the lawful owner of a sufficiency of assets, real and personal; defrauds his creditors of the fund out of which they are entitled to be paid, and his widow and next of kin of the surplus to which they are by law entitled.

"All which matters are humbly submitted to your Majesty.

"And may it please your Majesty to prove, as is natural to the known benevolence of your royal mind, the protector of the fatherless children and widow thus desolate and oppressed!—that this unexampled, violent, vindictive and cruel bill, may not be further proceeded in; or, that your Majesty would be pleased to withhold your royal assent from the same.

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

(Signed) "Richmond.
"W. Ogilvie.
"Henry Fitzgerald.
"Charles James Fox.
"Henry Edward Fox.
"Holland."

FROM THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF LEINSTER TO LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

"October, 1798.

"My dearest Henry,

"I send you a copy of the sketch Lord Holland sent me, by Charles Fox's desire, of a petition to the king, desiring him to order the former petition, which arrived too late, to be laid before him, and this, it is proposed, should go along with my letter, of which here is also a copy. We are now in doubt who should present it: my brother offers, if I wish it, to ask an audience of the king, in his closet, and to add his representations of the business, which may not have reached the king's ear. I have written to Lord Holland to consult Charles about it, and also to know from him, if he thinks the Duke of York would do it; and, if he would, whether that is not the best. I mean to write both to the prince and duke for their approbation of it; at any rate, to the first, as a compliment due to his good-nature; to the latter, in hopes that, whether he presents it or not, he may back it, as he has great weight and has always shown much feeling. Did you happen to know that he had actually obtained the delay of the trial I so much dreaded, although he had made me no promise, and only made use of terms of compassion when he listened to me, without engaging to do any thing? God bless you, dear angel, and all at Boyle Farm.

"Ever your affectionate mother,

"E. L."

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"May it please your Majesty,

"The humble petition of Emily, Duchess Dowager of Leinster, wife of William Ogilvie, Esq., and mother of the Right Honourable Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald,

"SHEWETH,

"That an humble petition of the Right Honourable Henry Fitzgerald,

"To your Majesty, against a bill passed by the Parliament of Ireland, and transmitted for your Majesty's royal assent, for among other purposes, the attainder of the said Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., was, on Friday the 28th of September last, delivered into the office of his Grace the Duke of Portland, one of your Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, in order to its being laid before your Majesty, previous to the passing of the said bill. That your petitioner has been informed, that on Wednesday, the 3d day of this month, it was intimated to one of the said petitioners by letter from the Duke of Portland, that the said petition had not reached Weymouth till Saturday morning, the 29th of September last; and that the commission empowering the Lord Lieutenant to give the royal assent to that and other bills had passed the great seal, and had been despatched the preceding evening. That your petitioner, imagining

from the circumstance that the said petition may not have been submitted to your Majesty's consideration, beseeches your Majesty, in the humble hope that the reasons which were offered to your Majesty why the said bill should not pass into a law, may be deemed by your Majesty of sufficient weight to induce your Majesty, as an act of personal grace and favour from your Majesty to the innocent and infant children of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by your Majesty's royal grant to restore to them that property of which they were possessed till the said bill was passed, and of which the said bill has divested them. And which your Majesty's petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc., etc., etc."

The following are the affecting appeals addressed by her Grace to the three Royal Personages mentioned in her letter :—

TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD, FROM THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF LEINSTER [1].

"Sir,

"Your Majesty who has so often honoured me with condescending goodness in the days of my prosperity, will, I am sure, allow me to apply to you in those of my adversity. Family affection has ever been a marked feature in your Majesty's character, and your subjects have contemplated it with pleasure, as flowing from that benevolence of heart to which, in their distresses, they might safely appeal without the fear of being deemed presumptuous. In this persuasion, sir, I flatter myself you will look with pity on an afflicted parent, in the decline of life, bereft of a favourite child, and sympathize in her sorrows. To the will of Heaven my broken heart submits with resignation, and, transferring to the children of my beloved son that anxious tenderness which filled my bosom, so many years, for his happiness and welfare, I fondly hoped, in this occupation, to find some relief for the anguish of my heart. But, sir, what must my wretchedness be, when I find myself robbed of this comfort by a fatal and unexpected blow, depriving these innocent babes of the little patrimony, which, I am informed, was actually theirs on the death of their father, unconvicted of any crime, and which a most extraordinary exertion of the power of parliament has now taken from them.

"I did not join, sir, in a petition which their guardians and some of their family presented to your Majesty, beseeching you not to give your assent to this bill, because that petition went into legal discussions, which it did not become me to enter into; nor do I now presume to say any thing upon the reasons of policy which only could have induced your Majesty to suffer it to pass into a law. No, sir, my hope and confidence is placed in the excellence of your heart. I apply to that benevolence of which your Majesty has the uncontrolled exercise, and of which innocent children are sure to find a friend in your Majesty's breast. Your Majesty's parliament of Ireland, certainly misled in some circumstances

[1] This Letter was presented to his Majesty, in the Closet, by the Duke of Richmond, on the 24th of October, 1798.

which would have come out very differently on a fair trial, has thought proper to exert the utmost stretch of its power; and, however hardly used I must ever think my son and his children have been,—his memory blasted unheard, untried, and unconvicted,—and, in their being selected to forfeit their inheritance for an offence never proved by any law, or in any court of justice, I must submit to what is decided. But may I not hope, sir, when, whether ill or well founded, public vengeance has been satisfied by the forfeiture declared by this act, my ever dear son's life lost, and complicated misery fallen on his unhappy family, that your Majesty's natural feelings of compassion for the distressed may be allowed to operate, and your goodness to flow in favour of these helpless innocents?

"Your Majesty's reign has been marked with many restitutions of property, forfeited in the ordinary course of law by offenders regularly convicted of having actually taken up arms to deprive your Majesty and your family of the crown; and the blessings of thousands, with the approbation of all mankind, have followed these bountiful acts. Even at this moment I am informed the property, with the life, of some, convicted of what my son can only be suspected of,—since he was never tried,—has been preserved by your Majesty's clemency. How, then, can I doubt but that it will be extended to these innocent children, whose property is now in your Majesty's sole disposal? Oh, sir, I never can forget the humanity and kindness of your two sons, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York: with what goodness they attended to my prayer, that they would intercede with your Majesty for that delay in the trial of my son which would give time for heat and prejudice to subside, and ensure real justice. Tears dropped from their eyes while they listened to my complaint; they seemed to take pleasure in repeating to me the assurance of your Majesty's commiseration in my misfortunes, and in soothing my grief with recalling many little circumstances of your Majesty's former goodness to me. The same benevolence still exists, and I trust will restore to my grandchildren their lost property, a gift for which your Majesty will ever have my most fervent prayers for your happiness; which will relieve my poor little ones from want and beggary, and enable my son's executors honourably to pay his debts; but which can in no respect be more gratifying to me, than in the proof it will afford that your Majesty has not entirely withdrawn your protection from a family long and devotedly attached to your person and government.

"But if, contrary to these, I trust, neither unnatural or unreasonable hopes, reasons I cannot presume to judge of should still restrain the first emotion which I am sure your Majesty's heart will feel for unoffending children, let me beseech your Majesty not to suffer their property to be sold or given away to others; from whence, however connected with that of the family, it could never be recovered. Preserve it, sir, unalienated in your own hands, and if their innocence be not a sufficient claim for restitution at this moment, at least, sir, reserve to yourself the godlike power of restoring them to their birthright, if by their duty and loyalty to your Majesty, their respect for the constitution, and obedience to the laws, they should hereafter show themselves deserving

of such a mark of your Majesty's favour; and your Majesty may be assured, as long as I live, I shall think it my duty to see them educated in these principles."

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK, FROM THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF LEINSTER.

"Itchenor, Oct. 20th, 1798.

"Sir,

"The sensibility and sympathy with my affliction that your royal highness showed, when I presumed to request your good offices to obtain such a delay in my son's trial as should have given time to passion and prejudice to subside, have made the deepest impression on my heart, and induces me once more to apply to your royal highness as the friend of wretchedness and distress.

"I have ever venerated that humanity and benevolence that shine so conspicuous in your royal father's character; and to these qualities alone I wish to address an application in favour of the innocent children of my beloved and unfortunate son. I have the honour of enclosing a copy of a letter to his Majesty for your royal highness's perusal; and if your royal highness approve of the contents, I should humbly request your royal highness to have the condescending goodness to deliver it to the king.

"The situation of these helpless children will speak forcibly to your royal highness's feelings. They are children of a soldier and a brave one, who has bled for his king and his country.

"If I durst presume to offer any vindication of my dear unfortunate son's conduct, it should be an appeal to your royal highness if any officer was more prodigal of his blood, more devoted to his Majesty, and more zealous in his duty, than my brave son, while he had the honour of serving his Majesty, and until his Majesty was unfortunately advised to remove him from that service. Need I add, sir, that a sentence of death would have been an act of mercy to a man of his spirit? But for that fatal measure, my valuable son might either be, now, a living ornament to his profession, and I a happy mother, or I should have had the consolation of his having fallen gloriously fighting for his king and his country. Alas, how much reason have I to complain! But he never imputed any blame to his Majesty; and freely forgave his advisers, though he strongly felt that the treatment was unmerited, and it consequently made a deep and indelible impression on his mind,—even insensibly to himself, as he never would allow it had any affect on his conduct.

"But, sir, when a man who for years had enjoyed a pension from his Majesty's bounty, and who was executed in actual rebellion, has not been included in the bill of attainder, may I not hope that your royal highness will find a favourable moment to represent to his Majesty the difference of my son's case? whose services were not only unrewarded but rejected, and he deprived of the honour of serving in a profession to which he was devoted by inclination and duty.

"I hope it will not appear to your royal highness as if I complained

that the name of the unfortunate man to whom I allude had not been inserted in the bill of attainder.—God forbid : I state it only as a striking proof of partiality in the framers and advisers of this bill, which would alone justify an act of grace from his Majesty.

" Another circumstance I would presume to state as an alleviation and by no means as an excuse for my son,—that whatever his objects and views might have been as to the independence of Ireland, it appears clearly, from the reports of the Irish parliament, that he was the person who prevented the French from sending a large army into Ireland, and resisted the idea of subjecting it to France. So that I hope he might have been betrayed into the fatal error stated in the reports, of thinking that Irish independence was not incompatible with a connexion with Great Britain.

" In humble reliance on your royal highness's goodness, I will venture to mention another circumstance. In the report of the Irish House of Lords, great stress is laid on a plan, said to have been found among my son's papers, for the attack of the City of Dublin. That paper was found on the 12th of March; and a few days after, an armourer who worked in the Ordnance-yard in the Castle of Dublin, on hearing it talked of, went to the Under-Secretary of State and desired to see the plan, which, when shown to him, he acknowledged to be his, and that he had sent it, anonymous, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and, being asked his reasons for so doing, said, because he understood Lord Edward was a good engineer, and curious in those matters. The plan is not mentioned in the report of the House of Commons drawn up by Lord Castlereagh, who knew the circumstances. I will leave your royal highness to decide, if they could have been unknown to the committee of the House of Lords.

" I fear I have trespassed too long on your royal highness's patience by entering into the detail of particulars, that from my anxiety may have appeared to me as favourable; but, after all, sir, I confess to your royal highness, that my whole dependence and hope of success for my petition is in the goodness of the king's heart, and in his majesty's compassionate feeling for my unoffending innocent grand-children, and, I trust, I shall not be mistaken.

" I have the honour to be, sir,
" Most gratefully and dutifully,
" Your royal highness's
" Obedient servant,
(Signed) " E. Leinster."

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES, FROM THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF LEINSTER.

" Itchenor, Oct. 20, 1798.

" Sir,

" Never, to the last hour of my life, will the remembrance be effaced from my grateful heart of your royal highness's humane participation of the distress by which it was torn, and of the dreadful anxiety that filled

my mind in those sad moments. Complicated horrors have since that time overtaken me, and I was destined to feel the severest shock that could befall my declining age. Sunk, as I now am, in the depth of misery and sorrow, I must still reflect with pleasure on the excellence of that nature which promises blessings to so many thousands, and in which, I am certain, I shall find an advocate for the cause of the helpless innocents, in whose favour I have ventured, with submission, to address his majesty, whose goodness and benevolence have ever been conspicuous. From these virtues, sir, I form a strong hope that my application may not be unsuccessful; and I have taken the liberty, sir, which I hope your royal highness will forgive, of inclosing a copy of my letter for your royal highness's perusal, and, I hope, for your approbation.

"From my dependence on your royal highness's goodness to me, I confess my first idea was to request your royal highness would do me the honour to present my letter to the king yourself; but, on reflection, it struck me as too great a presumption, and besides that, being limited in time, as it must be presented before Wednesday next, I thought it might not be convenient to your royal highness if it had otherwise been proper. I have, therefore, ventured to address this request to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, encouraged by the great kindness and condescension his royal highness showed me on a former occasion. And I hoped that his royal highness might feel an additional interest in the fate of my beloved and unfortunate son, from the circumstance of his having been a soldier, and his having distinguished himself as a brave and gallant officer, until his majesty was unfortunately advised to remove him from his service; and from that hour I date all his misfortunes and my own everlasting misery.

"But I will no longer distress your royal highness's feelings by dwelling on this subject, which drew tears from your eyes the last time I had the honour of seeing you—tears never to be forgot. Allow me then, sir, to hope that the same benevolence will operate in favour of my unhappy little grand-children; to your favour and protection permit me to recommend them; and confiding in your goodness, my heart will be eased of much of its present anguish, and I shall look towards their welfare in this world with some degree of comfort. With sentiments, etc., etc., I have the honour to be, etc., etc.,

"Your royal highness's, etc., etc.,

(Signed) "E. Leinster."

The letter that follows, though containing nothing upon the subject of the Attainder, I insert solely for the sake of its remarks on the Orange party in Ireland; remarks which unluckily,—from the singular sameness of wrong that pervades the whole history of that unhappy country, giving to periods, however remote from each other, contemporary features,—are almost as applicable at the moment I transcribe them, as on the day when they were written.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"Celbridge, 26th October, 1798.

"My dear Brother,

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"Our rebellion seems lulled by Sir J. Warren's most gallant conduct. I trust in God it will melt away in consequence of softer measures, which alone take off the energy of resistance. That *justice* is *intended* by Lord Cornwallis, every day affirms, but that it has not been executed you will see a striking instance of in a court martial, held in Dublin on a yeoman, named Woolaghan, and two others, Charles and James Fox, for the murder of a man who had been believed a rebel, but was then sick, and perfectly quiet. Lord Cornwallis's order in consequence of this court martial has enraged all the Orange party, who talk of him in the most contemptuous terms; and no wonder at their rage, for we are too much used to *murder,* alas! to let the murder of this sick man make much impression—'what signifies a rascally rebel?'—But it records in the most public manner, that in most of the yeomanry corps it was an understood thing that they were to go out, without their officers, in no less number than nine (for their own safety), and shoot whomever they *thought* or *suspected* to be rebels, and not to bring them in prisoners.

"Will people still shut their eyes to truth? will they not see that *such* is not the way to conciliate his majesty's subjects, or to wean them from the strong passions that have so formidably armed half the nation against the other?—Deceived by wicked, cunning men, the passions of the spirited and most courageous have been worked upon to a degree of enthusiasm, which government have kept up by the cruel fuel of deliberate barbarities, under the injured name of loyalty,—a name, which has been as much perverted by government, as that of liberty has by republicans.

"I am in hopes Lord Cornwallis's *evident* displeasure will, by being so public, induce a semblance of humanity, at least, if it does not reign in their hearts; for their cruelty will not take such terrible long strides in face of day; and the oppressed in private may *now* venture to discover their sufferings, from some hope of justice."

The Act of Attainder, as it regarded Lord Edward, is known to have been considered, by the Irish government themselves, as a measure which could not be defended upon legal or constitutional grounds, but which had been rendered necessary, they thought, by the state of the country, and as a means of striking terror into the disaffected. No sooner, therefore, had they, in their own opinion, attained this object, than a disposition to relax into a humaner policy showed itself. The first great object of Lord Edward's relatives, after the enactment of the bill, was to secure the property of his infant heirs from passing into other hands; and in this the friendly zeal of Lord Clare, as will be seen by the following letter, most readily seconded them.

FROM THE EARL OF CLARE TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

" Mount Shannon, May 18th, 1799.

"My dear Sir,

" Your letter was put into my hands a very few days since, on the bench of the Court of Chancery, and I inquired in vain for Mr. Leeson, whom you announced as the bearer of it. I have been enabled to get down here for a very few days, during the recess of parliament, and shall return to town in the course of the next week.

" Before I had the honour of hearing from you, Lady Louisa Conolly had written to me on the same subject, and I did immediately mention to her, that the only opening which is left for the children of Lord Edward is an appeal to the bounty of the crown. I understood from the Duke of Richmond, last autumn, that the Duchess of Leinster had presented a memorial to the king in behalf of the poor little children, and that seems to be the only course which can be pursued. Immediately on receiving Lady Louisa's letter, I spoke to Lord Castlereagh to give directions to the Attorney-General, not to take any decisive step for seizing the estate until full time should be given for an appeal to the crown, and I make no doubt that Lord Castlereagh has done it. I also recommended to Lady Louisa to apply to Lord Cornwallis to the same effect. This, she told me, she would do by a letter, of which she would make me the bearer, and whenever I receive it from her, you may be assured I will lose no time in delivering it, and that nothing shall be wanting on my part in seconding her application.

" I have the honour to be,

" My dear sir, very truly,

" Your faithful, humble servant,

" Clare."

The history of this small property may be thus briefly, and, as regards the gentleman who was the chief means of saving it to the family, honourably stated. Lord Clare having, with the approbation of government, allowed the estate to be sold in Chancery,—under the foreclosure of a mortgage to which the Attorney-General was made a party,—Mr. Ogilvie became the purchaser of it for 10,500*l.*; and having, by his good management of the property, succeeded in paying off the mortgage and the judgment debts, he had the satisfaction, at the end of a few years, of seeing the estate restored to its natural course of succession, by settling it upon Lord Edward's son and his heirs for ever.

At the end of the year 1799, Lady Louisa Conolly and Mr. Ogilvie made their first application to the Irish government for a Reversal of the Attainder against Lord Edward, and received assurances from Lord Cornwallis and Lord Clare, that it was the intention of government, should the Union be carried, to propose a General Bill of Indemnity, as the first measure of the United Parliament, in which Bill the Repeal of Lord Edward's attainder should be incorporated. A change of ministry, however, taking place before the meeting of the first Union Parliament,

these contemplated measures fell to the ground; and though every succeeding Irish administration was friendly to the Repeal, it was deemed expedient to defer applying for it till a general peace, when a hope was held out that no obstacle would be interposed to the exercise of the Royal Prerogative in recommending this Act of Grace.

It had been the wish nearest the heart of the venerable mother of Lord Edward to see the attaint removed from the blood of her beloved son, before she died; and being denied this happiness, the last injunction she laid upon Mr. Ogilvie was, that he should spare no pains in accomplishing this, her darling object. The task could not be placed in more efficient hands. Besides the sacredness of this last request, and the affectionate interest he had ever taken in all that related to his favourite, Edward, the resources of this gentleman's vigorous and well-informed mind fitted him eminently for any task where there were difficulties to be surmounted.

After the failure of the hope held out by Lord Clare, the accession of the Prince of Wales to the Regency opened the first fair prospect of success for any application to the government on this subject,—his Royal Highness having, in the most gracious manner, assured the Duchess of Leinster that "he would, as soon as he had the power, recommend the Repeal of the Act of Attainder." It does not appear, however, to have been till the year 1815 that the performance of this promise was taken seriously into contemplation. The proposal of the Repeal was then about to be brought forwards, under the sanction of government, when, in consequence of the relanding of Napoleon in France, it was thought advisable, by Lord Castlereagh, that the measure should be postponed.

As soon as the excitement and alarm of this event had passed away, Mr. Ogilvie again renewed his application to the government, and, in the ensuing year, the following appeal, marked with all the noble simplicity of her fine character, was addressed by Lady Louisa Conolly to the Prince Regent:—

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT, FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY.

"Sir,

"Your Royal Highness's goodness to my family on many occasions has invariably left a sense of gratitude on my part, which I hope I am incapable of ever forgetting; but, in one instance (on a very heart-breaking occasion), it was shown with such tenderness and benevolence of heart to my beloved sister, Leinster, at the unhappy period of 1798, that I cannot look back to it without my heart filling at the recollection of the consolation that it afforded her, under the severe pressure of her grief.

"Your Royal Highness then told her, that you would not forget the little boy Edward:—he was not then four years old. She thanked your Royal Highness, and happily lived to see that gracious promise fulfilled, by your Royal Highness's appointment of him to a commission in the Tenth, where your Royal Highness's countenance and protection were sufficient

to silence the unpleasant circumstances attached to his situation; and I trust he has not proved unworthy of that goodness, which my dear sister was sensible of to the last moment of her existence. She had but one more object for that cherished grandson, who had succeeded his unfortunate father in her affections—and this was the Repeal of the Attainder;—her heart was set upon it, and she repeatedly spoke to Mr. Ogilvie and me (should she not live to see it accomplished) never to lose sight of it.

"In humble supplication, as her deputy, I now take the liberty of addressing your Royal Highness, hoping that some circumstances which I have to relate may not appear unworthy of attention. The late Lord Clare, whose kindness I must ever bear the strongest testimony to, often told me that he thought the thing might be done; but, after restoring the property (which the plea of debt sanctioned him to do immediately), he advised the not agitating the question of Attainder until the Union would present a fair opportunity for bringing it forward. Lord Cornwallis and Lord Clare both told me, that, at the meeting of the first Union Parliament, they 'expected the two countries to shake hands,' and to bring in a general Bill of Indemnity for consigning to oblivion all animosities.

"From a variety of circumstances, these hopes have not been realized, and the Attainder still remains on an innocent individual, whose profession and principles, I can venture to say, place him in the rank of a true, loyal subject, such as I hope he will ever be considered by your Royal Highness, and that a gracious boon will now remove the unmerited stains he still lies under.

"The presumption of this address to your Royal Highness, from a person so long retired from the world as I have been, would be an unwarrantable liberty, if I did not trust to that indulgence of character which I am persuaded will induce your Royal Highness to forgive one who is, with most unfeigned respect,

"Your Royal Highness's truly grateful and
"Most obedient, humble servant,
"L. Conolly."

Again was the object of Mr. Ogilvie's anxious pursuit thwarted and delayed, nor was it till three years after, that, chiefly through the kind offices of Lord Liverpool, whose conduct on the occasion reflects the highest honour upon him, he was able to effect his great object. In the year 1819, the Attainder was repealed. The reasons advanced on behalf of the Petitioner on this occasion were the same in substance with those brought forward in 1798; but the following note from Lord Liverpool to Mr. Ogilvie contains the two points on which the justice of the case chiefly turned:—

"Fife House, 24th June, 1819.

"Lord Liverpool presents his compliments to Mr. Ogilvie, and is very desirous, upon communication with others, that it should be stated in the Preamble to the inclosed Bill, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was not convicted of High Treason upon trial during his life, and that the Bill of Attainder originated and was passed after his death.

"Lord L. believes these facts to be true; and, if they are, they should be inserted in the Preamble, in order that an inconvenient precedent may not be made.

"If Mr. Ogilvie will send Lord L. the Bill, altered as proposed, he will then obtain the Prince Regent's signature to it, which is necessary previous to its being presented to the House of Lords."

The case of Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, was, on this as on the former occasion, referred to, as an historical precedent for the Act of Grace which the petitioner prayed for; and the close parallel which (as I have already remarked at the beginning of this work) is to be found between Lord Edward's story and that of his unfortunate ancestor, Lord Thomas, is thus pointed out in one of the documents prepared to be submitted to the House of Lords, in 1819:—

The Case of Gerald, 9th Earl of Kildare.

He had been for many years employed by Henry VIII as his deputy in Ireland. By his vigorous administration he had made many enemies, who, by misrepresentation, excited the King's jealousy; and he was called to England to answer the charges against him, which he did when examined before the Privy Council; but he was committed to the Tower to wait the King's pleasure. He died in the Tower on the 12th December, 1534, and was buried in the chapel, as appears by an inscription on his coffin found many years afterwards.

His death is said to have been caused by grief, at hearing that his son Thomas, whom he had left his vice-deputy, had been induced to resist Lord Gray, who had been sent over by the King as his deputy.

After various conflicts, Lord Thomas was defeated and taken prisoner at Drogheda, in 1535, by Lord Gray, who sent him and his five uncles, two of whom had only been in arms, to England. They were tried and all executed for high treason, on the 2d February, 1535. And in a Parliament, held in Ireland in 1537, an Act of Attainder, 28th Henry VIII, c. 1, was passed against Gerald, Earl of Kildare, his son, Thomas, and two of the uncles, and others.

The Case of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Lord Edward entered into the army during the American war, and served under the Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Rawdon and General O'Hara, with great distinction, having been promoted to the rank of major, in 1783; but, in the year 1792, was dismissed the service by a letter from the Secretary at War. The causes that led to this measure are known to their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and the Duke of York; and were of a political nature.

In the month of March, 1798, 14 individuals were arrested at a meeting in Dublin, with their papers, by a government warrant, charged with treasonable practices, and committed to prison. And a proclamation was issued for apprehending Lord Edward Fitzgerald, charged as their accomplice. On the 25th of May, Lord Edward was apprehended, after resistance, mortally wounded, and committed to prison, where he died of his wounds on the 4th of June. About this period, insurrections had taken place in several parts of Ireland, which were suppressed by the King's troops. And on the restoration of tranquillity, two acts were passed by the Irish Parliament. The one an act of indemnity and pardon to the 14 ringleaders apprehended in March; and the other, an act of attainder against the late Lord Edward, their associate, and two other men who had been made prisoners at the Battle of Wexford, tried by a court-martial, condemned and executed.

Gerald, now eldest son of the late earl, being pursued by the King, fled to the continent, where he served under the Duke of Florence, and was eminently distinguished.

On the death of Henry he was recalled by his son, Edward VI, and restored to all his family estates and honours.

In the 1st and 2d of Philip and Mary, letters patent were issued renewing all the grants made by Edward VI, and confirmed by an Irish Act of Parliament, the 3d and 4th of Philip and Mary, c. 2, s. 5. And further, on a petition from Gerald, his brother and sister, to Queen Elizabeth, to be restored to their blood, an act was passed by the parliament of Ireland, the 11th of Elizabeth, Session 4, c. 2, entitled An Act to restore Gerald, Earl of Kildare, his brother and sisters, to their blood.

Edward, only son of Lord Edward, was in his third year at the time of his father's death. He was brought up by his grandmother, the late Duchess of Leinster; educated at Eton and Marlow; and before the age of 16, called to his Majesty's service by H. R. H. the Prince Regent, who appointed him a cornet in his own regiment, in which he served during the war in Portugal, Spain, and France, till the peace in 1814, honoured by the approbation of the Duke of Wellington, and rewarded by his R. H. raising him to the rank of captain in his own regiment before he had attained the age of 21.

Lord Edward's small property was mortgaged;—the mortgagee foreclosed. The estate was sold in Chancery, and purchased for 10,500*l.*, by William Ogilvie, Esq., who has conveyed it to Captain Fitzgerald, charged with 4,000*l.* to his two sisters. Captain Fitzgerald and his sisters have presented a petition to his R. H. the Prince Regent, praying for an act of grace, which his R. H. has been pleased to receive graciously, and to recommend to the Earl of Liverpool.

The prayer of the petition is, to recommend to Parliament to pass a bill similar to the 11th Elizabeth, Session 4, c. 2, to restore Captain Edward Fitzgerald and his sisters to their blood.

The conduct of the Prince Regent, in recommending this act of generous justice, received for its reward two as flattering and honourable tributes as sovereign has ever won from independent minds,—namely, a declaration from Lord Holland, in the House of Lords, "that it was the act of a wise, gracious, and high-minded Prince," and the following laudatory verses from the pen of Lord Byron:—

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days,
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?

Were it not easy, Sir, and is 't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,—
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

It had been my intention, from among the papers with which the kindness of several friends has intrusted to me, to select a good many more illustrative of the general state of Ireland, during the period to which the chief part of these volumes refers. The documents relating, however, to the Attainder have occupied so much space, as to leave no room but for the two letters and extract that follow: —

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER [1] TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES FOX.

"An opportunity of sending you a letter by a private hand happens to occur, and I take advantage of it, my dear Charles, merely to indulge myself in the satisfaction of conversing with you, *sans gêne*, upon the present state of politics in both countries, as they affect each individual now too nearly not to make politicians of us all. I certainly care most about Ireland, for whose salvation I had a gleam of hope when it was with good reason known to our family that the prince's coming over was in the balance for a moment. Had it taken place, the *éclat* of his situation, manners, and good-will, would have served for an excuse to many, and a reason to others, to join an administration that was independent of Pitt, and had Lord Moira for minister, whose honour is too strict not to win over millions to trust him; and 'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which,' etc., etc.

"Such a period we *had*, and it is lost;—but still I vainly flattered myself it would be resumed (though late and less effectually), when the M. grew frightened at the blackening storm; but now I despair of success in that line, for the prince seems to have caught the royal distemper; unsteady weakness seizes him at the most important instant of his life, and he timidly withdraws from the active scene the times had so evidently pointed out to him. This appears from the papers saying 'the prince withdrew when the question was put'—for I know nothing else as yet of the cause, and am anxiously hoping it may be better explained; but now it is a mere milk and water conduct, and not only because the happy moment is lost do I regret it, but who can hereafter depend on his steadiness? What a prospect to us all who hate a republic, as a bad government for these kingdoms, and because we know that even absolute monarchy is better, and a limited monarchy just what is best of all for us! What are we to do? are we to fight for a cause the head of which won't support itself? and yet—what an alternative! must

[1] In this letter, her ladyship, it will be seen, had no further share than that of acting as amanuensis to her husband.

There is no date to the letter, but it must have been written shortly after the expedition of the French to Bantry Bay; at which time, Plowden says, "Catholic emancipation and temperate reform were again confidentially spoken of, and Lord Camden, whose administration was pledged to resist these two questions, it was generally expected, would immediately resign. These flattering prospects were encouraged by the then prevailing reports that the Prince of Wales had offered his services to the king to go to Ireland in quality of Lord Lieutenant, with Lord Moira as Commander in Chief. The power of the Irish junta, however, prevailed; the system of coercion preponderated; and the offer even of the heir-apparent to the crown to attempt the conciliation of the Irish people was rejected."

we join rebels and republicans, quite, quite contrary to our feelings and sentiments? No, surely. What then? We must fall the martyrs to our principles and our opinions with our eyes open. This is sad, but I for my own part feel it a necessary duty to myself never to swerve from what I think right because it 's convenient. If all Britain insisted on a republic, like France, then I would not oppose them, though I would never join; but if only a part do, then civil war must exist, and includes all misery, to honest men first, and to rogues in the end. This is my creed;—consequently I lament from my heart and soul the failure of the prince's courage, for *s'il avait de l'étoffe*, much might still be made of it. I like him, nay, love him so much, I hate to think him wrong, but I cannot be blind to the errors of my dearest friends, though I can forgive them; and, if it is true, where else are we to look for a plan of support for this poor country? For God's sake, dear Charles, think of it more seriously than just to make it a parliamentary debate. Plan something, and plan in time. I am sure there are many people willing, and a few able, to try to put it into force, but here all is a chaos of self-interest, spite, distrust, and no plan whatever.

"Yet a plan *might* be made use of to strike all parties with its merits. The trial at least would be made, and if it failed, your mind would receive comfort from having attempted the salvation of a whole people by trying to avert a civil war. By a plan I mean you to point out what should be done and undone, and who should do it. I know that a very sensible plan of this sort was written, and sent to the prince; but it is too vague, and, besides, I so well know its author that one day he is be-chancellor'd, another be-Ponsonby'd, another persuaded to believe every thing by a third party, and so on; from such vacillation, what plan can be attended to? I know that there must be *une bonne bouche pour chaque chef, car tout homme a son prix*:— show will do for some, vanity for others, a secret for a third, a job for a fourth, honour for a fifth, and doing good is a sure loadstone to all men of principle, if you can convince them it is *do-able*, which truly, in these times, requires your genius to discover, your eloquence to persuade. But if you are really persuaded, that if such and such engines could all move together, it would save Ireland, why not try? I have no opinion whatever of any politicians here (by the way, when I am such an egotist, pray understand that I speak the opinions of wiser heads than mine, in my own nam, for shortness;—for *me*, individual *me*, am nobody in this letter). Government people are so *Pitted*, that they 've the insolence to say, 'Yes, it 's all very true, we are undone, and by our own faults; but now the case is so desperate, you see there is but one remedy, to join hand and heart fairly to rescue us from the impending ruin, for to find fault now is only increasing the evil.' In short, the plain English, is 'I ruined you, I lied, and cheated you; but trust me again, and I will try to save you, though I own I don't see how.' You know the answer to that between individuals would be a kick, *tout uniment*, and a new man taken (and, methinks, Mr. Pitt is getting it); but here we have nobody fit to give the kick, though plenty fit to take it.

* * * * * * * *

"Our near connexions would do very well as kings with viceroys over

them, for that's their foible; they like to be thought the leaders, but both equally dread to be so, because they feel themselves unequal to it, and won't own it; but both love you, and would delight to follow you, if they understood you. But the difficulty is to prevent their falling into the mistakes their *soi-disant* friends wished to lead them into. In short, opposition is (to apply the old allusion), 'a perfect rope of sand.' As to the great men of power, all is centred in the chancellor, the speaker, and the secretary. As for poor dear Lord Camden, *c'est la bonhomie personnifiée;* but as he has no will of his own, he can never do here. The C. and S. are the very devil in obstinacy about the catholics, and will never shrink; all the rest of their tribe would kiss *your* toe, even if you were in power to-morrow, and of course would kiss the Pope's, if it suited them. Lord Charlemont would be glad of an excuse to relinquish his former anti-catholic violence at least—in every thing else he is right. The Beresfords, like moles, would work under ground, but a few civil things and a few places would cool them. In short, if a plan was formed, and known only to Lord Moira, who is the lord-lieutenant I want, and to a very, very few indeed besides him, and if it was suddenly to be put into execution, it would so amaze the United Irishmen that half their forces would insensibly leave them: for, I believe you may rely on it, that it is only because government has driven them to the brink, that they wish to jump in, and that they would rejoice to have ample room to recover from the danger. As for all dirty placemen and runners, I would make *main basse* of them all, even if you picked them up hereafter; they should do penance first; and the few honourable and good placemen I know, of which there do exist a few, would gladly join you, and serve you well, if your advice came through the medium of such a man as Lord Moira to enforce it.

"There must soon happen some crisis here. Our king sends millions to slaughter, and yet we cannot, in common sense, wish his crown to fall and to belong to a republic of tyrants, as all republics are. Our prince, whose eyes are open to the impending danger, says he will try to save us, and shrinks at the moment he ought to act. The ministers drive us to perfect ruin in England, and rebellion here; and when they are detected, and driven from their power, you, to whose honest conduct and good sense the power will devolve, will complete our destruction by leaving such dangerous animals loose among us, to work up democracy to its maddest state, to head their party, and hurl the king and the royal family from the throne, and sacrifice your life because you saved theirs. Perhaps you will say, 'I grant this, but I had rather they were murderers than me. I will do my duty, and, if I fall, I cannot help it.' But, dearest Charles, think well what is the duty of the minister of a great country. Is justice to be out of the question? Is the example given to future ministers, not to lavish the lives, fortunes, and happiness of subjects, to go for nothing? and are not a few lives better to sacrifice than millions of innocent persons? Weigh this well, and do not undertake being minister, if you have not firmness to do all its duties. Perhaps you think me bloody-minded,—I do not feel myself so, when I see, on one hand, four or five men tried, condemned, and executed, by the most fair trial,—and on the other, a field of battle, a country

burned and wasted with fire, sword, and famine. These are serious times, full of events, and you should poise your conduct with them.

" To return to Ireland: I hope you know that nobody can be believed about its state, for every body is more or less deceived by the United Irishmen,—*c'est un bruit sourd, mais sûr,* and all we can rely on is that it exists. To form a calculation from the different accounts I hear,—I leave out all reports from the clergy, from the magistrates, from government people,—I only reckon the reports of military men of reason on the *facts,* that have come before them, and thus it stands. In the North about 70,000 men, chiefly armed with pikes, many muskets and guns, some ammunition, a captain, lieutenant, and serjeant to each troop or district, who report to private committees, and they to the general committee at Belfast. As soon as any are suspected, they offer themselves as yeomen, take the oath of allegiance, and are quiet. Parties of banditti are employed to collect arms and annoy people; if they fall, it 's no loss; if they bring them, it's a gain. The catholics of the South are desirous to avail themselves of the times to abolish tithes and nothing else; the presbyterians of the North look to more. Reform is the handle, and much too plausible to be condemned; but how is it possible any persons in their senses can expect an efficacious or just reform to arrive in an instant upon an insurrection, unless it was planned, and in the hands of a set of men whose abilities, power, and riches could give them weight? No such set seems to exist. There is not one military genius among them (I don't except even O'Connor's friend, who knows less than he is supposed to do). *That* you will say is easily got from France, which is fertile in them; but a stranger will make no figure with the Paddies at home, for every Paddy will direct, and not one obey; so that I do not at all despair of conquering the *Monscheers* and the 70,000 Paddies all at once, if we had but a general of sense, instead of 40 without it,—or rather a general that the troops loved and trusted; and I know none so fit for that as Lord Moira, who would lead them to certain conquest, if we ever have the misfortune to want to fight our own countrymen. But, I repeat it again and again, his name would disarm the North, and he can never come in any way, but as lord-lieutenant, or minister to the prince, commander-in-chief, under him alone. Why did you let the Duke of York get such false notions about the catholics? for, if he was right about them, he would do here, though not near so well as the prince. Give us but a showy royal lord-lieutenant for the mob, and Lord Moira for the business, and we will soon find the men and the money in Ireland to save it, and we won't ask you for one Englishman. A few Scotch regiments are useful, because they are so very steady, manageable, and active; but Paddy wants only an example of good discipline to follow it, —if their officers would let them, whose fault all irregularity is,—for the men are excellent; but a commander-in-chief who knew his business would soon set that to rights. Adieu. I dare not make the smallest attempt to excuse what is, I believe, inexcusable, for I have let my imagination run on to suppose you a magician, who have only to wave your wand, and bring us peace and happiness."

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"1797.

* * * * * * *

"In summer last, upon government finding that an invasion was probable, they began to consider what defence might be necessary. Lord Carhampton is our neighbour, and, without living much together, we have every intercourse of neighbourly society, and Colonel Napier has taken a great liking to him, because he is a plain-dealing, frank character, and extremely active and good-natured in doing justice to all about him. He is an unpopular man, and has been cruelly injured in his character, in the very instance where he deserved the highest praise. From his taking a good deal to Colonel Napier, the sentiments of the latter never were one moment a secret from Lord Carhampton, and it is requisite to explain this before I tell you, that, in the month of August last, Lord Carhampton, meeting Colonel Napier in the streets, said, 'You are the very man I want;' then, taking him in private, gave a full account of the state of Ireland, saying, 'What we want is a man of science, of judgment, of honour, and honesty, and who will not allow of jobs, to examine the country, and tell us what places are fittest to strengthen, how to do it, what it will cost without a job, and still less without absurd savings in things of importance; and a man whose perseverance will see the thing concluded as it ought. You are the very man to do all this; but you have such scruples and delicacies about men and places, that we must understand one another first. Take notice, it is no favour we do you, it is *you* do us one, for we want such men as you. If you will undertake this, you will have the common pay, and your expenses paid.' Colonel Napier instantly answered, 'Nothing is so easy as to understand me: first, I feel excessively flattered, and obliged to your lordship, for the manner of this offer, and, whatever comes of it, I shall always be grateful for the confidence you repose in me; as to politics, you know I hold Mr. Pitt to be the bane of his country, and of course could never utter a falsehood and praise him; but never did I for a moment hesitate to follow the duties of my profession, which I hold too high by far ever to subject them to political opinions. The country, you say, is in danger. I am ready and happy to serve it, if in my power. I want no place or emolument, and, if you chuse it, I will go directly to such places as you point out, and make my report to you for your private use.' 'Oh no,' cried Lord Carhampton, 'I want to employ you; it is a shame such a man should not be employed in these times, when they are so much wanted. May I name you to the Lord-Lieutenant?'—'Will you be so kind as to give me a short time, to write over for leave from the Duke of York? As there is no actual fighting here, he might think I wished to evade the West Indies, and I hold it my duty to avoid no service whatever, and, being under his command, I wish to write.' 'Do so.' It was done, and Lord Carhampton, who was at that time getting himself made Commander-in-Chief (unknown to us), was some time before he sent for Colonel Napier. When he did, it appeared that the

Adjutant-General here, a very remarkable good officer, had, without letting us know of it, proposed Colonel Napier as a most useful officer to government; and, when the different people each found their protégé to be one and the same person, you will allow it was a flattering way thus *se trouver sur les rangs sans le savoir.* The moment the French fleet was seen, of course he sent in his name to ask for service, and was ordered to head-quarters, where he was trusted, consulted, and employed. His nature is such, that the idea of service animates him, and wholly absorbs his thoughts, in order to leave nothing undone or unthought of that may be necessary. When one sees a person very dear to one appearing in their element,—all activity in a good and useful cause,—don't you, dear brother, comprehend the spirit it gives one? I declare I forgot it was *war;* I only thought it was duty, and not a cloud came across me, to check his ardour in the occupation he was engaged in of calculating the things absolutely wanted to take the field and defend posts. In the midst of all this, what was your astonishment to find Lord Carhampton fly out into the most petulant, peevish attack on Colonel Napier, for saying, in the course of conversation, that 'the war was calamitous and ruinous.' Every soul was in amazement at the strangeness of the attack, and glad to hear Colonel Napier show the proper spirit of a man conscious of his own integrity, loyalty, and honour. Indeed, to do Lord Carhampton justice, he seemed sorry he had given way to this *moment d'humeur,* for at first we thought it nothing else; and thinking so, Colonel Napier told him fairly, that, as his want of confidence put an end to all pleasure in serving under him, he should undoubtedly resign his place, at any other period, but, with an enemy on our coasts, it was no time to allow private feelings to interfere, and he should do his duty *without* pleasure equally well as *with* it—but certainly without *pay,* and would take nothing for it. Here it might have ended;—Colonel Napier would have gone, and returned soon, and nothing more said: but, for some reason, still a mystery, though nearly guessed at by us, the next day Lord Carhampton sent for him, and, changing his ground entirely, put it on the most curious reasoning of which the following is the meaning:—'I, Commander-in-chief, acknowledging that your merit as an officer may be of essential service, respecting you in my private capacity to the highest degree, do notwithstanding decline recommending you for service *in the north,*—but not in the *south,* where I request you to go with me; and my reason is, that you say conciliatory measures are preferable to coercion *there,* and will answer the purpose; and therefore I should affront Lord Londonderry and Lord Castlereagh, by sending an officer to any part of the north that held *a language different from theirs.* Not that I doubt your loyalty the least, but *we are determined to use coercion only.* Consider, I am only an insignificant part of an administration, and must follow their system.' This was so true, that what could Colonel Napier do, but bow and assent to his lorship's assertion of his own insignificance? and there it ended."

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PAMPHLET, ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

"From any distant retrospects as between these two countries I most willingly abstain, wishing as I do in the sincerity of my heart to press no claim, and to speak no language inconsistent with the kindest spirit of conciliation and amity. Whatever of harshness may have happened in distant times has passed away; the actors and the sufferers are no more, and their resentments ought to lie buried with them. It might have been hoped that the great compact of 1782, by which Ireland pledged herself, upon the express condition of 'equal liberty,' to abide and partake a common destiny, standing or falling, with Great Britain (vain and fond expectation!) would have been infrangible and immortal. Little did that illustrious man [1], whose filial piety had raised the liberty of his native land from the tomb of ages,—little did he foresee that, in eighteen short years, it would be his sad fortune to see the triumphal car exchanged for the hearse, and to see her once more consigned to the darkness of the grave. But so her fate was written; and such the destiny of the dearest of her children; and he has lived to read the inscription upon her monument in the Act of Union. But, perhaps, sir, I ought to ask pardon; I ought not to repine at those inscrutable decrees which ordain that nations shall be mortal as the men that compose them.

"To come down, therefore, calmly to this last epoch of Ireland: if that measure had our free assent, and was really a compact, if there be such a thing upon earth as moral obligation, the terms of that compact should have been exactly performed. If, by the remorseless subornation of a treacherous and perfidious venality, to which the records of human turpitude can produce no parallel, it was forced upon us, how soft ought to be the sympathy of England, and how ardent her wish to indemnify us for our sufferings, and to reconcile us to our fortune? Sir, I feel I am warranted in asserting, that the assent of the catholics of Ireland, which was so laboriously solicited, was obtained upon the express promise of their perfect emancipation; and that promise was violated with that noble contempt of good faith, with which almost every minister preserves his power in defiance of his honour, and prosecutes the vulgar libeller who dares to say that he is a villain. But, sir, if that measure was in fact forced upon us, be pleased to look at the change which we have suffered. From the stature of an independent nation, legislating for herself, exercising that right, without which liberty is but a name, of deciding upon what occasion and to what extent she ought to tax herself, she has sunk to the dimensions of a province, degraded from the rank, and even the name, of a nation, and depending upon the mercy of a power, with which she cannot parley, for adjusting in what contingency and to what amount she shall be a residuary claimant upon the fruits of her own labour; for measuring how much of her blood, instead of feeding her growth, shall be wasted in ruinous and wanton wars, which her independence might have contributed to check, and in the result of

[1] Mr. Grattan.

which it cannot even be pretended that she can have any ultimate interest; and, last of all, (a state the most humiliating and agonising!) she is hanging upon the caprice, the ignorance, and the malice of her most rancorous enemies, for such representations as may lead those who are in authority over her, instead of yielding to the natural spirit of mildness and benevolence, to enact such laws of rigour, as supersede every known and ordinary rule of distributive justice, and shut the gates of mercy upon her.

"However, the Act of Union did pass—Ireland became extinct—and, we might have thought, forgotten, had it not been for the notices taken of her in the imperial statutes of vengeance or taxation. Profligacy is in general a ready money dealer, and Ireland had in the first instance to pay down the wages stipulated by the minister of England to those honourable gentlemen who sold their country for money. Since that sale and delivery, her pecuniary burdens, the only items of national degradation that can be estimated by numbers, have been increased tenfold. Whatever ordinary comforts she possessed before have vanished in the same proportion; the artificial rise of prices, and the depreciation of all solid medium of payment, sinking under the baleful contagion of a paper currency, has put every thing beyond the reach of attainment; and the only expenditure in which we are able to be liberal is the augmentation of the princely revenues of clerks and viceroys: who, feeling their advancement late, and their tenure precarious, are forced, by the existing circumstances of the just and necessary warfare in which they are engaged, to adopt such expedients as may provide indemnity for the past, and security for the future; and after an interval of fourteen years, during which the makers of those promises have perhaps met in another world with those to whom they were so perfidiously given, our poor people, instead of being planted out in goodly rows in their own native soil, from which they might have drawn nutrition, and have given ornament and shelter in exchange, have been left to wither upon its surface dry and sapless and inflammable, and ready to receive the spark which every fool and every incendiary may fling upon them to excite a conflagration, in which they themselves at least are sure to be consumed.

"I well remember, sir, at the moment of that sad catastrophe we were desirous of making the best of our prospect, and placing it in the least intolerable point of view; we were desirous of indignantly remembering the depravity of a traitorous parliament, the wages of whose sin was death, instead of recollecting that during the last thirty years of its life it had wrought a more substantial change in the condition of Ireland by the salutary and wise extension of catholic privilege, than had been effected for centuries before. It had given the power of acquiring property, and, grafted upon that acquisition, it had given the elective franchise—constitutional privileges of the most vital importance. It had removed the bars to intermarriage between catholic and protestant; it had given an opportunity of assuaging the sharpness of fanatical antipathy by the precious anodyne of parental and conjugal attachment, of drawing into identity hearts theretofore dissociated, and giving to the conciliated parents a common ear through which they could receive, and melt while they received it, the sacred voice of God and nature from the lips

of their babes and sucklings. We were fondly consoling ourselves with the hope that the amalgamation of our country, by the extension of equal rights to all our fellow subjects, would have restored to us more than we had lost by the national suicide. We endeavoured to persuade ourselves that the substantial fruits of good institutions may survive in their spirit even after the letter has been lost. In Scotland we had seen the diffusion of popular information, and even the refinements of her metaphysics, aided by the inflexible austerity of religious independence, purged from all the ferocity of the days of Knox, but retaining an untameable hostility to oppression, a substitute for almost the utter absence of national representation. It produced the effect so finely described by Saint Paul,—'The heathen knows not the law, yet he doth the things that are therein, the same being written on his heart, and his conscience also bearing unto him testimony.'

"In England, too, the force of constitutional instinct, so impressed upon the popular mind, has compensated for the purity of representation, which, perhaps, it has survived. In Ireland we hoped it might have been so; but the perfidy we met with has hitherto precluded the experiment."

THE END.

THE

EPICUREAN,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.

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1835.

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TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS CHARACTER

AND TALENTS,

AND IS PROUD OF HIS FRIENDSHIP.

A

LETTER TO THE TRANSLATOR,

FROM

———, Esq.

Cairo, June 19, 1800.

My dear Sir,

In a visit I lately paid to the monastery of St. Macarius, —which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron, I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript, which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith send you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up, into a variety of fantastic shapes, some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation :—

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small scraps of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charm; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have, at all times, a supply of such amulets for purchasers.

In general, the holy fathers have been in the habit of scribbling these mystic fragments themselves; but a discovery, which they have lately made, saves them this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a chest of old

manuscripts, which, being chiefly on the subject of alchemy, must have been buried in the time of Dioclesian, "we thought we could not," added the monk, "employ such rubbish more properly, than in tearing it up, as you see, for the pigeon-houses of the Arabs."

On my expressing a wish to rescue some part of these treasures from the fate to which his indolent fraternity had consigned them, he produced the manuscript which I have now the pleasure of sending you,—the only one, he said, remaining entire,—and I very readily paid him the price he demanded for it.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in chapter VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the Romance of *Sethos* [1], will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you may be tempted to give a translation of this Tale to the world,

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

———

[1] The description, here alluded to, may also be found, copied *verbatim*, from Sethos, in the *Voyages d'Anténor*.—"In that philosophical romance, called *La Vie de Sethos*," says Warburton, "we find a much juster account of old Egyptian wisdom, than in all the pretended *Histoire du Ciel*." *Div. Leg.* book 4 sect. 14.

THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant chair of their sect;—and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before occurred, of a person so young being selected for that office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, were not, it may be supposed, among the least valid recommendations, to a sect that included within its circle all the beauty as well as wit of Athens, and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the name of philosophy, was little else than a pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the sect had, indeed, much changed, since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he asserted that Pleasure is the only Good, inculcated also that Good is the only source of Pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicurus would have as little recognized his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name, as he would have known his own quiet Garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the School were now held.

Many causes, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, concurred, at this period, to render our school the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed, that the prevalence, in one half of a community, of very rigid notions on the subject of religion, produces the opposite extreme of laxity and infidelity in the other; and this kind of re-action it was that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the Garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the

old established creed—all who believed in the Deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity, throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole Heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigour;—the weakest parts of the Mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections, tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining Faith, and the simple, sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both under the shelter of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centered all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the Garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twentieth day of every month. To these monthly rites had, for some time, been added a grand annual Festival, in commemoration of his birth. The feast, given on this occasion by my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably distinguished for their taste and splendour; and it was my ambition, not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary, now celebrated under my auspices, so brilliant, as to efface the recollection of all that went before it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed such a scene. The grounds that formed the original site of the Garden had, from time to time, received considerable additions; and the whole extent was laid out with that perfect taste, which knows how to wed Nature to Art, without sacrificing her simplicity to the alliance. Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance—glades, opening, as if to afford a play-ground for the sunshine—temples, rising on the very spots where imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace;—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and, animated as they were on this occasion, by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images of luxury and beauty, could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the

disciples who had apartments within the Garden, bore the image of our Founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chaunting verses in praise of—what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation—his frugality and temperance.

Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the garden, stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while, in the remaining three, Conversation, the Song, and the Dance, held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the Library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece—Horace, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucian, and the biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were also the portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school—Leontium and her fair daughter Danae, Themista, Philænis, and others.

It was here that, in my capacity of Heresiarch, on the morning of the Festival, I received the felicitations of the day from some of the fairest lips of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell on the doctrines he inculcated), endeavoured to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of diffusing over the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may easily be supposed, engrossed but little of the mornings of the Garden, yet the lighter part of learning,—that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not obliged to go very deep into the flower—was zealously cultivated. Even here, however, the student had to encounter distractions, which are, of all others, least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, described :—

> As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
> That temple threw its lengthening shade,
> Upon the marble steps below
> There sate a fair Corinthian maid,
> Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
> While by her side the youthful Sage
> Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
> They should o'ershadow all the page.

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats,

filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a perpetual combat was maintained;—their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the evening their conflict was carried on with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept from his more lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other continually assailed him, but which, luckily falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the flowers upon which they fell, and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide verdant glade, lighted only by the moon, an imitation of the torch-race of the Panathenæa was performed, by young boys chosen for their fleetness, and arrayed with wings, like Cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and embodied the dream of Pythagoras into real motion and song.

At every turning some new enchantment broke upon the ear or eye. Sometimes, from the depth of a grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of music, which mingling with the murmur of the water, seemed like the voice of the spirit that presided over its flow;—while sometimes the strain rose breathing from among flowers; and, again, would appear to come suddenly from under ground, as if the foot had just touched some spring that set it in motion.

It seems strange that I should now dwell upon these minute descriptions; but every thing connected with that memorable night —even its long-repented follies—must for ever live sacredly in my memory. The festival concluded with a banquet, at which I, of course, presided; and, feeling myself to be the ascendant spirit of the whole scene, gave life to all around me, and saw my own happiness reflected in that of others.

CHAPTER II.

THE festival was over;—the sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens, alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that presented sad thoughts, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present.

Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and, not even in the fullest fervour of the latter, were they separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation mingled themselves with the most smiling scenes through which my career of enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy fancies. For, shut out, as I was, by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in my eyes, and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness, had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to by the learned, and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves;—the perishableness of myself and all around me every instant recurred to my mind. Those hands I had pressed—those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that should never die—those voices, that had talked of eternal love—all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

> Oh, were it not for this sad voice,
> Stealing amid our mirth to say,
> That all in which we most rejoice,
> Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey;—
> *But* for this bitter—only this—
> Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
> And capable as feels my soul
> Of draining to its depth the whole,
> I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
> If bliss makes gods, a deity!

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings, in one of those wild, passionate songs, to which this ferment of my spirits, between mirth and melancholy, gave birth.

Seldom had my heart more fully abandoned itself to such vague sadness than at the present moment, when, as I paced thoughtfully among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own step was all that sounded, where so many gay forms had lately been revelling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet

glimmered, and the calm glories of night still rested on all around. Unconscious whither my pathway led, I wandered along, till I, at length, found myself before that fair statue of Venus, with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our Garden;—that image of deified woman, the only idol to which I had ever bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal, I raised my eyes to heaven, and fixing them sadly and intently on the ever-burning stars, as if I sought to read the mournful secret in their light, asked, wherefore was it that Man alone must perish, while they, less wonderful, less glorious than he, lived on in light unchangeable and for ever!—"Oh, that there were some spell, some talisman," I exclaimed, "to make the spirit within us deathless as those stars, and open to its desires a career like theirs, burning and boundless throughout all time!"

While I gave myself up to this train of thought that lassitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, leaves behind,—as if to show how earthly it is,—came drowsily over me, and I sunk at the base of the statue to sleep.

Even in sleep, however, my fancy was still busy; and a dream, so vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus passed through my mind. I thought myself transported to a wide desert plain, where nothing seemed to breathe, or move, or live. The very sky above it looked pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had died; and, had that region been the remains of some older world, left broken up and sunless, it could not have looked more dead and desolate. The only thing that bespoke life, in this melancholy waste, was a small moving spark, that at first glimmered in the distance, but, at length, slowly approached the spot where I stood. As it drew nearer, I could perceive that its feeble gleam was from a taper in the hand of a pale venerable man, who now stood, like a messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said,—"Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!"

No sooner had he said these words than the death-like hue of his cheek brightened into a smile of more than human promise. The small torch that he held sent forth a radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated, even to the far horizon's edge, along whose line were now seen gardens, palaces, and spires, all bright and golden, like the architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, was heard every where.

floating around, and, from all sides, such varieties of splendour poured that, with the excess both of harmony and of light, I woke.

That infidels should be superstitious is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind; and, if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me

> Oracles, truer far than oak,
> Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night, touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate, should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain did I mock at my own weakness;—such self-derision is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still came the saddening consciousness of mortality, and, with it, the recollection of this visionary promise, to which my fancy, in defiance of my reason, still clung.

Sometimes indulging in reveries, that were little else than a continuation of dreams, I even contemplated the possible existence of some secret, by which youth might be, if not perpetuated, at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love pines and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted. "Who knows," I would ask, "but that in Egypt, that land of wonders, where Mystery hath yet unfolded but half her treasures,—where so many dark secrets of the antediluvian world still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth,—who knows but some charm, some amulet, may lie hid, whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but waits my coming—some compound of the same pure atoms, that scintillate in the eternal stars, and whose infusion into the frame of man might make him, too, fadeless and immortal!"

Thus did I fondly speculate, in those rambling moods, when the life of excitement which I led, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I

was not wholly myself. This bewilderment, too, was not a little increased by the constant struggle between my own natural feelings, and the cold, mortal creed of my sect, in endeavouring to escape from whose deadening bondage I but broke loose into the realms of romance and fantasy.

Even however, in my calmest and soberest moments, that strange vision perpetually haunted me. In vain were all my efforts to chase it from my mind; and the deliberate conclusion to which I came at last, was, that without, at least, a visit to Egypt, I could not rest, nor, till convinced of my folly by disappointment, be reasonable. I, therefore, announced without delay to my associates of the Garden, the intention which I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Pyramids. To none of them did I dare to confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me. Knowledge was the object that I alleged, while Pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the School, it was apprehended, would suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties, which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, in the summer of the year 257, A. D., I set sail for Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

To one, who extracted such sweets from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favourable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and kind hearts, to whom most willingly, if I might, would I have paused to pay homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of Mystery; and still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which, the Egyptians on board said, was the work of their God, Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven out of our course to the eastward, some benigner influence prevailed above; and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful city of Alexandria rising from the sea, with its Palace of Kings, its portico of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars, towering up to heaven in the midst.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the Rock of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbour of Eunostus. The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning; and there was a languor in the first waking movements of that voluptuous city—whose houses and temples lay shining in silence round the harbour—that sufficiently attested the festivities of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay; and, as I walked, through a line of palaces and shrines, up the street which leads from the sea to the Gate of Canopus, fresh as I was from the contemplation of my own lovely Athens, I felt a glow of admiration at the scene around me, which its novelty, even more than its magnificence, inspired. Nor were the luxuries and delights, which such a city promised, among the least of the considerations on which my fancy, at that moment, dwelt. On the contrary, every thing around seemed prophetic of future pleasure. The very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim seclusion of the temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach the next best art,—that of multiplying its enjoyments.

The population of Alexandria, at this period, consisted of the most motley miscellany of nations, religions, and sects, that had ever been brought together in one city. Beside the school of the Grecian Platonist was seen the oratory of the cabalistic Jew; while the church of the Christian stood, undisturbed, over the crypts of the Egyptian Hierophant. Here, the adorer of Fire, from the east, laughed at the superstitions of the worshipper of cats, from the west. Here Christianity, too, unluckily, had learned to emulate the vagaries of Paganism; and while, on one side, her Ophite professor was seen kneeling down gravely before his serpent, on the other, a Nicosian was, as gravely, contending that there was no chance of salvation out of the pale of the Greek alphabet. Still worse, the uncharitableness of Christian schism was already distinguishing itself with equal vigour; and I heard of nothing, on my arrival, but the rancour and hate, with which the Greek and Latin churchmen persecuted each other, because, forsooth, the one fasted on the seventh day of the week, and the others fasted upon the fourth and sixth!

To none of those religions or sects, however, except for purposes of ridicule, did I pay much attention. I was now in the most luxurious city of the universe, and gave way, without reserve, to the seductions that surrounded me. My reputation, as a philosopher

and a man of pleasure, had preceded me; and Alexandria, the second Athens of the world, welcomed me as her own. My celebrity, indeed, was as a talisman, that opened hearts and doors at my approach. The usual noviciate of acquaintance was dispensed with in my favour, and not only intimacies, but loves and friendships, ripened in my path, as rapidly as vegetation springs up where the Nile has flowed. The dark beauty of the Egyptian women had a novelty in my eyes that enhanced its other charms; and that hue of the sun on their rounded cheeks was but an earnest of the ardour he had kindled in their hearts—

> The imbrowning of the fruit, that tells
> How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

Some weeks rolled on in such perpetual and ever-changing pleasures, that even the melancholy voice in my heart, though it still spoke, was but seldom listened to, and soon died away in the sound of the siren songs that surrounded me. At length, however, as the novelty of these scenes wore off, the same gloomy bodings began to mingle with all my joys; and an incident that occurred, during one of my gayest revels, conduced still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis took place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multitudes, that crowded to his shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, while this festival lasted, the canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holiday to the passions of earth, in honour of heaven.

I was returning, one lovely night, to Alexandria. The north wind, that welcome visitor, freshened the air, while the banks, on either side, sent forth, from groves of orange and henna, the most delicious odours. As I had left all the crowd behind me at Canopus, there was not a boat to be seen on the canal but my own; and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were broken by the sound of some female voices, coming mingled with laughter and screams, from the garden of a pavilion, that stood, brilliantly illuminated, upon the bank of the canal.

On rowing nearer, I perceived that both the mirth and the alarm had been caused by the efforts of some playful girls to reach a hedge of jasmin which grew near the water, and in bending towards which they had nearly fallen into the stream. Hastening to proffer my assistance, I soon recognized the voice of one of my fair Alexandrian

friends, and, springing on the bank, was surrounded by the whole group, who insisted on my joining their party in the pavilion, and flinging the tendrils of jasmin, which they had just plucked, around me, led me, no unwilling captive, to the banquet-room.

I found here an assemblage of the very flower of Alexandrian society. The unexpectedness of the meeting gave it an additional zest on both sides; and seldom had I felt more enlivened myself, or contributed more successfully to circulate life among others.

Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils; but, as usual rather, to set off than conceal their beauty, some gleams of which were continually escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female, who particularly attracted my attention, on whose head was a chaplet of dark-coloured flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around: the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gaiety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of my fair neighbour the cause of it, but she looked grave and was silent.

In the mean time, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasure, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was daybreak ere our delighted party rose, and unwillingly reembarked to return to the city.

Scarcely were we afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with my heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprung on shore to seek it. I hastened to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that—there, to my astonishment, still sat that silent figure, which had awakened my curiosity so strongly during the night. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form;—not a leaf of the dark chaplet on its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood before the figure, I raised, with a hesitating hand, the veil, and saw—what my fancy had already anticipated—that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape for the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for some time disused,

except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were now stamped on the idea that haunted me, and this picture of what I *was to be* mingled itself with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more lively than ever. The bright assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were for ever before my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realising this splendid promise. Alexandria was not Egypt;—the very soil on which it stood was not in existence, when Thebes and Memphis already counted ages of glory.

"It is beneath the Pyramids of Memphis," I exclaimed, "or in the mystic Halls of the Labyrinth, that I must seek those holy arcana of science, of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which—blest thought!—the key to eternal life may lie."

Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends, and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt was the country, of all others, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a temperament and fancy like mine, and keep tremblingly alive the sensibilities of both. Wherever I turned, I saw the desert and the garden, mingling their bloom and desolation together. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had so long been the inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood; and, as I saw around me, in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost

fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atalantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side!—

While, far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that love, religion, commerce, gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While, there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the isle of Meroë, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current, by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Saïs I was present during the Festival of Lamps, and read, by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neitha: "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself, in its pride, "The City of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden Venus was my fondest pilgrimage;—and as I explored its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how

far more fit to form the shrine of a Deity are the ever-living stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns that the inanimated quarry can supply.

Every where new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcomely brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst such endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey was forgotten;—the mysteries of this land of the sun were, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and I had as yet been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and saw them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when he expires, he will look his last,—it was not till this moment that the great secret, of which I had dreamed, again rose, in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine that rested upon those monuments—a stillness, as of reverence, in the air around them, that stole, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust, since earth first beheld those wonders: and in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed,—"Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Death, Death, even on these everlasting tablets,—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase,—thou hast written our doom, saying, awfully and intelligibly, 'There is, for man, no eternal mansion but the tomb!'"

My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again, the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that I most wished, with that happy facility which makes imagination stand in place of happiness. "Yes," I cried, "immortality *must* be within man's reach; and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. Deep, it is said, under yonder pyramid, has for ages lain concealed the Table of Emerald, on which the Thrice-Great Hermes engraved, before the flood, the secret of Alchemy, that gives gold at will. Why may not the mightier, the more god-like secret, that gives life at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings, who repose in those massy structures, scooped earth to the centre, and raised quarries into the air to provide themselves with tombs that might

outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, still live—those mansions, which we call tombs, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few who are sharers of their gift, through a sunless, but illuminated elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterraneous realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld—which none of heaven, except that God, with the finger on his hushed lip, hath trodden?"

While I indulged in these dreams, the sun, half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his leave of the Pyramids,—as he had done, evening after evening, for ages, till they had become familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness, while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelop the hills of Araby in her shade.

No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than, on every house-top in Memphis, gay gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting,—while a full burst of harmony pealed from all the temples along the shores.

Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half-way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess,

> Whose beams
> Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.
> *Not* the cold Dian of the North, who chains
> In vestal ice the current of young veins;
> But she who haunts the gay Bubastian grove,
> And owns she sees, from her bright heaven, above,
> Nothing on earth to match that heaven, but love!

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived, like a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.

CHAPTER V.

The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had she risen upon a scene more beautiful. Memphis,—still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through so many centuries,—now, softened by the moonlight that harmonised with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like a dream of glory that was soon to pass away. Ruin, even now, was but too visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert gained upon her like a sea; and, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all, that now flourished around, should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

On the waters all was life and gaiety. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen, studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of all kinds,—from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides to the sound of flutes,—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the scene.

As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble shone out from the dark sycamores around them, in a short time reached the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted,—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

Their long, graceful drapery was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the rounded bosom, a dark-blue zone, or

bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with little silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile, —that flower being accounted as welcome to the moon, as the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of the sistrum,—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis,—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not an unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it,—who attracted, and, at length, rivetted all my attention. I knew not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features,—a charm in the very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty,—which took me more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was my fancy by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided round the altar, gently and aerially, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then,—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and, as suddenly, let fall their lids again,—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so far. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that vision but

lingered another moment before my eyes, I should have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, stood motionless as an image, expanded his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed,—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it;—but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain I tried to follow;—the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the Temple prevented all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating, as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus-wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the object of my search. But it was all in vain;—in every direction, files of sacred nymphs were moving, but no where could I see her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time,—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me,—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

There is, to the north of Memphis, a solitary lake (which, at this season of the year, mingles with the rest of the waters), upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has for ages awaited the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited,—looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree that is consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is

the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city.

It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half bright, half gloomy, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young Priestess was continually before me. That once bright look of hers, the very memory of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I rowed on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, startled by finding myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and saw, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more loftily than the other, —while all were out-topped in grandeur by one, upon whose summit the moon seemed to rest, as on a pedestal.

Drawing near to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this city of monuments above the level of the inundation, I lifted my oar, and let the boat rock idly on the water, while my thoughts, left equally without direction, fluctuated as idly. How various and vague were the dreams that then passed through my mind—that bright vision of the temple mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an aerial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her own dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again—as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred—I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!

Turning away, with a shudder, from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the water, and, in a few moments, saw, shooting past me towards the shore, a small boat in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where I lay,—concealed by the shadow of a monument on the bank,—the boat again departed, with the same fleetness, over the flood.

Never had the prospect of an adventure come more welcome than at this moment, when my fancy was weaving such chains for my heart, as threatened a bondage, of all others, the most difficult to break. To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. Reality alone gives a chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divert me from such thoughts—to bring back my imagination to earth and reality, from the vague

region in which it was wandering, was a relief too seasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; but, by the bright light of the moon, I was enabled to keep their forms in view, as, with rapid step, they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid, whose peak barely surmounted the plane-trees that grew nigh, they vanished from my sight. I hastened to the spot, but there was not a sign of life around; and had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied that these forms were spirits, sent from thence to mock me,—so instantaneously they disappeared. I searched through the neighbouring grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the ground, was furnished with steps, I found, midway between peak and base, a part of the surface, which, though presenting an appearence of smoothness to the eye, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I, at last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this mysterious aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stair-way within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons whom I had followed would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet to account for their disappearance otherwise was still more difficult. At all events, my curiosity was now too eager in the cause to relinquish it;—the spirit of adventure, once raised, could not be so easily laid. Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving Queen whose eye alone was upon me, I passed through the portal and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the bottom of the stair-way I found myself in a low, narrow passage, through which, without stooping almost to earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark windings, this way seemed but little to advance my progress, —its course, I perceived, being chiefly circular, and gathering, at every turn, but a deeper intensity of darkness.

"Can this," I thought, "be the sojourn of any thing human?" —and had scarcely asked myself the question, when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was

visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to come from some cell or alcove, in which the right-hand wall of the gallery terminated; and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I had, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shadow out the History of the Soul—the winged globe with a serpent,—the rays descending from above, like a glory, and the Theban beetle, as he comes forth, after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel stood a low altar of granite, on which lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal,—as they preserve their dead in Ethiopia,—and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch, broken in two, and a bird, just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I but little attended; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were most intently fixed.

The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and, between its light and me, stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline my heart beat high,—and memory, as it proved, had as much share in this feeling as imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall on the features, I saw with a transport, which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement, by which she had now given me an opportunity of recognizing her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross [1] of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with an inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct

[1] A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

communion with heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier, between them and the skies.

What a power hath innocence, whose very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the altar which he came to despoil. She, who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination, as something I could have risked immortality to win—she, whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and defied all punishments, both human and sacred, to make her mine,—she was now before me, thrown, as if by fate itself, into my power—standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard! Yet, no—so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead seemed to extend over the living, that every earthlier feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

Entranced, indeed, as I felt in witnessing such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth seemed a wrong, a sacrilege—and, rather than let her eyes meet the flash of mine, or disturb, by a whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and Death held communion through Love, I would have let my heart break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life depended upon every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene—leaving it still tranquil and holy as I found it—and, gliding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, regained the narrow stairway, and again ascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters, —as if proud of the homage that had been paid to his own Isis now fading away in the superior light of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek forgetfulness of the scene which I had witnessed. "Once out of the circle of this enchantment," I exclaimed, "I know my own susceptibility to new impressions too well, to doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is around me."

But vain were my efforts and resolves. Even while I swore to fly, my steps were still lingering round the pyramid—my eyes still turned towards the secret portal, which severed this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence,—till, already, it was noon, and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which had, for a

moment, been subdued into reverence by her presence, return to kindle up my imagination and senses. I even reproached myself for the awe, that had held me spell-bound before her. "What would my companions of the Garden say, did they know that their chief, —he, whose path Love had strewed with trophies—was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to give utterance to a sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her triumph!"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and my determination was fixed to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any issue from their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among these tombs, contrasting in many a mournful reflection, the burning fever within my own veins with the cold quiet of those who slept around.

At length the fierce glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, were too much for even strength like mine to bear. Exhausted, I lay down at the base of the pyramid—placing myself directly under the portal, where, even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still be on the watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep—but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now, like Neïtha, upon her throne at Saïs, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow, which mortal had never, till then, beheld,—and now, like the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise out of the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages,—

> Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
> The bright, unearthly nymph, who dwells
> Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
> The Lady of the Pyramid!

So long, amid that unbroken silence, did my sleep continue, that I found the moon again shining above the horizon, when I awoke. All round was silent and lifeless as before, nor did a print upon the herbage betray that any foot had passed it since my own. Refreshed by rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this illusion that haunted me.

Having learned from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found, not only my lamp, but some dates and dried fruits, with a store of which, for my roving life upon the waters, I was always supplied, —and which now, after so many hours of abstinence, were a welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the echoes of the cemetery answered. It came from the Great Temple on the shore of the Lake, and was the shriek which its gates—the Gates of oblivion, as they were called—sent forth from their hinges, in opening at night, to receive within their precincts the newly-landed dead.

I had heard that sound before, and always with sadness; but, at this moment, it thrilled through me, like a voice of ill-omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary;—even while it passed through my mind, I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid, and being enabled by my lamp to follow the windings of the way more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now nothing living within. The young priestess had fled—had vanished, like a spectre, into the darkness. All the rest was, as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine—the cross lay where the hands of the young mourner had placed it, and the cold image beneath wore the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death—of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I raised it passionately to my own;—but, at the same moment, I fancied the dead eyes met mine, and, saddened in the midst of my ardour, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost all clue to the object of my pursuit, and was preparing slowly to retrace my steps to earth, with that gloomy satisfaction which certainty, even when unwelcome, brings,—when, as I held forth my lamp, on leaving the chapel, I could perceive that the gallery, instead of terminating here, took a sudden bend to the left, which had before eluded my eye, and which gave a promise of leading still further into those recesses. Re-animated by this discovery, which opened a new source of hope to my heart, I cast but one hesitating look at my lamp, as if to ask whether it would

be faithful through the gloom I was about to encounter, and, without further thought, rushed eagerly forward.

CHAPTER VII.

The path led, for some time, through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had encountered in descending the stairway; and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies, whose glassy eyes threw a preternatural glare upon me as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes a second time vanish. The path, I perceived, extended no further. The only object that I could discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which now, every minute, burned fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well, that lay gaping before me—a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now crossed my memory that I had heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by the priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I looked anxiously within, to discover whether it was possible to descend into the chasm; but the sides were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that dark pitch which the Dead Sea throws out on its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step, projecting dimly from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young Priestess was at an end,—it being impossible that female foot should have dared this descent,—yet, as I had so far engaged in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to fit like a helmet) firmly on my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth; and had already counted near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no farther. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support—the hard, slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stooping my head, so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood, and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, with some little difficulty clambered through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stairway, the steps of

which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I, at last, reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates closed directly across my path, as if to forbid any further progress. Massy, however, and gigantic as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease—so readily did their great folds give way to my touch,

> Light as a lime-bush, that receives
> Some wandering bird among its leaves.

No sooner, however, had I passed through, than the din, with which the gates clashed together again, was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo, throughout that vast, subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound.

Startled, however, as I was, not even this supernatural clangour could divert my attention from the light that now broke upon me—soft, warm, and welcome as are the stars of his own south to the mariner who has been wandering through the seas of the north. Looking for the source of this splendour, I saw, through an archway opposite, a long illuminated alley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and fenced, on one side, with thickets of odoriferous shrubs, while, along the other, extended a line of lofty arcades, from which the light, that filled the whole area, issued. As soon, too, as the deep echoes had subsided, there stole gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appeared to come, mellowed and sweetened in its passage, through many a spacious hall within those shining arcades. Among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, towering high and clear over all the rest, and forming the spire, as it were, into which the harmony tapered, as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment, that—though never had I caught a sound from the young Egyptian's lips, —yet I persuaded myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling to me, like a distant spirit out of its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, to my mortification, that it was guarded by a trellis-work, whose bars, though invisible at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles, I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark, cavernous opening, which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding

my impatience, however, the aspect of this passage, as I looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darkness, as a sort of vivid and ghastly twilight, from which a damp, like that of death-vaults, exhaled, and through which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom-like shapes were, at that very moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round, to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw over the vast folding-gates through which I had just passed, a blue, tremulous flame, which, after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into characters of light, and formed the following words :—

You, who would try
  Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
  But ne'er to look back—

You, who aspire
  To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
  Of Water, and Air,—

If danger, and pain,
  And death, you despise,
On—for again
  Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
  With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
  By the Veils of the Shrine!
But if——

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the Garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned to my mind. "Am I then," I exclaimed, "in the path to the promised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life *indeed* be mine?"

"Yes!" seemed to answer, out of the air, that spirit-voice, which was still heard crowning the choir with its single sweetness. I hailed the omen with transport. Love and Immortality, both beckoning me onward—who could give a thought to fear, with two such bright hopes in view? Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchantress, whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I plunged into the chasm.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which though far less horrible, was, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as

my lamp, which had been, for some time, almost useless, was fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which seemed wider and more open to the air than any that I had yet passed. Nor was it long before the appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames burst high and wide on all sides;—and the spectacle that now presented itself was such as might have appalled even hearts more habituated to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket or grove of the most combustible trees of Egypt—tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm. Around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread their own wild-fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia, whose light brightens, at night, the distant cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I perceived, my only pathway lay. There was not a moment to be lost—the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewed with fire. Casting away my now useless lamp, and holding my robe as some protection over my head, with a tremor, I own, in every limb, I ventured through the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of fire above my head, while the serpents, that hung hissing from the red branches, shot showers of sparkles down upon me, as I passed. Never were decision and activity more serviceable;—one minute later, and I must have perished. The narrow opening, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and, as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already one mass of fire.

Happy at having escaped this first trial, I plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had gone but a few paces, when the path turned suddenly off,—leading downwards, as I could see by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined space, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighbouring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded very far, when the sound of torrents fell on my ear,—mingled, as I thought, from time to time, with shrill wailings, like the cries of persons in danger or distress. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern.

through the middle of which, headlong as a winter-torrent, the flood, to whose roar I had been listening, rushed. Upon its surface, too, there floated strange, spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks, as if in fear of some precipice to whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw too plainly that my course must be across that torrent. It was fearful; but in courage lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not; for all there was wrapped in impenetrable gloom, nor could the weak light I held reach half so far. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprung from the rock on which I stood into the flood,—trusting that, with my right hand, I should be able to buffet the current, while, with the other, I might contrive to hold my brand aloft, as long as a glimmer of it remained, to guide me to the shore.

Long and formidable was the struggle I had to maintain. More than once, overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had almost given myself up, as destined to follow those apparitions, that still passed me, hurrying, with mournful cries, to their doom in some invisible gulf before them.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted, and the last remains of the pine-branch were falling from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending, almost perpendicularly, from the wave, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse—for it was no more, as my light expired in giving it—lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so desperate were my efforts, that after a few minutes' struggle, I felt my brow strike against the stairway, and, in an instant more, my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my rescue from that perilous flood, though I knew not whither the stair-way led, I promptly ascended it. But this feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived, that each successive step, as my foot left it, broke away from beneath me,—leaving me in mid air, with no other alternative than that of mounting still by the same momentary footing, and with the dreadful doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I, for a few seconds, continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful river, in which—so tranquil it had become—I could hear the plash of the falling fragments, as every step in succession gave way under my feet. It was a trying moment, but still worse remained. I now found the balustrade, by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto seemed firm, grow tremulous in my hand,—while the step to which I was

about to trust myself, tottered under my foot. Just then, a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around, and I saw, hanging out of the clouds, within my reach, a huge brazen ring. Instinctively I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As if, too, this massy ring, which I grasped, was by some magic power linked with all the winds in heaven, no sooner had I seized it than like the touching of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of gusts and tempests, that ever strewed the sea-shore with wrecks or dead; and, as I swung about, the sport of this elemental strife, each new burst of its fury threatened to shiver me, like a storm-sail, to atoms!

Nor was even this the worst;—still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up, as if by a thousand whirlwinds, and round and round, like a stone shot in a sling, whirled in the midst of all this deafening chaos, till my brain grew dizzy, and my recollection confused, and I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world, whose rotations, it is said, Eternity alone can number!

Human strength could no longer sustain such a trial. I was on the point, at last, of loosing my hold, when suddenly the violence of the storm moderated;—my whirl through the air gradually ceased, and I felt the ring slowly descend with me, till—happy as a shipwrecked mariner at the first touch of land—I found my feet once more upon firm ground.

At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; and, as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling every where with fountains, that circulated, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting, that the imagination of poet or prophet, in their pictures of Elysium, ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas, opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur,—streams, shining out at intervals, in their shadowy course,—and labyrinths of flowers, leading, by mysterious windings, to green spacious glades, full of splendour and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light, from some unseen source, resembling nothing that illumines our upper world—a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens wee wandering, with the serene

air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while, over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens went dancing to aerial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.

Exhausted as I was by the trials I had undergone, no sooner did I perceive those fair groups in the distance, than my weariness, both of frame and spirit, was forgotten. A thought crossed me that she, whom I sought, might be among them; and, notwithstanding the awe, with which that unearthly scene inspired me, I was about to fly, on the instant, to ascertain my hope. But in the act of making the effort, I felt my robe gently pulled, and turning, beheld an aged man before me, whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, I knew to be a Hierophant. Placing a branch of the consecrated palm in my hand, he said, in a solemn voice, "Aspirant of the Mysteries, welcome!"—then, regarding me for a few seconds with grave attention, added, in a tone of courteousness and interest, "The victory over the body hath been gained!—Follow me, young Greek, to thy resting-place."

I obeyed in silence,—and the priest, turning away from this scene of splendour, into a secluded path, where the light faded away, as we advanced, conducted me to a small pavilion, by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside, and, pointing to a bed of dried poppy-leaves within it, left me to repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

Though the sight of the splendid scene which opened upon me, like a momentary glimpse into another world, had, for an instant, re-animated my strength and spirit, so completely had fatigue overmastered my whole frame, that even had the form of the young Priestess stood before me, my limbs would have sunk in the effort to reach her. No sooner had I fallen on my leafy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in the deep, and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs.

On awaking I saw, beside me, the same venerable personage, who had welcomed me to this subterranean world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue, of Grecian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, seated gracefully on a lotus-flower, and having the fore-finger of his right hand pressed to his

lips. This action, together with the glory round his brows, denoted, as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light.

Impatient to know what further trials awaited me, I was about to speak, when the priest exclaimed, anxiously, "Hush!"—and, pointing to this statue at the foot of the couch, said—"Let the spell of that Spirit be on thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think fit to remove it. Not unaptly doth the same god preside over Silence and Light; since it is only out of the depth of contemplative silence, that the great light of the soul, Truth, arises!"

Little used to the language of dictation or instruction, I was now preparing to rise, when the priest again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand. Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking,—

"Drink of this cup—Osiris sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the Dead, who downward go.

"Drink of this cup—the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;
'T will make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep'd in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;

"The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight,
But mocks the taste;

"The love that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath;

"All that, of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup, and be
Forgot, as it never had been!

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no

sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side, invited my attention, and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain :—

"Drink of this cup—when Isis led
Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said—
'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!'

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heaven on high,
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!"

Much as I had endeavoured to keep my philosophy on its guard, against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which, as has been seen, my philosophy had but little control. No sooner had the words, "thou shalt never die," struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and, starting halfway from my couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. Recollecting myself, however, and fearful of having betrayed to others a weakness only fit for my own secret indulgence, with an affected smile of indifference I sunk back again on my couch,—while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words :—

"And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be!"

Though the assurances of immortality, contained in these verses, would, at any other moment,—vain and visionary as I thought them, have sent my fancy wandering into reveries of the future, the effort of self-control I had just made enabled me to hear them with indifference.

Having gone through the form of tasting this second cup, I again looked anxiously to the Hierophant, to ascertain whether I might be permitted to rise. His assent having been given, the young pages brought to my couch a robe and tunic, which, like their own, were of linen of the purest white; and having assisted to clothe me in this sacred garb, they then placed upon my head a chaplet of myrtle, in

which the symbol of Initiation, a golden grasshopper, was seen shining out from among the dark leaves.

Though sleep had done much to refresh my frame, something more was still wanting to restore its strength, and it was not without a smile at my own reveries I reflected, how much more welcome than the young page's cup of immortality was the unpretending, but real, repast now set before me,—fresh fruits from the Isle of Gardens in the Nile, the delicate flesh of the desert antelope, and wine from the Vineyard of the Queens at Anthylla, fanned by one of the pages with a palm-leaf, to keep it cool.

Having done justice to these dainties, it was with pleasure I heard the proposal of the priest, that we should now walk forth together, and meditate among the scenes without. I had not forgotten the elysium that welcomed me last night,—those enchanted gardens, that mysterious music, and light, and the fair forms I saw wandering about,—as if, in the very midst of happiness, still seeking it. The hope, which had then occurred to me, that, perhaps, among those sparkling groups, might be the maiden I sought, now returned with increased strength. I had little doubt that my guide was about to lead to the same Elysian scene, and that the form, so fit to inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different was the region to which he conducted me; nor could the whole world produce a scene more gloomy, or more strange. It had the appearance of a small, solitary valley, inclosed, on every side, by rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendicularly, to the very sky;—for it was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining between their summits, and whose light, dimmed and half lost, in its descent thus far, formed the melancholy daylight of this nether world [1]. Down the side of these rocky walls fell a cataract, whose source was upon earth, and on whose waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above, a gleam of radiance rested, that showed how brilliant was the sunshine they left. From thence, gradually darkening, and broken, in its long descent, by alternate chasms and projections, the stream fell, at last, in a pale and thin mist—the phantom of what it had been on earth—into a small lake that lay at the base of the rock to receive it.

Nothing could be more black and saddening than the appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of the waters of Egypt were not wanting: the lotus here uplifted her silvery flowers, and the crimson flamingo floated over the tide. But they were, neither of them, the

[1] "On s'était même avisé, depuis la première construction de ces demeures, de percer en plusieurs endroits jusqu'en haut les terres qui les couvraient; non pas, à la vérité, pour tirer un jour qui n'aurait jamais été suffisant, mais pour recevoir un air salutaire, etc."—Setnos.

same as in the upper world;—the flower had exchanged its whiteness for a livid hue, and the wings of the bird hung heavy and colourless. Every thing wore the same half-living aspect; and the only sounds that disturbed the mournful stillness were the wailing cry of a heron among the sedges, and that din of the waters, in their midway struggle, above.

There was an unearthly sadness in the whole scene, of which no heart, however light, could resist the influence. Perceiving how I was affected by it, "Such scenes," said the priest, "are best suited to that solemn complexion of mind, which becomes him who approaches the Great Secret of futurity. Behold,"—and in saying thus, he pointed to the opening over our heads, through which I could perceive a star or two twinkling in the heavens, though the sun had but a short time passed his meridian,—"as from this gloomy depth we can see those stars, which are now invisible to the dwellers upon the bright earth, even so, to the sad and self-humbled spirit, doth many a mystery of heaven reveal itself, of which they, who walk in the light of the proud world, know not!"

He now led me towards a rustic seat or alcove, beside which stood an image of that dark Deity, that God without a smile, who presides over the kingdom of the Dead[1]. The same livid and lifeless hue was upon his features, that hung over every thing in this dim valley; and, with his right hand, he pointed directly downwards, to denote that his melancholy kingdom lay there. A plantain—that favourite tree of the genii of Death—stood behind the statue, and spread its branches over the alcove, in which the priest now, seating himself, signified that I should take my place by his side.

After a long pause, as if of thought and preparation,—"Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hast thou sustained the first trials of Initiation. What remains, though of vital import to the soul, brings with it neither pain nor peril to the body. Having now proved and chastened thy mortal frame, by the three ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Air, the next task to which we are called is the purification of thy spirit,—the cleansing of that inward and immortal part, so as to render it fit for the reception of the last luminous revealment, when the Veils of the Sanctuary shall be thrown aside, and the Great Secret of Secrets unfolded to thee!—Towards this object, the primary and most essential step is, instruction. What the three purifying elements, through which thou hast passed, have done for thy body, instruction will effect for——"

"But that lovely maiden!" I exclaimed, bursting from my

[1] Osiris.

silence, having fallen, during his speech, into a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten him, myself, the Great Secret, every thing —but her.

Startled by this profane interruption, he cast a look of alarm towards the statue, as if fearful lest the God should have heard my words. Then, turning to me, in a tone of mild solemnity, "It is but too plain," said he, "that thoughts of the upper world, and of its vain delights, still engross thee too much, to let the lessons of Truth sink profitably into thy heart. A few hours of meditation amid this solemn scenery—of that wholesome meditation, which purifies, by saddening—may haply dispose thee to receive, with reverence, the holy and immortal knowledge that is in store for thee. With this hope, I now leave thee to thy own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm and mournful eye the vanities of the world, from which thou comest, wither!"

Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing behind the statue, towards which he had pointed during the last sentence, suddenly, and as if by enchantment, disappeared from my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

Being left to my own solitary thoughts, I had now leisure to reflect, with coolness, on the inconveniences, if not dangers, of the situation into which my love of adventure had hurried me. However ready my imagination was to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever found that, when brought into contact with reality, it as suddenly cooled;—like those meteors, that seem stars in the air, but, at the moment they touch earth, are extinguished. Such was the disenchantment that now succeeded to the dreams in which I had been indulging. As long as Fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and imagination herself had no wings that could carry beyond the grave.

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that occupied me; —the imprudence of the step, which I had taken, now appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had thrown myself into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world, without a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It seemed evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus, by which the terrors and splendours of Initiation are produced, that my descent into the pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous, indeed,

and active as were the spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, there could be but little doubt that all my movements, since my arrival, had been tracked; and the many hours I had passed in watching and wandering round the pyramid, betrayed a curiosity which might well inspire these wily priests with the hope of drawing an Epicurean into their superstitious toils.

I well knew their hatred to the sect of which I was Chief;—that they considered the Epicureans as, next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of their craft and power. "How thoughtless, then," I exclaimed, "to have placed myself in a situation, where I am equally helpless against their fraud and violence, and must either seem to be the dupe of their impostures, or submit to become the victim of their vengeance." Of these alternatives, bitter as they were, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. I blushed even to think of the mockeries to which I already had yielded; and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonials, and of being tutored and preached to by hypocrites I despised, appeared to me, in my present temper, a trial of patience, to which the flames and the whirlwinds I had already encountered were pastime.

Often and impatiently did I look up, between those rocky walls, to the bright sky that appeared to rest upon their summits, as, round and round, through every part of the valley, I endeavoured to find an outlet from its gloomy precincts. But in vain I endeavoured;—that rocky barrier, which seemed to end but in heaven, interposed itself every where. Neither did the image of the young maiden, though constantly in my mind, now bring with it the least consolation or hope. Of what avail was it that she, perhaps, was an inhabitant of this region, if I could neither see her smile, nor catch the sound of her voice,—if, while among preaching priests I wasted away my hours, her presence diffused its enchantment elsewhere?

At length exhausted, I lay down by the brink of the lake, and gave myself up to all the melancholy of my fancy. The pale semblance of daylight, which had hitherto shone around, grew every moment more dim and dismal. Even the rich gleam, at the summit of the cascade, had faded; and the sunshine, like the water, exhausted in its descent, had now dwindled into a ghostly glimmer, far worse than darkness. The birds upon the lake, as if about to die with the dying light, sunk down their heads; and, as I looked to the statue, the deepening shadows gave an expression to its mournful features that chilled my very soul.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came, with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave,—separated, for ever, from the world above, and with

nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had often, I knew, happened that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of;—being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in the dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my destiny; and so appalling was the thought, that even the spirit of defiance died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue; and, soon after, the sound of the priest's voice—more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be—brought the assurance that I was not yet, at least, wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the same spot, on which we had parted so many hours before; and, in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so wholly dark, that we could no longer discern each other's faces, as we sat. There was a melancholy in the voice of my instructor that well accorded with the gloom around us; and, saddened and subdued, I now listened with resignation, if not with interest, to those sublime, but, alas, I thought, vain tenets, which, with the warmth of a believer, this Hierophant expounded to me.

He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul,—of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of bliss, of which all that we have most beautiful in our conceptions here is but a dim transcript, a clouded remembrance. In the blue depths of ether, he said, lay that "Country of the Soul,"—its boundary alone visible in the line of milky light, that separates it, as by a barrier of stars, from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of purity! home of the yet unfallen Spirit!—where, in the days of her primal innocence, she wandered, ere her beauty was soiled by the touch of earth, or her resplendent wings had withered away. Methinks," he cried, "I see, at this moment, those fields of radiance,—I look back, through the mists of life, into that luminous world, where the souls that have never lost their high, heavenly rank, still soar, without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss!"

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light, like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendour, such a vision of loveliness and glory opened upon them, as took even my sceptical spirit

by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an immense orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; and, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, formed a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet seemed to tread along a field of light, they had also wings, of the richest hue, which, like rainbows over waterfalls, when played with by the breeze, at every moment reflected a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its ethereal inmates, gradually receded into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and growing more bright, as it lessened:—till, at length, distant, apparently, as a retiring comet, this little world of Spirits, in one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," exclaimed the rapt priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given to our eyes, go, wander, in your orb, through the boundless heaven, nor ever let a thought of this perishable world come to mingle its dross with your divine nature, or tempt you to that earthward fall, by which spirits, as bright, have been ruined!"

A pause ensued, during which, still under the influence of wonder, I sent my fancy wandering after the inhabitants of that orb,—almost wishing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so like all that I most loved on earth, were inmates.

At length, the priest, with a sigh at the contrast he was about to draw, between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen ones of earth, resumed his melancholy History of the Soul. Tracing it, from the first moment of earthward desire, to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depth of the heart. The first downward look of the Spirit towards earth—the tremble of her wings on the edge of Heaven—the giddy slide, at length, down that fatal descent, and the Lethæan cup, midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot,—through all these gradations he mournfully traced her fall, to the last stage of darkness, when, wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature is changed, she can no longer rise above earth, nor remembers her home, but by glimpses so vague, that, mistaking for hope what is only memory, she believes them to be a light from the Future, not the Past.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once blessed Soul—to clear away,

from around her, the clouds of earth, and restoring her lost wings[1], facilitate their return to Heaven—such," said the reverend man, "is the great task of our religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in which the life and essence of our religion lie. However sunk and changed and clouded may be the Spirit, as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is yet hope that—"

Here his voice was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant breathings had been, for some minutes, heard, but which now gained upon the ear too shrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley,—and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

The light, by which I saw her, was from a pale, moon-like meteor, which had formed itself in the air as the music approached, and shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own realm, gaze on each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise directly out of the lake, and to come full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express;—and, as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen Spirit (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us), so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me, that with breathless anxiety, I waited the result.

Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position;—the air around it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before shrouded the face of the figure, became gradually transparent, and the features, one by one, disclosed themselves through it. Having tremblingly watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed, "It is she!" In another minute, this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young Priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes.

To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse—but the arm of the priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a glory round the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and the young maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended into the air.

"Stay, beautiful vision, stay!" I exclaimed, as breaking from

[1] In the language of Plato, Hierocles, etc., to "restore to the soul its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

the hold of the priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground,—the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not:—receding into the darkness, like that orb, whose track she seemed to follow, her form lessened away, till she was seen no more. Gazing, till the last luminous speck had disappeared, I suffered myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me to such repose as it was possible, after such a scene, to enjoy.

CHAPTER X.

THE apparition with which I had been blessed in that Valley of Visions—as the place where I had witnessed these wonders, was called—brought back to my heart all the hopes and fancies, in which I had indulged during my descent from earth. I had now seen once more that matchless creature, who had been my guiding star into this mysterious world; and that she was, in some way, connected with the further revelations that awaited me, I saw no reason to doubt. There was a sublimity, too, in the doctrines of my revered teacher, and even a hope in the promises of immortality held out by him, which, in spite of reason, won insensibly both upon my fancy and my pride.

The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration;—the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. For the sake, indeed, of such beings alone did I think immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some propitious chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, her who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and spirit had now been tried; and, as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which, in the Valley of Visions, I had proved myself to be endowed, there remained now, to perfect my Initiation, but this one night more, when, in the Temple of Isis, and in the presence of her unveiled image, the last grand revelation of the Secret of Secrets was to open upon me.

I passed the morning of this day in company with the same venerable personage, who had, from the first, presided over the ceremonies of my instruction, and who, to inspire me with due

reverence for the power and magnificence of his religion, now conducted me through the long range of illuminated galleries and shrines, that extend under the site upon which Memphis and the Pyramids stand, and form a counter-part under ground to that mighty city of temples upon earth.

He then descended with me, still lower, into those winding crypts, where lay the Seven Tables of stone, found by Hermes in the valley of Hebron. "On these tables," said he, "is written all the knowledge of the antediluvian race,—the decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets, both of heaven and earth, which would have been,

but for this key,
Lost in the Universal Sea.

Returning to the region, from which we had descended, we next visited, in succession, a series of small shrines, representing the various objects of adoration through Egypt, and thus furnishing to the priest an occasion for explaining the mysterious nature of animal worship; and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms. Every shrine was consecrated to a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Mendes, with his refulgent star upon his breast, I saw the crocodile, as presented to the eyes of its idolaters at Arsinoë, with costly gems in its loathsome ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, floating through a tank in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidotum exhibited its silvery scales; while, there, the Isiac serpents trailed languidly over the altar, with that movement which most inspires the hopes of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, feeding and watching over those golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, as emblems of the sun; while, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in plumage and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that I could gladly have knelt down and worshipped it for her sake.

After visiting these various shrines, and listening to the reflections which they suggested, I was next led by my guide to the Great Hall of the Zodiac, on whose ceiling, in bright and undying colours, was delineated the map of the firmament, as it appeared at the first dawn of time. Here, in pointing out the track of the sun, among the spheres, he spoke eloquently of the analogy that exists between moral and physical darkness—of the sympathy with which all spiritual creatures regard the sun, so as to sadden and droop when he sinks into his wintry hemisphere, and to rejoice when he resumes

his own empire of light. Hence, the festivals and hymns, with which most of the nations of the earth are wont to welcome the resurrection of his orb in spring, as an emblem and pledge of the re-ascent of the soul to heaven. Hence, the songs of sorrow, the mournful ceremonies,—like those Mysteries of the Night, upon the Lake of Saïs,—in which they brood over his autumnal descent into the shades, as a type of the Spirit's fall into this world of death.

In discourses such as these the hours passed away; and though there was nothing in the light of this sunless region to mark to the eye the decline of day, my own feelings told me that the night drew near;—nor, in spite of my incredulity, could I refrain from a flutter of hope, as that promised moment of revelation approached, when the Mystery of Mysteries was to be made all my own. This consummation, however, was less near than I expected. My patience had still further trials to encounter. It was necessary, I now found, that I should keep watch, during the greater part of the night, in the Sanctuary of the Temple, alone and in darkness,—and thus prepare myself, by meditation, for the awful moment, when the irradiation from behind the sacred Veils was to burst upon me.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a line of long marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me down a flight of steps, into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awe,—"Thou art now in the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the dark veils, that hang over her image, are before thee!"

After exhorting me earnestly to that train of thought, which best accorded with the spirit of the place where I stood, and above all, to that full and unhesitating faith, with which alone, he said, the manifestation of such mysteries should be approached, the holy man took leave of me, and re-ascended the steps;—while, so spell-bound did I feel by that deep darkness, that the last sound of his footsteps died upon my ear, before I ventured to stir a limb from the position in which he had left me.

The prospect of the long watch, now before me, was dreadful. Even danger itself, in an active form, would have been preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only virtue put to the proof. Having ascertained how far the space around me was free from obstacles, I endeavoured to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I

felt to be a massive pillar, and, leaning wearily against it, I surrendered myself to a train of thoughts and feelings far different from those with which the Hierophant had hoped to inspire me.

"Why," I again asked, "if these priests possess the secret of life, why are they themselves the victims of death? why sink into the grave with the cup of immortality in their hands? But no, safe boasters, the eternity they so lavishly promise is reserved for *another*, a future world—that ready resource of all priestly promises—that depositary of the airy pledges of all creeds. Another world! —alas, where does it lie? or, what spirit hath ever come to say that Life is there?"

The conclusion, to which, half sadly, half passionately, I arrived, was that, life being but a dream of the moment, never to come again, every bliss that is promised for hereafter should be secured by the wise man here. And, as no heaven I had ever heard of from these visionary priests opened half such certainty of happiness as that smile which I beheld last night,—"Let me," I exclaimed, impatiently, striking the massy pillar, till it rung, "let me but make that beautiful Priestess my own, and I here willingly exchange for her every chance of immortality, that the combined wisdom of Egypt's Twelve Temples can offer me!"

No sooner had I uttered these words, than a tremendous peal, like that of thunder, rolled over the Sanctuary, and seemed to shake its walls. On every side, too, a succession of blue, vivid flashes pierced, like so many lances of light, through the gloom, revealing to me, at intervals, the mighty dome in which I stood—its ceiling of azure, studded with stars, its colossal columns, towering aloft, and those dark mysterious veils, which hung, in massy drapery, from the roof to the floor, and covered the rich glories of the Shrine under their folds.

So weary had I grown of my tedious watch, that this stormy and fitful illumination, during which the Sanctuary seemed to rock to its base, was by no means an unwelcome interruption of the monotony under which my impatience suffered. After a short interval, however, the flashes ceased;—the sounds died away, like exhausted thunder, through the abyss, and darkness and silence, like that of the grave, succeeded.

Resting my back once more against the pillar, and fixing my eyes upon that side of the Sanctuary, from which the promised irradiation was to burst, I now resolved to wait the awful moment in patience. Resigned and immovable, I had remained thus, for nearly another hour, when suddenly, along the edges of the mighty Veils, I perceived a thin rim of light, as if from some brilliant object

under them;—like that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the radiance, from behind, is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew every instant more strong; till, at last, vividly marked as it was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye, giving promise of a splendour too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the scepticism, into which I had been cooling down my mind, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth—that glimpse into Elysium on the first night of my coming—those visitants from the Land of Spirits in the mysterious valley,—all led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of glory and knowledge as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I stood waiting the result, an increased gush of light still more awakened my attention, and I saw, with an intenseness of interest, which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil slowly raised up. I now felt that the Great Secret—whatever it might be—was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind—so wholly had imagination resumed her empire—that the splendid promise of my dream was on the point of being realised!

With surprise, however, and—for a moment—with disappointment, I perceived that the massy corner of the Veil was but raised sufficiently to allow a female figure to emerge from under it,—and then fell again, over its mystic splendours, as dark as before. By the strong light, too, that issued when the drapery was lifted, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features, that had already mocked me so often with their momentary charm, and seemed destined to haunt my heart as unavailingly as the fond, vain dream of Immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendour, and distrusting even my senses, when under the influence of a fancy so excited, I had hardly time to question myself as to the reality of my impression, when I heard the sounds of light footsteps approaching me through the gloom. In a second or two more, the figure stopped before me, and, placing the end of a riband gently in my hand, said, in a tremulous whisper, "Follow, and be silent."

So sudden and strange was the adventure, that, for a moment, I hesitated,—fearful lest my eyes should have been deceived as to the object they had seen. Casting a look towards the Veil, which seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt

the riband in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. This movement, at once, like a touch of magic, decided me. Without further deliberation, I yielded to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before me, found myself led up the same flight of marble steps, by which the priest had conducted me into the Sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the pace of my conductress quicken, and, giving one more look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning ineffectually behind us, hastened into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that clue, was one whom I could follow devotedly through the world.

CHAPTER XI.

So rapidly was I hurried along by my unseen conductress, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time to reflect upon the strangeness of the adventure to which I had committed myself. My knowledge of the character of the priests, as well as the fearful rumours that had reached me, of the fate that often attended unbelievers in their hands, waked a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But, when I recalled the face of my guide, as I had seen it in the chapel, with that divine look, the very memory of which brought purity into the heart, this suspicion all vanished, and I felt shame at having harboured it but an instant.

In the mean while, our course continued uninterrupted, through windings more capriciously intricate than any that I had yet passed, and whose darkness seemed never to have been disturbed by a single glimmer. My conductress still continued at some distance before me, and the clue, to which I clung as if it were the thread of Destiny herself, was still kept, by her speed, at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here," and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which I lost not a moment in placing myself, as desired, while the maiden, as promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car,—which, as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent,—on being loosed from its station, shot down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus, which the car acquired in descending, was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded,—from the summit of which it again rushed down

another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped.

Here, the maiden alighting, again placed the riband in my hands, —and again I followed her, though with more slowness and difficulty than before, as our way led up a flight of damp and time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the weary and insecure foot interminable. Perceiving with what languor my guide now advanced, I was on the point of making an effort to assist her progress, when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which, at the same moment, shone upon her figure, apprised me that we were arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and, by the dim light, could discern, that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast, ruined temple,—having entered by a passage under the lofty pedestal, upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the maiden, after replacing the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a look towards me, to cast herself down on her knees, with her hands clasped and uplifted, as if for the purpose of thanksgiving or prayer. But she was unable to sustain herself in this position;—her strength could hold out no longer. Overcome by agitation and fatigue, she sunk senseless upon the pavement.

Bewildered as I was, myself, by the events of the night, I stood for some minutes looking upon her in a state of helplessness and alarm. But, reminded, by my own feverish sensations, of the reviving effects of the air, I raised her gently in my arms, and crossing the corridor that surrounded the sanctuary, found my way to the outer vestibule of the temple. Here, shading her eyes from the sun, I placed her, reclining, upon the steps, where the cool wind, then blowing freshly from the north, might play, with free draught, between the pillars over her brow.

It was, indeed,—I now saw with certainty,—the same beautiful and mysterious girl, who had been the cause of my descent into that subterranean world, and who now, under such strange and unaccountable circumstances, was my guide back again to the realms of day. I looked round, to discover where we were, and beheld such a scene of grandeur, as—could my eyes have wandered to any other object from the pale form reclining at my side—might well have won them to dwell on its splendid beauties.

I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre of Lake Mœris; and that sanctuary, where we had emerged from

darkness, formed part of the ruins of a temple, which (as I have since learned) was, in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair Lake, itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was still, though divested of many of these wonders, a scene of interest and splendour such as the whole world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples, that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race, the voice of the Past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits, here and there, rose blackly above the wave, told of times long fled and generations long swept away, before whose giant remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the Lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth;—its twelve Royal Palaces, like the mansions of the Zodiac,—its thundering portals and constellated halls, having nothing left behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of olive and acacia around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air in re-animating the young Priestess, were less speedy than I had expected;—her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (which had been, for some time, supported by my arm,) against the base of a column, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the Lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous. But, my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended, with the lightness of a desert deer, to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean-tree, whose flowers stood, shining like gold, above the waters, one of those large hollowed leaves that serve as cups for the Hebes of the Nile, I filled it from the Lake, and hurried back with the cool draught to the temple. It was not without some difficulty and delay that I succeeded, in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky slip waste its contents, and as often did I impatiently return to refil it.

During this time, the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and consciousness; and, at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep, was just rising from the steps, with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if confusedly recalling the recollection of what had occurred. No sooner did she observe me than a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously round, as though she sought for protection, and half audibly uttering the words, "Where is he?" she made an effort, as I approached, to retreat into the temple.

Already, however, I was by her side, and taking her hand gently,

as she turned away, "Whom dost thou seek, fair Priestess?" I asked,—for the first time breaking through the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have re-assured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehension. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the temple, she continued in a voice of suppressed alarm,—"Where *can* he be?—that venerable Athenian, that philosopher, who——"

"Here, here," I exclaimed, anxiously interrupting her,—"behold him still by thy side—the same, the very same who saw thee steal from under the lighted Veils of the Sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those labyrinths below, and who now but waits his command from those lips, to devote himself through life and death to thy service." As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder, "Thou!" and hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought,—while silent and watchful I waited her decision, with a prophetic feeling, however, that my destiny would be henceforth linked with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, "To the Nile, without delay!"—clasping her hands, when she had spoken, with the most suppliant fervour, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me with a look that would have taught Stoics tenderness.

I lost no time in obeying the welcome command. While a thousand wild hopes and wishes crowded upon my fancy, at the prospect which a voyage, under such auspices, presented, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hailing one of the numerous boats that ply upon the Lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the temple for my fair charge; and without a word, a look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb that innocent confidence which she now placed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Every thing looked smiling around us as we embarked. The

morning was now in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might be traced over the Lake, wakening up its waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage to the mirror of its wave. To add to the animation of the scene, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments came, at intervals, on the breeze, from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that suffer themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel which I selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts,—so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile,—in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, gilded gorgeously, without, with religious emblems, and fitted up, within, for all the purposes of feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness—tempered with as much respectful reserve as the deep tenderness which I felt would admit of—left her in solitude to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits but too much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the ferment in which my thoughts had been kept seemed to render it hopeless. Throwing myself upon the deck, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream,—sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible every where. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened;—and, most of all, the superb lotus,

which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now passed before my eyes, and mingled with the reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept over the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to me one series of wonders, yet by far the most miraculous wonder of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object,—was now sleeping sacredly in that small pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshold.

Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-goose, folding her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank seemed to move more languidly, as the light fell upon their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion,—as if once more to assure my senses, that I was not already in a dream, but that the young Egyptian was really there,—I felt my eyes close as I looked, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed, that, in the more prosperous days of Memphis, the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent Lake, and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured out again, through the Nile, into the ocean. The course of this canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a south-easterly direction towards the Saïd; and in calms, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But as the breeze was now blowing freshly from the north, there was every prospect of our reaching the river before night-fall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt; and the quiet gurgle of the waters underneath, and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow, alone disturbed the deep silence that prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, in which these sounds lulled me, was broken; and the first object on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess,—seated under a porch by which the door of the pavilion

was shaded, and bending intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half turned towards me, and as, once or twice, she raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis, over her cheek, I found every feeling of reverence, with which she had inspired me in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She could now, too, look direct to the glorious sky, and that heaven and her eyes, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had long been schooled; and, now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly, it may be supposed, fail of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very distinct are the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less embarrassed than the secluded Priestess;—and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to bring our voices acquainted with each other, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

From this situation—the result of timidity on one side, and of a feeling altogether new, on the other—we were, at length, after an interval of estrangement, relieved, by the boatmen announcing that the Nile was in sight. The countenance of the young Egyptian brightened at this intelligence; and the smile with which I congratulated her on the speed of our voyage was answered by another, so full of gratitude, that already an instinctive sympathy seemed established between us.

We were now on the point of entering that sacred river, of whose sweet waters the exile drinks in his dreams,—for a draught of whose flood the daughters of the Ptolemies, when wedded to foreign kings, sighed in the midst of their splendour. As our boat, with slackened sail, glided into the current, an enquiry from the boatmen, whether they should anchor for the night in the Nile, first reminded me of the ignorance, in which I still remained, with respect to either the motive or destination of our voyage. Embarrassed by their question, I directed my eyes towards the Priestess, whom I saw waiting for my answer with a look of anxiety, which this silent

reference to her wishes at once dispelled. Eagerly unfolding the volume with which I had seen her occupied, she took from its folds a small leaf of papyrus, on which there appeared to be some faint lines of drawing, and after thoughtfully looking upon it, herself, for a moment, placed it, with an agitated hand, in mine.

In the mean time, the boatmen had taken in their sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the river with the current, while, by a light which had been kindled at sunset on the deck, I stood examining the leaf that the Priestess had given me,—her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the papyrus were so faint as to be almost invisible, and I was for some time at a loss to divine their import. At length, I could perceive that they were the outlines—or map—traced slightly and unsteadily with a Memphian reed—of a part of that mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or rather emblems, of the chief towns in the neighbourhood.

It was thither, I could not doubt, that the young Priestess wished to pursue her course. Without a moment's delay, therefore, I gave orders to the boatmen to set our yacht before the wind and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed: the white sail again rose into the region of the breeze, and the satisfaction that beamed in every feature of the fair Egyptian showed that the quickness with which I had obeyed her wishes was not unfelt by her. The moon had now risen; and, though the current was against us, the Etesian wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and we were soon floating before it, through the rich plains and groves of the Saïd.

The love, with which this simple girl had inspired me, was—possibly from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her—not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the buoyancy of my spirits checked. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than made up by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far, before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fireworks, at intervals, into the air, apprised us that we were approaching one of those night-fairs, or marts, which it is the custom, at this season, to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene

into which we now sailed, gave an air of innocence to her beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders,—large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner, emblazoned in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt,—rich carpets of Memphis, and those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional value. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship,—vases of the fragrant porcelain of On,—cups of that frail crystal, whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage,—enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.

While Commerce thus displayed her luxuries in one quarter, in every other direction Pleasure, multiplied into her thousand shapes, swarmed over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river only. All along the banks of the island and on the shores, lighted up mansions were seen through the trees, from which sounds of music and merriment came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave; and the notes of the lyre, the flageolet, and the sweet lotus-wood flute, were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their wonders into the air. Bursting out from time to time, as if in the very exuberance of joy, these sallies of flame seemed to reach the sky, and there breaking into a shower of sparkles, shed such a splendour round, as brightened even the white Arabian hills,—making them shine like the brow of Mount Atlas at night, when the fire from its own bosom is playing around its snows.

The opportunity which this luxurious mart afforded us, of providing ourselves with other and less remarkable habiliments than those in which we had escaped from that nether world, was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself, the strange mystic garb that I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had luckily thrown round me on the night of my watch. But the thin veil of my companion was a far less efficient disguise. She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her

hair; but the sacred robe of her order was still too visible, and the stars of the bandelet shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change; and, as she took from a casket—which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure – a small jewel, to exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out, at the same time, the very cross of silver which I had seen her kiss, as may be remembered, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link (for such it appeared to my imagination) between us now revived in my heart all the burning feelings of that moment;—and, had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would, but too plainly, have betrayed itself.

The object, for which we had delayed in this gay scene, being accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river. The sounds and the lights we left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dews, worthy of being called "the tears of Isis," fell through the air, and every plant and flower sent its fragrance to meet them. The wind, just strong enough to bear us smoothly against the current, scarcely stirred the shadow of the tamarisks on the water. As the inhabitants from all quarters were collected at the night-fair, the Nile was more than usually still and solitary. Such a silence, indeed, prevailed, that, as we glided near the shore, we could hear the rustling of the acacias, as the chameleons ran up their stems. It was, altogether, a night such as only the clime of Egypt can boast, when every thing lies lulled in that sort of bright tranquillity, which, we may imagine, shines over the sleep of those happy spirits, who are supposed to rest in the Valley of the Moon, on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile —each a mystery to the other—our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret;—separated, too, till now, by destinies so different, the one, a gay voluptuary of the Garden of Athens, the other, a secluded Priestess of the Temples of Memphis;—and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled still more our mutual reserve, but had supplied us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead on, without interruption, to others,—fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her

voice again be lost to me. It was, indeed, only by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to refrain from the full utterance of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was interested.

"How bright and happy," said I,—pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters, which was just then sparkling brilliantly over our heads,—"How bright and happy this world ought to be, if—as your Egyptian sages assert—yon pure and beautiful luminary was its birth-star!" Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded—"To the study (I said), for ages, of skies like this, may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises, at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness;—that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which comes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death seems to reign in the repose of earth, there are those beacons of Immortality burning in the sky.—"

Pausing, as I uttered the word "immortality," with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of the maiden, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives—such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips,—"thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?"

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gazing upon one of those fires, which,—as is the custom of all who travel by night upon the Nile,—our boatmen had just kindled, to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me, that, till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved—till the secret, with which my own bosom laboured, should be disclosed—it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken—to lay open, at least, my own heart, as far as such a revelation might be risked, without startling the timid innocence of my companion. Thus resolved, I returned, with more composure, to my seat by her side, and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck,

with a trembling hand presented it to her view. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward towards the mirror, fell on her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognised it to be hers, and her look of bashful, yet eager, inquiry, in raising her eyes to mine, were appeals to which I was not, of course, slow in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the temple, and passing hastily, but with words which burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid—my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel—my encounter with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me,—though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued or disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel,—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living,—the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct to this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The ardour which, shown at once, and without reserve, might have startled a heart so little prepared for it, thus checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, most triumphed. Like one whose sleep is gradually broken by music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till she perceived the reflection of it glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar proof of confidence to that which I had just given, the

night was now too far advanced for me to impose such a task upon her. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little was said, there was a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect of still being together in our dreams.

CHAPTER XII.

It was so near the dawn of day when we parted, that we again found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile with which she met me,—so frankly cordial,—might have been taken for the greeting of a long mellowed friendship, did not the blush and the cast-down eyelid, that followed, give symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened as I was, in some degree, by the confession which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect thus given to our intercourse, to feel altogether unembarrassed at the prospect of returning to the theme. It was, therefore, willingly that we suffered our attention to be diverted, by the variety of objects that presented themselves on the way, from a subject that both equally trembled to approach.

The river was now full of life and motion. Every moment we met with boats descending the current, so independent of aid from sail or oar, that the sailors sat idly upon the deck as they shot along, singing or playing upon their double-reeded pipes. Of these boats, the greater number came loaded with merchandise from Coptos, —some with those large emeralds, from the mine in the desert, whose colours, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon, and some laden with frankincense from the acacia-groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others, that had been to the Golden Mountains beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood, which the Green Nile of Nubia washes down in the season of the floods.

Our companions up the stream were far less numerous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from the fair of last night, with those high sails that catch every breeze from over the hills, shot past us;—while, now and then, we overtook one of those barges full of bees, that at this season of the year, are sent to colonise the gardens of the south, and take advantage of the first flowers after the inundation has passed away.

By these various objects we were for a short time enabled to divert the conversation from lighting and settling upon the one subject, round which it continually hovered. But the effort, as might be expected, was not long successful. As evening advanced, the whole

scene became more solitary. We less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sunset, when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now full of the evening light, we saw, issuing from a thicket of acanthus near it, a train of young maids linked together in the dance by lotus-stems, held at arms' length between them. Their tresses were also wreathed with this emblem of the season, and such a profusion of the white flowers were twisted round their waists and arms, that they might have been taken, as they gracefully bounded along the bank, for Nymphs of the Nile, risen freshly from their gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few moments at this sacred dance, the maid turned away her eyes, with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, seemed to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted;—and, gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, I availed myself of it. Her frankness, however, saved me the embarrassment of much questioning. She even seemed to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me, and, beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me, would be like endeavouring to note down some strain of unpremeditated music, with those fugitive graces, those felicities the moment, which no art can restore, as they first met the ear. From a feeling, too, of humility, she had omitted in her narrative some particulars relating to herself, which I afterwards learned;—while others, not less important, she but slightly passed over, from a fear of wounding the prejudices of her heathen hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story as the outline which she herself sketched was afterwards filled up by a pious and venerable hand—far, far more worthy than mine of being associated with the memory of such purity.

STORY OF ALETHE.

"The mother of this maiden was the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, though a native of that city, was descended from Grecian parents. When very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens selected to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen, who, at that period, presided over the School of Alexandria, and was in all the fulness of his fame, both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both creeds, he brought the

natural light of philosophy to elucidate the mysteries of faith, and was only proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this world, inasmuch as it ministered to the triumph of divine truth.

"Though he had courted in vain the crown of martyrdom, it was held, throughout his life, suspended over his head; and in more than one persecution he had evinced his readiness to die for that faith which he lived but to testify and adorn. On one of these occasions, his tormentors, having habited him like an Egyptian priest, placed him upon the steps of the temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the Pagan ministers, present palm-branches to the multitude who went up to the shrine. But the courageous Christian disappointed their views. Holding forth the branches with an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come hither and take the branch, not of an Idol Temple, but of Christ.'

"So indefatigable was this learned Father in his studies, that, while composing his Commentary on the Scriptures, he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in taking down the dictates of his eloquent tongue; while the same number of young females, selected for the beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious leaves.

"Among the scribes so selected was the fair young Theora, whose parents, though attached to the Pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter, thus devoted to a task which they considered purely mechanical. To the maid herself, however, her task brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the divine truths, so eloquently illustrated, found their way, by degrees, from the page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hearing, sunk still more deeply into her mind. There was at once a sublimity and gentleness in his views of religion, which, to the tender hearts and lively imaginations of women, never failed to appeal with convincing power. Accordingly, the list of his female pupils was numerous: and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Heraïs, and others, bear honourable testimony to his influence over that sex.

"To Theora, the feeling with which his discourses inspired her was like a new soul,—a consciousness of spiritual existence unfelt before. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text; and when, by the kindness of a Catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures, she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture

of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been easily secured to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harassed and thwarted in his labours by the tyranny of the Bishop of Alexandria, Demetrius, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe was, therefore, at an end: her intercourse with the followers of the new faith ceased; and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Love, among the rest, had its share in alienating her thoughts from religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer, who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry, in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died,—leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother, while, as yet, but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females, it has been at all times a favourite resource, to seek admission into the service of some of those great temples, which absorb so much of the wealth and power of Egypt. In most of these institutions there exists an order of Priestesses, which, though not hereditary, like that of the Priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that rank and station with which, in a government so theocratic, Religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, it may be concluded that an accomplished female, like Theora, found but little difficulty in being chosen one of the Priestesses of Isis; and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethe, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomps and specious miracles of this mysterious region. Though Theora, as we have seen, had been diverted by other feelings from her first enthusiasm for the Christian faith, she had never wholly forgot the impression then made upon her. The sacred volume, which the pious Catechumen had given her, was still treasured with care; and, though she seldom opened its pages, there was an idea of sanctity associated with it in her memory, and often would she sit to look upon it with reverential pleasure, recalling the happiness she felt when it was first made her own.

"The leisure of her new retreat, and the lone melancholy of

widowhood, led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred book, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but tasted, and feeling—what thousands of mourners, since her, have felt—that Christianity is the true religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, from the peril with which, at that period, it was attended, and the necessity she was under of concealing from those around her the precious light that had been kindled in her heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution, which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning to Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomps and ceremonies of the temple; though, often, with such remorse of soul, that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God, that he would forgive this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the mean time her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added, every hour, to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servitors was to look after the flowers for the altar;—of others, to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve, in perfect polish, those silver images of the moon which the priests carried in processions; while others were, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright, for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe—the most honorable of these minor ministries—was to wait upon the sacred birds of the moon, to feed them with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and provide for their use that purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours; and that ibis, which Alciphron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the temple, was her favourite, of all the sacred flock, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministrants; and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute, sounded no where so sweetly as that through these subterranean gardens. The chief object, indeed, in the education of the youth of the temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows and phantasms, in which the whole charm and secret of Initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old system of superstition, against the infidelity and, still more the new faith that menaced it, was an increased display of splendour and marvels in those mysteries for which Egypt has so long been celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imitations had, under various names, been multiplied through Europe, that the parent superstition ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny; and, in order still to retain the rank of the first Priesthood in the world, those of Egypt found it necessary to continue still the best impostors.

"Accordingly, every contrivance that art could devise, or labour execute—every resource that the wonderful knowledge of the Priests, in pyrotechny, mechanics, and dioptrics, could command, was brought into action to heighten the effect of their Mysteries, and give an air of enchantment to every thing connected with them.

"The final scene of beatification—the Elysium, into which the Initiate was received,—formed, of course, the leading attraction of these ceremonies; and to render it captivating alike to the senses of the man of pleasure, and the imagination of the spiritualist, was the object to which the whole skill and attention of the Sacred College were devoted. By the influence of the Priests of Memphis over those of the other temples, they had succeeded in extending their subterranean frontier, both to the north and south, so as to include, within their ever-lighted Paradise, some of the gardens excavated for the use of the other Twelve Shrines.

"The beauty of the young Alethe, the touching sweetness of her voice, and the sensibility that breathed throughout her every look and movement, rendered her a powerful auxiliary in such appeals to the imagination. She was, accordingly, from her childhood, selected from among her fair companions, as the most worthy representative of spiritual loveliness, in those pictures of Elysium—those scenes of another world—by which not only the fancy, but the reason, of the excited Aspirants was dazzled.

"To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime. But to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she—when Alethe stood smiling before her, arrayed, perhaps, as a spirit of the Elysian world,—turn away, with a shudder, from the happy child, almost fancying that she already saw the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed on it.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should

involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions;—those feelings, rather than doctrines, which God has never left his creatures without, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who sought it, some clue to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption; its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and re-ascent to the source of all spirit;—these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in all their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted to some of the most favoured Priestesses, in the precincts of the Sacred College. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them, at every step, below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she might, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants that have been long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in, incline themselves to its ray.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, contemplating that assembly of glorious stars, whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions, heaven was made the mirror of earth, reflecting all its most earthly features.

"Even in the temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavour to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station on the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before,—when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed on it,—on all such occasions Theora, though with fear and trembling, would

venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in thus but partially enlightening a mind too ardent to be satisfied with such glimmerings, she only bewildered the heart that she meant to guide, and cut down the hope round which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart;—fears, in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orcus, who was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But in his instance, youth had only the baser passions to bequeath, while age but contributed a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing so wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor was he ignorant that the only way of making religion subservient to his own interests was by shaping it adroitly to the passions of others.

"The state of misery and remorse in which the mind of Theora was kept by the scenes, however veiled by hypocrisy, which she witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it would be half so dreadful as this endurance of sinfulness and deceit. Her child was, as yet, pure and innocent;—but, without that sentinel of the soul, Religion, how long might she continue so?

"This thought at once decided her;—all other fears vanished before it. She resolved instantly to lay open to Alethe the whole secret of her soul; to make her, who was her only hope on earth, the sharer of all her hopes in heaven, and then fly with her, as soon as possible, from this unhallowed place, to the desert—to the mountains—to any place, however desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths, was even beyond what she expected. It was like the lighting of one torch at another,—so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Amply was the mother now repaid for all her misery, by this perfect communion of love and faith, and by the delight with which she saw her beloved child—like the young

antelope, when first led by her dam to the well,—drink thirstily by her side, at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxieties that Theora had suffered preyed upon her health. She felt her strength daily decline; and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which but hastened the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might have been now beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and in the solitude of the wilderness would have found at least safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project;—and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She concealed, however, her state from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though she saw the traces of disease on her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the hastening footsteps of death, nor thought even of the possibility of losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived; and while the anguish and dismay of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt with bitter regret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration much precious time, and that there now remained but a few brief and painful moments, for the communication of all those wishes and instructions, on which the future destiny of the young orphan depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands, to implore that she would, at all risks, fly from this unholy place, and, pointing in the direction of the mountains of the Saïd, to name, with her last breath, the holy man, to whom, under heaven, she trusted for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alethe gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearless grief, which rendered her insensible, for some time, to the dangers of her situation. Her only comfort was in visiting that monumental chapel, where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night, in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass her lonely, and—sad as they were—happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel were but ill suited to the slumber of a Christian saint, there was one among them, the Cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem common alike to the Gentile and the Christian,—being, to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality, of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and assuring pledge.

"Nightly upon this cross, which she had often seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a solemn and heartfelt vow, never to abandon the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments rise, that, but for the last injunctions from those pallid lips, she would, at once, have avowed her perilous secret, and spoken out the words, 'I am Christian,' among those benighted shrines!

"But the will of her, to whom she owed more than life, was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now, she felt, be her first object; and, in devising the means of effecting it, her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed she now found herself compelled to resume her idolatrous services at the shrine. To some of the offices of Theora she succeeded, as is the custom, by inheritance; and in the performance of these—sanctified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them—there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which her sorrow found relief. But the part she was again forced to take, in the scenic shows of the Mysteries, brought with it a sense of wrong and degradation which she could no longer bear.

"She had already formed, in her own mind, a plan of escape, in which her knowledge of all the windings of this subterranean realm gave her confidence, when the reception of Alciphron, as an Initiate, took place.

"From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria, he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Orcus, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity, wherever he went, and the freedom with which he indulged his wit at the expense of religion, was all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and stirred up within him no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcus could know no alternative but that of either converting or destroying him; and though his spite, as a man, would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid was speedily known, and the alarm immediately given to the priests below. As soon as it was discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he still continued to linger round the pyramid, looking often and wistfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent;

and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird to his net, determined not to allow an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly, the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phantasms and illusions of Initiation are produced, were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm; and the increased stir and watchfulness excited among its inmates, by this more than ordinary display of all the resources of priestcraft, rendered the accomplishment of Alethe's design, at such a moment, peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the share which had fallen to herself in attracting the young philosopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely, as the Chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of Initiation, and whom the priests, she saw, were endeavouring to ensnare in their toils, by every art and skill with which their science of darkness had gifted them.

"To her mind, the image of a philosopher such as Alciphron had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in which she could not help indulging. Often had she been told by Theora of the many Gentile sages, who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the Cross; and though this Initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumours which she had gathered from the servants of the temple, of his undisguised contempt for the errors of heathenism, led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this 'infidel,' as he styled him, when instructing her in the scene she was to enact before the philosopher in the valley, but too plainly informed her of the destiny that hung over him. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for Initiation, who had been doomed to a durance worse than that of the grave, for but a word, a whisper breathed against the sacred absurdities which they witnessed; and it was evident to her that the venerable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from this region than herself.

"Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary scene, in which she had appeared before Alciphron,—little knowing how ardent were the heart and imagination, over which her beauty, at that moment, shed its whole influence,—was, she solemnly re-

solved, the very last unholy service that superstition or imposture should ever command of her.

"On the following night the Aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation, or a sense of the danger of his own, consent to lend his aid to her flight, most gladly would she accept it,—assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so dreadful as those she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, refuse, her determination was equally fixed—to trust to that God who watches over the innocent, and go forth alone.

"To reach the island in Lake Mœris was her first object, and there occurred luckily, at this time, a mode of accomplishing it, by which the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be, in a great degree, diminished. The day of the annual visitation of the High Priest to the Place of Weeping—as that island in the centre of the lake is called—was now fast approaching; and Alethe well knew that the self-moving car, by which the High Priest and one of the Hierophants are conveyed to the chambers under the lake, stood waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle,—having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favourite ibis, which, though too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love,—with a trembling step she went early to the Sanctuary, and hid herself in one of the recesses of the Shrine. Her intention was to steal out from thence to Alciphron, while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great Statue behind the Veils had begun. But her fears delayed her till it was almost too late; —already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding place.

"In a few minutes more the mighty Veils would have been withdrawn, and the glories of that scene of enchantment laid open, —when, at length, summoning up courage, and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in the preparations of this splendid mockery, she stole from under the Veil and found her way, through the gloom, to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation;—she had but to trust to the simple words, 'Follow, and be silent;' and the implicit readiness with which she found them obeyed filled her with no less surprise than the philosopher himself felt in hearing them.

"In a second or two they were on their way through the subter-

ranean windings, leaving the ministers of Isis to waste their splendours on vacancy, through a long series of miracles and visions which they now exhibited,—unconscious that he, whom they took such pains to dazzle, was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, removed beyond the reach of their spells."

CHAPTER XIV.

Such was the story, of which this innocent girl gave me, in her own touching language, the outline.

The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could not but observe, I was affected by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the last sentence, when, rising abruptly from her seat, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with the words already crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions, thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation, that defied even the most distant approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame within me, to describe which, passion is too weak a word, there was also much of her recital that disheartened, that alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the garb of a Memphian Priestess, was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced,—the tender and sacred tie, associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated,—her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we left to each other, as on this silent river, in this undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own, to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her,—some monk of the desert, some stern Solitary,—the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind, and the horror with which, ere long, she would be taught to regard the reprobate infidel on whom she now smiled,—in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm opened between our fates, as must sever them, far as earth is from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power. I feared no wit-

nesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped her who was, to me, its type and substitute. If, at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit, towards a creature so sacred, arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holy fear in her presence,—like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary,—and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I might indulge, at least, in dreams of the future. But, now—what hope, what prospect remained? My sole chance of happiness lay in the feeble hope of beguiling away her thoughts from the plan which she meditated; of weaning her, by persuasion, from that austere faith, which I had before hated and now feared; and of—attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes for ever!

In the agitation of these thoughts, I had started from my resting-place, and continued to pace up and down, under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sunk down, amid its blaze, into a sleep, which, to my fevered brain, seemed a sleep of fire.

On awaking, I found the veil of Alethe laid carefully over my brow, while she, herself, sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously at that leaf, which her mother had given her, and apparently employed in comparing its outlines with the course of the river and the forms of the rocky hills by which we passed. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But, though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usually the case, increased with her danger, and on me, far more than on herself, did she depend for saving her from it. To reach, as soon as possible, her asylum in the desert, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; and the self-reproach she expressed at having permitted her thoughts to be diverted, for a single moment, from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she *had* forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking her, with mournful looks, for her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been

examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, without a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and, had we been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence, I felt, was too sacred to be deceived. Reluctant as I was, naturally, to enter on an inquiry, which might so soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There is on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinoe, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, has borne the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when the rest, taking wing, leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine where this charm—for such the multitude consider it—is worked, there ran, in ancient times, a canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city that now lies buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, soon after having passed through the defile, its scanty waters disappear altogether, and are lost under the sands.

It was in the neighbourhood of this place, as I could collect from the delineation on the leaf,—where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain,—that the dwelling of the Solitary, to whom Alethe was bequeathed, lay. Imperfect as was my knowledge of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me, that we had long since left this mountain behind; and, on inquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it, as appeared, on the preceding night; and, as the wind had, ever since, blown strongly from the north, and the sun was already declining towards the horizon, we must now be, at least, an ordinary day's sail to the southward of the spot.

At this discovery, I own, my heart felt a joy which I could with difficulty conceal. It seemed to me as if fortune was conspiring with love, and, by thus delaying the moment of our separation, afforded me at least a chance of happiness. Her look, too, and manner, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret

hope. In the first moment of astonishment, her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendour, under which I felt my own wink, as if lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling within, crossed her arms upon her bosom, and looked silently down upon the deck;—her whole countenance sinking into an expression, sad, but resigned, as if she felt, with me, that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw Love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

I was not slow in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But, fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to tenderer feelings, I but addressed myself to her imagination, and to that love of novelty, which is for ever fresh in the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of wonders, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and those mighty statues, that fling their shadows at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the Son of the Morning answering to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts; there, to wander among the sacred palm-groves of Philæ, or sit, at noontide hour, in those cool alcoves, which the waterfall of Syene shadows under its arch. Oh, who, with such scenes of loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert, and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining behind them, unseen and unenjoyed? At least,"—I added, tenderly taking her by the hand—"at least, let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then——"

She had heard but the last few words;—the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness, into which, in spite of all my resolves, my voice had softened, she looked for an instant in my face, with passionate earnestness;—then, dropping upon her knees with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed—"Tempt me not; in the name of God I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh, take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever."

This appeal, I felt, *could not* be resisted,—though my heart were to break for it. Having silently expressed my assent to her prayer, by a pressure of her hand as I raised her from the deck, I hastened, as we were still in full career for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost in retracing our course.

In proceeding, however, to give these directions, it, for the first

time, occurred to me, that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighbourhood of Memphis, where it was probable that the flight of the young fugitive would be most vigilantly tracked, we should act imprudently in betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat;—and the present seemed the most favourable opportunity of evading such a danger. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighbourhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation, by seeing it again set sail, and resume its course fleetly up the current.

From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one, which, in every respect, suited my purpose,—being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but so small and light as to be manageable by myself alone, and, with the advantage of the current, requiring little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current;—the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was more calm and lovely than any that yet had smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the bank, there came soothingly over our ears a strain of sweet, rustic melody from the shore. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling on the bank before an acacia, and singing, while her companions stood round, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree;—

Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray, to thee!
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower [1].

Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sun-set hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, "Come rest thee here."
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, "Oh! Abyssinian tree," dying

[1] See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jomard's Description of Syene and the Cataracts.

away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.

Whether, in this new arrangement which I had made for our voyage, any motive, besides those which I professed, had a share, I can scarcely, even myself, so bewildered were my feelings, determine. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Alethe. The consciousness of the one great effort she had made appeared to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty,—while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish, was felt with all that gratitude which, in woman, is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, innocently happy; and the confiding, and even affectionate, unreserve of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, on subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land—its founts of inspiration and fields of glory—her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening, —it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she listened;—I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this—little hope as it held out—was happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the Land of Roses [1], whose waters are half sweet, half bitter, I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain, —but the very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along; while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a

[1] The province of Arsinoë, now Fioum.

feature of the whole scene but is, at this moment, freshly in my memory;—the broken star-light on the water;—the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream;—the scented fire, burning beside us on the deck, and, oh, that face, on which its light fell, still revealing, as it turned, some new charm, some blush or look, more beautiful than the last.

Often, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and, bearing us to the bank, get entangled in the water-flowers, or be caught in some eddy, ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my oar among the flowers had startled away from the bank some wild antelopes, that had stolen, at that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem I thought it of the young heart beside me,—tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness for ever!

CHAPTER XV.

The night was now far advanced;—the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now seemed like the last of existence; and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart, which would have been intolerable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy,—the very sect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war which they waged on the cant of all others,—it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from, what I dreaded more than shame or death, my separation from Alethe. In my despair, I adopted the humiliating plan—deeply humiliating as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it—of offering myself to this hermit, as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Alethe under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan, my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our being still together;—in this hope, all pride, all philosophy was forgotten, and every thing seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less reluctant feelings, that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of Alethe, to ascertain the

site of that well-known mountain, in the neighbourhood of which the dwelling of the anchoret lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood, detached, like fortresses, over the river's brink, and which, in some degree, corresponded with the description of the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him, as we passed, I asked,—"Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?"—and he had hardly time to answer, pointing above our heads, "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow, which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which the scanty canal from the Nile flows. At the sight of this chasm, in some of whose gloomy recesses—if we had rightly interpreted the leaf—the dwelling of the Solitary lay, our voices, at once, sunk into a low whisper, while Alethe looked round upon me with a superstitious fearfulness, as if doubtful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her hand towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. With my oars, therefore, checking the career of our boat, I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation, was immediate. While the water and one side of the ravine lay buried in shadow, the white, skeleton-like crags of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved, yielded suddenly to the oar, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by a silence, so dead and awful, that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath; and half-whispered exclamations, "How dreary!"—"How dismal!"—were almost the only words exchanged between us.

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile, when, at a distance before us, among the rocks on which the moonlight fell, we perceived, upon a ledge but little elevated above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. "This, then," thought I, "is the home to which Alethe is destined!"—A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I gazed, lay motionless in my hands.

I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hands agitatedly upon mine, "We must here," she said, "part for ever." I turned to her, as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency, in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. "Part!" I exclaimed passionately,—"No!—the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour, be mine, and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise, her delight, at these words, was like a momentary delirium. The wild, anxious smile, with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had, indeed, heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fulness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from our boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment!—was on the point of bending down my lips toward her, when, suddenly, in the air above our heads, as if it came from heaven, there burst forth a strain from a choir of voices, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, "My mother! oh my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard;—the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, Alethe had been often taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and, at the very summit of the rock above us, saw a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which also the sounds, that had appeared so supernatural, issued. There could be no doubt, that we had now found—if not the dwelling of the anchoret—at least, the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation, into which Alethe had been thrown by the first burst of that psalmody, soon yielded to the softening recollections which it brought back; and a calm came over her brow, such as it had never before worn, since our meeting. She seemed to feel that she had now reached her destined haven, and to hail, as the voice of heaven itself, those sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I could not now sympathize. Impatient to know all that awaited her and myself, I pushed our boat

close to the base of the rock,—directly under that lighted window on the summit, to find my way up to which was my first object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe, and made her repeat again the name of the Christian whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank, and was not long in discovering a sort of rude stair-way, cut out of the rock, but leading, I found, by easy windings, up the steep.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labour had succeeded in converting into a garden, and which was planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive, through the glimmering light, a number of small caves or grottos, into some of which, human beings might find entrance, while others appeared no larger than the tombs of the Sacred Birds round lake Mœris.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent to the summit, nor could perceive any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring around, I discovered behind the shade of a sycamore a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and secure ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe,—whom I found trembling already at her short solitude,—and having led her up the steps to this quiet garden, left her safely lodged, amid its holy silence, while I pursued my way upward to the light on the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit; there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock, as before, supplied the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb too rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach was, therefore, unheard, and an opportunity, during some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed once to have been a Pagan oratory, there was an assembly of seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar;—while, among them, as if presiding over their ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied,

with much reverence, to her lips. On the countenance of the venerable minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, there was an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drunk of the cup, —which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head, with a glory round it,—the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door, which was adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name "Melanius!" "Melanius is my name, young stranger," he answered; "and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee." Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peacefulness of my mission,"—at the same time placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures, which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he recognized instantly, the solemnity that had marked his first reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times seemed to pass through his mind, and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few,—but contained, perhaps, the last wishes of the dying Theora, for as he eagerly read them over, I saw the tears in his aged eyes, "The trust," he said, with a faltering voice, "is sacred, and God will, I hope, enable his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed—being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak, to join in worshipping God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and, leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the maiden.

CHAPTER XVI.

Melanius was among the first of those Christians of Egypt, who after the recent example of the hermit, Paul, renouncing all the comforts of social existence, betook themselves to a life of contemplation in the desert. Less selfish, however, in his piety, than most of these ascetics, Melanius forgot not the world, in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself; that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore, from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat, where he could combine the advantage of solitude with those opportunities of serving his fellowmen, which a neighbourhood to their haunts would afford.

That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses, which the race of Misraïm inherit from their Ethiopian ancestors, had, by hollowing out all Egypt into caverns and crypts, furnished these Christian anchorets with a choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottos of Elethya;—others, among the royal tombs of the Thebaïd. In the middle of the Seven Valleys, where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat, while others have sought the neighbourhood of the red Lakes of Nitria, and there,—like those Pagan solitaries of old, who dwelt among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea,—muse amid the sterility of nature, and seem to find, in her desolation, peace.

It was on one of the mountains of the Saïd, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion, —between the life and fertility of the Nile on the one side, and the lone, dismal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half-way down this mountain, where it impends over the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottos dug out of the rock, which had, in other times, ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had been long forgotten, and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the banishment of his great master, Origen, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, retired, and, by the example of his innocent life, no less than by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighbourhood of the rich city Antinoë, though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were among them, and, to all who sought instruction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was ever open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comforts of others. Contented with a rude bed of straw himself, for the stranger he had always a less homely resting-place. From his grotto, the wayfaring and the indigent never went unrefreshed; and, with the assistance of some of his brethren, he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessaries of such a climate, fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance which he had formed with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then taken in her fate was too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the zeal with which her young heart welcomed instruction; and the thought that such a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension, over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a year or two before her death, he had learned, by a private communication from Theora, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that "not only her own heart had taken root in the faith, but that a new bud had flowered with the same divine hope, and that, ere long, he might see them both transplanted to the desert."

The coming, therefore, of Alethe was far less a surprise to him, than her coming thus alone was a shock and a sorrow; and the silence of their meeting showed how deeply each remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world,—that the hand, which should have been joined with theirs, was in the tomb. I now saw that not even religion was proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put the ringlets aside from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there was a mournfulness mingled with his piety, as he said, "Heaven rest her soul!" which showed how little even the certainty of a heaven for those we love can subdue our regret for having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Alethe, of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as the dwelling of the hermit could offer. Pointing to one of the largest openings, as he addressed me,—"Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grotto a bed of fresh doum leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and already almost

repented of having deserved it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Alethe, as I took leave of her, to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for ever.

Having lighted me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto;—and here, I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Alethe, I turned humbly to solicit the benediction of the Christian, and, having conveyed to her, as I bent reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, with a desponding spirit I hurried into the cavern.

A short passage led me to the chamber within,—the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottos of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked fresh as if their colours were but laid on yesterday. They were, all of them, representations of rural and domestic scenes; and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called Death in, as usual, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group—a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl,—were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's faces, as though they could never look away; sometimes, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile,

> —on one of those sweet nights
> When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
> Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream,—
> When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,
> And number o'er the nights she hath to run
> Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by;—their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss, in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness,—but the sad lesson of mortality was to come. In the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; while a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times—of a sorrow, ancient as death itself,—was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed on it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone,—seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, with a volume unrolled before him, while a beautiful antelope lay sleeping at his feet. Struck forcibly by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith, before which the world trembles—its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock!"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable, repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane were the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the fears I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher—my desire to become a Christian—all was already known to the zealous anchoret, and the subject of my convertion was the very first on which he entered. O pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand, casting down my eyes, before that venerable man, as, with ingenuous trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my infidel brow!

Embarrassed as I felt by the consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at its own deceit, I heard the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without link or meaning; nor could disguise, but by the mockery of a reverential bow, at every pause, the entire want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I laboured.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man saw my embarrassment;—and, whether mistaking it for awe, or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by, at once, changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, "You have heard," he said, "I doubt not, of my brother-anchoret, Paul, who, from

his cave in the marble mountains, near the Red Sea, sends hourly 'the sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of *his* walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion; but, for me," he added, with a playful and significant smile, "who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter playmate." Then, taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been reading into a large goat-skin pouch, that hung by his side, "I will now," said he, "lead thee over my rocky kingdom,—that thou mayest see in what drear and barren places, that 'fruit of the spirit,' Peace, may be gathered."

To speak of peace to a heart like mine, at that moment, was like talking of some distant harbour to the mariner sinking at sea. In vain did I look round for some sign of Alethe;—in vain make an effort even to utter her name. Consciousness of my own deceit, as well as a fear of awakening in Melanius any suspicion that might frustrate my only hope, threw a fetter over my spirit and checked my tongue. In silence, therefore, I followed, while the cheerful old man, with slow, but firm step, ascended the rock, by the same ladders which I had mounted on the preceding night.

During the time when the Decian Persecution was raging, many Christians of this neighbourhood, he informed me, had taken refuge under his protection, in these grottos; and the chapel on the summit where I had found them at prayer, was, in those times of danger, their place of retreat, where, by drawing up these ladders, they were enabled to secure themselves from pursuit.

From the top of the rock, the view, on either side, embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation; nor could the Epicurean and the anchoret, who now gazed from that height, be at any loss to indulge their respective tastes, between the living luxuriance of the world on one side, and the dead repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation presented itself! Near us, to the south, were the graceful colonnades of Antinoë, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plains, teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, offered up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun; while, beneath us, the Nile,

> —the glorious stream,
> That late between its banks was seen to glide,—
> With shrines and marble cities, on each side,
> Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,—
> Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
> And valley, like a giant from his bed
> Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread.

From this scene, on one side of the mountain, we had but to turn

round our eyes, and it was as if nature herself had become suddenly extinct;—a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearying out the sun with its sameness of desolation;—black, burnt-up rocks, that stood as barriers, at which life stopped; while the only signs of animation, past or present, were the foot-prints, here and there, of an antelope or ostrich, or the bones of dead camels, as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

After listening, while he contrasted, in a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death on whose confines we stood, I again descended with my guide to the garden we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountain-side, he conducted me to another row of grottos, facing the desert, which had once, he said, been the abode of those brethren in Christ, who had fled with him to his solitude from the crowded world,—but which death had, within a few months, rendered tenantless. A cross of red stone, and a few faded trees, were the only traces these solitaries had left behind.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, while we descended to the edge of the canal; and I saw opposite, among the rocks, that solitary cave, which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. By the bank we found one of those rustic boats, which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn, bound rudely together with bands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the foul and shallow flood, and landed directly under the site of the cave.

This dwelling, as I have already mentioned, was situated upon a ledge of the rock; and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, more cheerful than the grottos on the other side of the ravine. But there was a dreariness in the whole region around, to which light only lent more horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks, as they stood, like ghosts, in the sunshine;—that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands;—all gave me the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in such a place seemed to me like a living death; and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be thy home," prepared as I was for the worst, my resolution gave way;—every feeling of disappointed passion and humbled pride, which had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours, found a vent at once, and I burst into tears!

Well accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps guessing at some of the sources of mine, the good Hermit, without appearing to notice this emotion, expatiated, with a cheerful air, on what he called the many comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered, he said, from

the dry, burning wind of the south, my porch would inhale the fresh breeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his own mountain-garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighbouring rock would supply my beverage; and, "here," he continued,—lowering his voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed upon the table the volume which he had brought,—"here, my son, is that 'well of living waters,' in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace!" Thus saying, he descended the rock to his boat, and after a few plashes of his oar had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

What a fate was mine!—but a few weeks since, presiding over that splendid Festival of the Garden, with all the luxuries of existence tributary in my train; and now—self-humbled into a solitary outcast,—the hypocritical pupil of a Christian anchoret,—without even the excuse of fanaticism, or any other madness, but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall! Were there a hope that, by this humiliating waste of existence, I might purchase but a glimpse, now and then, of Alethe, even the depths of the desert, with such a chance, would be welcome. But to live—and live thus—*without* her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Hating even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found my way, along the rocks, to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-red hue, which he so frequently wears, in this clime, at his setting. I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea, to the horizon, as if their waste extended to the very verge of the world,—and, in the bitterness of my feelings, rejoiced to see so much of creation rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the grasp of man. The thought seemed to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered over the dim and boundless solitude to be thus free, even amid blight and desolation, appeared a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the hue of the grey sands over which he fluttered. "Why may not the mind, like this bird, take the colour of the desert, and sympathise in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?"—thus, between despondency and defiance, did I ask myself, endeavouring to face with fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was unavailing. Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of peace, but the sullen and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love itself yield to despair.

Seating myself on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But in vain—it was still before me, deepened by all that fancy could add; and when, again looking up, I saw the last red ray of the sun, shooting across that melancholy and lifeless waste, it seemed to me like the light of the comet that once desolated this world, shining out luridly over the ruin that it had made!

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had left my dwelling, was not ill pleased to find my way, over the rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering however, I found the chamber as lonely as I had left it. The light came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanius had brought, and upon the leaves oh, joy and surprise—lay the well-known cross of Alethe!

What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me?—The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my cave at once brightened into a bower. She had here reminded me, herself, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the Hermit's rock; and I now scrupled not to reiterate the same daring promise, though conscious that through hypocrisy alone I could fulfil it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume, which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures; and the first sentence, on which my eyes fell, was—"The Lord hath commanded the blessing, even Life for evermore!" Startled by these words, in which the Spirit of my dream seemed again to pronounce his assuring prediction, I raised my eyes from the page, and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether the sounds had any charm or spell, to reawaken that faded illusion in my soul. But, no—the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and, to the word of "Life," the only answer it sent back was "Death!"

Impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, on which,—whatever it might promise for hereafter,—I felt that my happiness here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity, such as never even the most favourite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lighting only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found my-

self, even in this undisciplined career, arrested, at every page, by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that crowded upon me.

I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonising refinements of Philo;—as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was I prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration,—the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should that night have been a believer; so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wonderful book,—its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves;—and when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images that had charmed me, and, when wakened at day-break by the Hymn from the chapel, fancied myself still listening to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that, among the tones of that morning choir, I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Alethe. But the strain had ceased;—I caught only the last notes of the Hymn, as, echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again at my study, and, notwithstanding the distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the half-seen grottos of the anchoret, pursued it perseveringly through the day. Still alive, however, but to the eloquence, the poetry of what I read, of its connection or authenticity, as a history, I never paused to consider. My fancy being alone interested by it, to fancy I referred all it contained; and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of splendid allegories, in which the melancholy of Egyptian associations was interwoven with the rich imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the boat of Melanius on its way, across the canal, to my cave. Though he had no other companion than his graceful antelope, that stood snuffing the wild air of the desert, as if scenting its home, I felt his visit, even thus, to be a most welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain,—of his accustomed visit to these cisterns of the rock, from which he nightly drew his most precious beverage. While he

spoke, I observed in his hand one of those earthen cups, in which the inhabitants of the wilderness are accustomed to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he led me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows of the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which the dews of night are treasured up for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had proceeded in my study, "In that light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendours of sunset,—"in that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; on whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has, from time to time, renewed his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of divine power, chastening the proud by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that vital truth,—the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being,—that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race;—that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, surrounding every step of their course with miracles, placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositaries of his will, and the ever-during memorials of his power.

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice, he traced [1], through the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence—darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of heaven;—the long series of prophecy, through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark through a chain;—the merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living,

[1] In the original the discourses of the Hermit are given much more at length.

but by predictions launched into futurity to carry conviction to the yet unborn;—"through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanius left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me,—with a benevolence I but ill, alas! deserved,—that my soul, under these lessons, might be "as a watered garden," and ere long, bear "fruit unto life eternal."

Next morning, I was again at my study, and even more eager in the task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages. "It tells me," said I, "of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it!"

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion,—again rail at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Dalilah of this book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception—thought I, with a sigh—be necessary, at least let me not practice it on myself;—in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery,—that fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my fancy and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian recorded and the prophet predicted, seemed all of this world,—all, temporal and earthly. That mortality, of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, "all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again," a feeling, like the wind of the desert, came witheringly over me. Love, Beauty, Glory, every thing most bright upon earth, appeared sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom, into one general mass of corruption and silence.

Possessed by the image of desolation I had called up, I laid my head on the book, in a paroxysm of despair. Death, in all his most ghastly varieties, passed before me; and I had continued thus for

some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the anchoret standing by my side;—his countenance beaming with that sublime tranquillity, which a hope, beyond this earth, alone can bestow. How I envied him!

We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain,—the gloom in my own mind making every thing around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy in my feelings, I, at once, avowed to him all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

"Thou art yet, my son," he answered, "but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the Divine plan; —its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thee. However glorious that manifestation of Divinity on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, that, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all, that had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the promises, shadowed out by the 'spirit of prophecy,' realised;—when the silence, that lay, as a seal, on the future, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!"

Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling on every miraculous circumstance connected with it;—the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God, inferior only to the one, self-existent Father; —the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger;—the miracles that authenticated his divine mission;—the example of obedience to God, and love to man which he set, as a shining light, before the world for ever;—and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light."

"Such," continued the Hermit, "was the Mediator, promised through all time, to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great final object of his providence,—the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!"

With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave; and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been reading was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not have a doubt to whose gentle hand I was indebted for this invisible superintendence over my studies, there was yet a something in it, so like spiritual interposition, that it awed me;—and never more than at this moment, when, on approching the volume, I saw, as the light glistened over its silver letters, that it was the very book of Life of which the Hermit had spoken!

The orison of the Christians had sounded through the valley, before I raised my eyes from that sacred volume; and the second hour of the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this mode of existence did I pass some days;—my mornings devoted to reading, my nights to listening, under the canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanius. The perseverance with which I enquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal, and knowledge for belief. Alas! cold, and barren, and earthly was that knowledge,—the word, without the spirit; the shape, without the life. Even when, as a relief from hypocrisy, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith whose hope crumbled at the touch,—like the fruit of the desert-shrub, shining and empty!

But, though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded by his innocent zeal, as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others; and the examples of such conversion as that of the philosopher, Justin, who received the light into his soul during a walk by the sea-shore, had prepared him for illuminations of the spirit, even more rapid than mine.

During this time, I neither saw nor heard of Alethe;—nor could my patience have endured so long a privation, had not those mute vestiges of her presence, that welcomed me every night on my return, made me feel that I was still living under her gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanius, though he answered not my enquiry, there was a smile, I thought,

of promise upon his countenance, which love, more alive than faith, interpreted as it wished.

At length,—it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my solitude, when I lay resting at the door of my cave, after the study of the day,—I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks, and looking up, saw, on the cliff near the deserted grottos, Melanius and—oh, I could not doubt—my Alethe by his side!

Though I had never ceased, since the first night of my return from the desert, to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her again made me feel what an age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to my too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the boat, proceed towards my cave. To disguise from Melanius the feelings with which we met was impossible;—nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her innocent joy. Though blushing at her own happiness, she could as little conceal it, as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, too, every word, spoke a fulness of affection, to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to answer.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate which awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned every thing that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the Hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage,—the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard feelings, so natural, with severity, —knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man, —the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, proved as he thought the purity of my views had been, by the fidelity with which I had delivered up my trust into his hands, saw, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed too much happiness to be real; nor can words give an idea of the joy—the shame—the wonder with which I listened, while the holy man himself declared, that he awaited but the moment, when he should find me worthy of beco-

ming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, heavenly. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith;—and the white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger, "were symbols, he said, "of that New Life into which she had been initiated."

I raised my eyes to her as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her, abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

To that night, however, I look back, as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes call the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave, with a heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I knew no other relief to my overcharged feelings than that of throwing myself on my knees, and, for the first time in my life, uttering a prayer, that if, indeed, there were a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my soul, and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to me!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to pay their visit to my now charmed cave, where her smile left a light, at each parting, that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, by star-light, over the mountain;—our pauses, on the way, to contemplate the bright wonders of that heaven above us;—our repose by the cistern of the rock, and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher;—all, all happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold, lingering doubts, that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

When the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which but lately had appeared to me so desolate, now wore even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes, her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them;—sometimes her eyes sparkled

on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers, that lend their mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share, —mingling with them occasionally the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth "God is Love," written legibly every where.

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh mornings of hope! oh nights of happiness! with what mournful pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I occasionally paid a visit to the neighbouring city, Antinoë, which, as the capital of the Thebaïd, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Egypt. Here,—so changed was my every feeling by the all-transforming passion that possessed me,—I wandered, unamused and uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that* the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that were called up, at every step, by the light Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart—one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honours that awaited me in the Garden. I saw the arches of triumph;—I walked under the superb portico, which encircles the whole city with its marble shade;—I stood in the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-coloured pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured; —all these bright ornaments of glory and art, as well as the gay multitude that enlivened them, I saw with an unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea, that, one day, like Thebes and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins,—like the sea-shells found where the ocean has been,—to tell that the great tide of Life was once there!

But, though indifferent thus to all that had formerly attracted me, there were subjects, once alien to my heart, on which it was now most tremblingly alive; and some rumours which had reached me, in one of my visits to the city, of an expected change in the policy of the Emperor towards the Christians, filled me with apprehensions as new as they were dreadful to me.

The peace and even favour which the Christians enjoyed, during the first four years of the reign of Valerian, had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors, which they had expe-

rienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy, which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Prætorian Prefect, who was, by birth, an Egyptian, and—so akin is superstition to intolerance—had long made himself notorious by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favour of Valerian, the expected measures of severity against the Christians, it was supposed, would emanate. All tongues, in all quarters, were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw, every where, groups of inquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe, in the countenances of those who spoke, the variety of feeling with which the rumour was discussed, according as they desired or dreaded its truth,—according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He heard me with a composure, which I mistook, alas, for confidence in his security; and naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time Alethe and he were at my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never did brow wear such a happiness as that which now played round hers;—it was, alas, *not* of this earth! Melanius, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine—in the performance, too, of a ceremony that *ought* to have filled my heart with joy—saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment,—the plighting of our faith to each other,—which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that sunset heaven, with its one star standing as witness. After a blessing from the Hermit on our spousal pledge, I placed the ring—the earnest of our future union—on her finger, and, in the blush, with which she surrendered her whole heart to me at that instant, forgot every thing but my happiness, and felt secure, even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk over the rocks and on the desert. The moon was so bright,—like the day-light, indeed, of other climes—that we could see plainly the tracks of the wild antelopes in the

sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, "I have observed in my walks, that wherever the track of that gentle animal is seen, there is, almost always, the footprint of a beast of prey near it." He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point, looking, he said, "towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage."

Though, in the presence of Alethe, my fears, even for herself, were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I try to reason myself out of my fears by dwelling on the most cheering circumstances,—the reverence with which Melanius was regarded, even by the Pagans, and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in his grottos to others. When, somewhat calmed by these considerations, I sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me, and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned,—that dreadful day. Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat,—the same in which we had performed our happy voyage,—and, as fast as oars could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but, as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it,—great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy, in the middle of the Forum, was the tribunal of the Governor. Two statues, one of Apollo, the other of Osiris, stood at the bottom of the steps that led up to his judgment-seat. Before these idols were shrines, to which the devoted Christians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, hurried away to torture and death. It was an appalling scene;—the consternation, the cries of some of the victims,—the pale, silent resolution of others;—the fierce shouts of laughter that broke from the multitude, when the frankincense, dropped

on the altar, proclaimed some denier of Christ; and the fiend-like triumph with which the courageous Confessors, who avowed their faith, were led away to the flames;—never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minutes I felt enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe flit before me through that tumult;—I heard them shout her name;—her shriek fell on my ear; and the very thought so palsied me with terror, that I stood fixed and statue-like on the spot.

Recollecting, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that—perhaps, at this very instant—some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the grottos, I rushed wildly out of the Forum, and made my way to the quay.

The streets were now crowded; but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river,—already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe,—when a Centurion stood sternly in my path, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger,—that I was an Athenian,—that I was—*not* a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unrelentingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarter of their Chief.

It was enough to drive me to madness! Two hours, two frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of the Tribune of their Legion[1], —my brain burning with a thousand fears and imaginations, which every passing minute made more likely to be realised. Every thing, too, that I could collect from the conversations around me but added to the agonising apprehensions with which I was racked. Troops, it was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighbourhood, to bring in the rebellious Christians, and make them bow before the Gods of the Empire. With horror, too, I heard of Orcus,—Orcus, the High Priest of Memphis,—as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as here present in Antinoë, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance; —till, hearing a voice, in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphron!" I looked up, and in this legionary Chief recognized a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before, at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the Garden. It was no time, however, for courtesies;—he was proceeding with cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him

[1] A rank resembling that of Colonel.

order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and, in a few minutes, was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the grottos before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate; but the tranquillity I found every where as I proceeded down the river, and the fond confidence I still cherished in the sacredness of the Hermit's retreat, kept my heart from giving way altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my oars, the boat flew, like wind, along the waters; and I was already near the rocks of the ravine, when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a barge crowded with people, and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat, helplessly gazing, as the terrific vision approached. In a few minutes, the current brought us together; —and I saw, on the deck of the barge, Alethe and the Hermit surrounded by soldiers!

We were already passing each other when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel. I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers, as I stood tottering on the edge, I had succeeded in wresting it out of his hands, when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades, and fell backward into the river. I can just remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel;—but the shock, the faintness from my wound, deprived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe, as I sunk, is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would I had then died! —Yet, no, Almighty Being,—I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know Thee!

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainty flashed upon me, and, starting wildly—disabled as I was—from my couch, I called loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, on Alethe.

I was in the house, I found, of my friend and disciple, the young Tribune, who had made the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antinoë. From him I now

learned at once,—for I could not wait for details,—the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. Melanius was no more,—Alethe still alive, but in prison!

"Take me to her"—I had but time to say—"take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side,"—when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were, for that day, over,—but what the morrow might bring, he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at night-fall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain access to Alethe. She might yet, he added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods.—"Otherwise," said he, "there is no hope;—the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his prey."

He then related to me, at my own request,—though every word was torture,—all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the Tribunal. "I have seen courage," said he, in its noblest forms, in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged Hermit endured torments—which it was hardly less torment to witness—surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude!"

My poor Alethe, too,—in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the Tribunal and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. "She raised her eyes," said he, "calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features;—and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her dooming words, 'I am a Christian!' sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of 'Save the young maiden!' was heard in all directions."

The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which, so fatally to his views, she had assisted mine, he demanded loudly, and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general

sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was accorded, to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding reluctantly to this brief respite, the inhuman Priest would accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of coral[1], with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom;—"and thus fearfully adorned," said he, "she was led away, amid the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison."

With these details the short interval till nightfall,—every minute of which seemed an age,—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter,—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance,—and conducted, under the guidance of my friend, to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and, supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch,—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it,—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe, my own, happy Alethe! *can* it, I thought, be thou that I look upon!

She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which, when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me, —and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the

[1] "Une de ces couronnes de grains de corail dont les vierges martyres ornaient leurs cheveux en allant à la mort."—*Les Martyrs*.

couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alethe!"—I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,—and the sound of my voice seemed to reanimate her;—she looked up, with a faint smile in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and, in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke,—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, have blessed every word!

But the time flew fast—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer,—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from my litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

Shrinking from me, as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—"What, thou, too!" she said mournfully,—"thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own!—oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the Present and Future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued,—pointing to the two rings on her finger,—"behold these pledges,—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to Heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace,

I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal and undefiled,' which mercy offers, and that thou,—my dear mother,—and I—"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished;—and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness,—like the coming of death—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—"Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee—"

Here, her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and —merciful God, let me forget what I then felt,—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not;—but the Tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!"

He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison,—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

Here ends the Manuscript; but, on the outer cover there is, in the hand-writing of a much later period, the following Notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian Martyrology:—

"Alciphron,—an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity, A. D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered mar-

tyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary; and, being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an Imperial edict, he died at the brass mines of Palestine, A. D. 297.—

"As Alciphron held the opinions maintained since by Arius, his memory has not been spared by Athanasian writers, who, among other charges, accuse him of having been addicted to the superstitions of Egypt. For this calumny, however, there appears to be no better foundation than a circumstance, recorded by one of his brother monks, that there was found, after his death, a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended round his neck."

NOTES.

PAGE 10.—For the importance attached to dreams by the ancients, see Jortin, *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*, vol. 1. p. 90.

PAGE 12.—"*The Pillar of Pillars*"—more properly, perhaps, "the column of the pillars." v. Abdallatif, *Relation de l'Égypte*, and the notes of M. de Sacy. The great portico round this column (formerly designated Pompey's, but now known to have been erected in honour of Dioclesian), was still standing, M. de Sacy says, in the time of Saladin. vid. Lord Valentia's *Travels*.

Ib.—Ammianus thus speaks of the state of Alexandria in his time, which was, I believe, as late as the end of the fourth century: — "Ne nunc quidem in eadem urbe Doctrinæ variæ silent, non apud nos exaruit Musica nec Harmonia conticuit." Lib. 22.

PAGE 14.—From the character of the features of the Sphinx, and a passage in Herodotus, describing the Egyptians as μελαγχροες και ουλοτριχες, Volney, Bruce, and a few others, have concluded that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were negroes. But this opinion is contradicted by a host of authorities. See Castera's notes upon Browne's *Travels*, for the result of Blumenbach's dissection of a variety of mummies. Denon, speaking of the character of the heads represented in the ancient sculpture and painting of Egypt, says, "Celle des femmes ressemble encore à la figure des jolies femmes d'aujourd'hui : de la rondeur, de la volupté, le nez petit, les yeux longs, peu ouverts," etc., etc. He could judge, too, he says, from the female mummies, "que leurs cheveux étaient longs et lisses, que le caractère de la tête de la plupart tenait du beau style."—"Je rapportai," he adds, "une tête de vieille femme qui était aussi belle que celles de Michel Ange, et leur ressemblait beaucoup."

In a *Description générale de Thèbes* by Messrs. Jollois et Desvilliers, they say, "Toutes les sculptures égyptiennes, depuis les plus grands colosses de Thèbes jusqu'aux plus petites idoles, ne rappellent en aucune manière les traits de la figure des nègres, outre que les têtes des momies des catacombes de Thèbes présentent des profils droits." See also M. Jomard's *Description of Syene and the Cataracts*, Baron Larrey, on the "conformation physique" of the Egyptians, etc.

De Pauw, the great depreciator of everything Egyptian, has, on the authority of a passage in Ælian, presumed to affix to the countrywomen

of Cleopatra the stigma of complete and unredeemed ugliness. The following line of Euripides, however, is an answer to such charges :—

Νειλου μεν αἰδε καλλιπαρθενοι ῥοαι.

In addition to the celebrated instances of Cleopatra, Rhodope, etc. we are told, on the authority of Manetho (as given by Zoega from Georgius Syncellus), of a beautiful queen of Memphis, Nitocris, of the sixth dynasty, who, in addition to other charms and perfections, was (rather inconsistently with the negro hypothesis) ξανθη την χροιαν.

See, for a tribute to the beauty of the Egyptian women, Montesquieu's *Temple de Gnide*.

Page 17.—"*Among beds of lotus flowers.*"—v. Strabo.

Ib.—"*Isle of the golden Venus.*"—"On trouve une île appelée Vénus-Dorée, ou le Champ d'Or, avant de remonter jusqu'à Memphis." *Voyages de Pythagore.*

Page 18.—For an account of the Table of Emerald, v. *Lettre sur l'Origine des Dieux d'Égypte*. De Pauw supposes it to be a modern fiction of the Arabs. Many writers have fancied that the art of making gold was the great secret that lay hid under the forms of Egyptian theology. "La science hermétique," says the Benedictine, Pernetz, "l'art sacerdotal était la source de toutes les richesses des rois d'Égypte, et l'objet de ces mystères si cachés sous le voile de leur prétendue religion." *Fables Egyptiennes*. The hieroglyphs, that formerly covered the Pyramids, are supposed by some of these writers to relate to the same art. See *Mutus liber, Rupullæ*.

Page 19.—"By reflecting the sun's rays," says Clarke, speaking of the Pyramids, "they appeared white as snow."

Ib.—For Bubastis, the Diana of the Egyptians, v. *Jablonski*, lib. 3. c. 4.

Page 20.—"*The light coracle,*" *etc.*—v. *Ameilhon*, "*Histoire de la Navigation et du Commerce des Égyptiens sous les Ptolémées.*" See also, for a description of the various kinds of boats used on the Nile, *Maillet*, tom. i. p. 98.

Ib.—v. Maurice, Appendix to *Ruins of Babylon*. Another reason, he says, for their worship of the Ibis, "founded on their love of geometry, was (according to Plutarch), that the space between its legs, when parted asunder, as it walks, together with its beak, forms a complete equilateral triangle." From the examination of the embalmed birds, found in the Catacombs of Saccara, there seems to be no doubt that the Ibis was the same kind of bird as that described by Bruce, under the Arabian name of Abou Hannes.

Page 21.—"*The sistrum,*" *etc.*—"Isis est genius," says Servius, Ægypti, qui per sistri motum, quod gerit in dextra, Nili accessus recessusque significat."

Page 22.—"*The ivy that encircled it,*" *etc.*—The ivy was consecrated to Osiris. v. *Diodor.* Sic. 1. 10.

Page 23.—"*The small mirror.*"—"Quelques unes," says Dupuis, describing the processions of Isis, "portaient des miroirs attachés à leurs épaules, afin de multiplier et de porter dans tous les sens les images de la déesse." *Origine des Cultes,* tom. 8. p. 847. A mirror, it appears, was also one of the emblems in the mysteries of Bacchus.

Ib.—"*There is, to the north of Memphis,*" *etc.*—"Tout prouve que le territoire de Sakkarah était la Nécropolis au sud de Memphis, et le faubourg opposé à celui-ci, où sont les pyramides de Gizeh, une autre ville des Morts, qui terminait Memphis au nord." *Denon.*

There is nothing known with certainty as to the site of Memphis, but it will be perceived that the description of its position given by the Epicurean corresponds, in almost every particular, with that which M. Maillet (the French consul, for many years, at Cairo) has left us. It must be always borne in mind, too, that of the distance between the respective places here mentioned, we have no longer any accurate means of judging.

Ib.—"*Pyramid beyond pyramid.*"—"Multas olim pyramidas fuisse e ruinis arguitur." *Zoega.*—Vansleb, who visited more than ten of the small pyramids, is of opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this place.

See, for the lake to the northward of Memphis, Shaw's *Travels*, p. 302.

Page 25.—"*The Theban beetle.*"—"On voit en Égypte, après la retraite du Nil et la fécondation des terres, le limon couvert d'une multitude de scarabées. Un pareil phénomène a dû sembler aux Égyptiens le plus propre à peindre une nouvelle existence." *M. Jomard.*—Partly for the same reason, and partly for another, still more fanciful, the early Christians used to apply this emblem to Christ. "Bonus ille scarabæus meus," says St. Augustine, "non ea tantum de causa quod unigenitus, quod ipsemet sui auctor mortalium speciem induerit, sed quod in hac nostra fæce sese volutaverit, et ex hac ipsa nasci voluerit."

Ib.—"*Enshrined within a case of crystal.*"—"Les Égyptiens ont fait aussi, pour conserver leurs morts, des caisses de verre." *De Pauw.*—He mentions, in another place, a sort of transparent substance, which the Ethiopians used for the same purpose, and which was frequently mistaken by the Greeks for glass.

Ib.—"*Among the emblems of death.*"—"Un prêtre qui brise la tige d'une fleur, des oiseaux qui s'envolent, sont les emblèmes de la mort et de l'âme qui se sépare du corps." *Denon.*

Theseus employs the same image in the Phædra :—

Ορνις γαρ ὡς τις εκ χερων αφαντος ει
Πηδημ' ες ἀδου πικρον ὁρμησασα μοι.

Ib.—"The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently recurring

among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the Christians at a very early period of ecclesiastical history; and as some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret transpired. 'The converted heathens,' says Socrates Scholasticus, 'explained the symbol, and declared that it signified Life to Come.'" *Clarke.*

Lipsius, therefore, erroneously supposes the Cross to have been an emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject, *Histoire des Juifs,* liv. 9. c. 16.

It is singular enough that while the Cross was held sacred among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the forehead with the sign of the Cross, but Baptism and the consecration of the bread in the Eucharist were imitated in the mysterious ceremonies of Mitra. *Tertull. de Proscriptione Hereticorum.*

Zoega is of opinion that the Cross found (for the first time, it is said) on the destruction of the temple of Serapis by the Christians, could not have been the crux ansata; as nothing is more common than this emblem on all the Egyptian monuments.

Page 26.—"*Stood shadowless.*"—It was an idea entertained among the ancients that the Pyramids were so constructed ("mecanica constructione," says Ammianus Marcellinus) as never to cast any shadow.

Page 27.—"*Rhodope.*"—From the story of Rhodope, Zoega thinks, "videntur Arabes ansam arripuisse ut in una ex pyramidibus, genii loco, habitare dicerent mulierem nudam insignis pulchritudinis, quæ aspectu suo homines insanire faciat." *De Usu Obeliscorum.* See also *l'Égypte de Murtadi, par Vattier.*

Page 28.—"*The gates of oblivion.*"—Apud Memphim æneas quasdam portas, quæ Lethes et Cocyti (hoc est oblivionis et lamentationis) appellentur, aperiri, gravem asperumque edentes sonum." *Zoega.*

Page 29.—"*A file of lifeless bodies.*"—See, for the custom of burying the dead upright ("post funus stantia busto corpora," as Statius describes it), Dr. Clarke's preface to the 2d section of his fifth volume. They used to insert precious stones in the place of the eyes. "Les yeux étaient formés d'émeraudes, de turquoises, etc."—v. *Masoudy,* quoted by *Quatremere.*

Page 30.—"*It seemed as if every echo.*"—See, for the echoes in the pyramids, *Plutarch. de Placitis Philosoph.*

Page 31.—"*Pale, phantom-like shapes.*" "Ce moment heureux (de l'autopsie) était préparé par des scenes effrayantes, par des alternatives de crainte et de joie, de lumières et de ténèbres, par la lueur des éclairs, par le bruit terrible de la foudre qu'on imitait, et par des apparitions de spectres, des illusions magiques, qui frappaient les yeux et les oreilles tout ensemble." *Dupuis*

Page 32.—"*Serpents of fire.*"—"Ces considérations me portent à pen-

ser que, dans les mystères, ces phénomènes étaient beaucoup mieux exécutés et sans comparaison plus terribles à l'aide de quelque composition pyrique, qui est restée cachée comme celle du feu grégeois." *De Pauw.*

Page 32.—"*The burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia.*"—"Il n'y a point d'autre moyen que de porter le feu dans ces forêts de roseaux, qui répandent alors dans tout le pays une lumière aussi considérable que celle du jour même." *Maillet*, tom. I, p. 68.

Ib.—"*The sound of torrents.*"—The Nile, Pliny tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

Page 33.—"*I had almost given myself up.*"—"On exerçait," says *Dupuis*, "les récipiendaires, pendant plusieurs jours, à traverser à la nage une grande étendue d'eau. On les y jetait, et ce n'était qu'avec peine qu'ils s'en retiraient. On appliquait le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisait passer à travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials. v. *Recherches sur les Initiations, par Robin.*

Page 36.—For the two cups used in the mysteries, see *Histoire des Juifs*, liv. 9. c. 16.

Ib.—"*Osiris.*"—Osiris, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world; and performed the office of Pluto, in the mythology of the Egyptians. "They believed," says Dr. Pritchard, "that Serapis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when languishing without bodies, and that the dead were deposited in his palace." *Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology.*

Ib.—"*To cool the lips of the Dead.*"—"Frigidam illam aquam post mortem, tanquam Hebes poculum, expetitam." *Zoega.*—The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See *Dupuis*, tom. 8. p. 651.

Page 37.—"*A draught divine.*"—*Diodor. Sicul.*

Page 38.—"*Grasshopper, symbol of initiation.*"—*Hor. Appol.*—The grasshopper was also consecrated to the sun, as being musical.

Ib.—"*Isle of Gardens.*"—The isle Antirrhodus, near Alexandria. *Maillet.*

Ib.—"*Vineyard at Anthylla.*"—See *Athen. Deipnos.*

Page 39.—"*We can see those stars.*"—"On voyait en plein jour par ces ouvertures les étoiles, et même quelques planètes en leur plus grande latitude septentrionale; et les prêtres avaient bientôt profité de ce phénomène pour observer à diverses heures le passage des étoiles." *Sethos.*—Strabo mentions certain caves or pits, constructed for the purpose of astronomical observations, which lay in the Zelopolitan prefecture, beyond Heliopolis.

Page 39.—"*A plantain.*"—This tree was dedicated to the Genii of the Shades, from its being an emblem of repose and cooling airs. "Cui minet musæ folium, quod ab Iside infera geniisque ei addictis manu geri solitum, umbram requiemque et auras frigidas subindigitare videtur." *Zoega.*

Page 42.—"*He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul,*" *etc.*—For a full account of the doctrines which are here represented as having been taught to the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries, the reader may consult *Dupuis*, Pritchard's *Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*, etc. etc, "L'on découvrait l'origine de l'âme, sa chute sur la terre, à travers les sphères et les élémens, et son retour au lieu de son origine... C'était ici la partie la plus métaphysique, et que ne pouvait guère entendre le commun des initiés, mais dont on lui donnait le spectacle par des figures et des spectres allégoriques." *Dupuis.*

Ib.—"*Those fields of radiance.*"—See Beausobre, liv. 3. c. 4. for the "terre bienheureuse et lumineuse" which the Manicheans supposed God to inhabit. Plato, too, speaks (in *Phæd.*) of a "pure land lying in the pure sky (την γην καθαραν εν καθαρῳ κεισθαι ουανῳ), the abode of divinity, of innocence, and of life."

Page 43.—"*Tracing it from the first moment of earthward desire.*" In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here (which I have since published in another form), illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental fable of the Loves of the Angels.

Page 44.—"*Restoring her lost wings.*"—Damascius, in his Life of Isidorus, says, "Ex antiquissimis Philosophis Pythagoram et Platonem Isidorus ut Deos coluit, et *eorum animas alatas esse* dixit quas in locum supercœlestem inque campum veritatis et pratum elevatas, divinis putavit ideis pasci." *Apud Phot. Bibliothec.*

Ib.—"*A pale, moon-like meteor.*"—Apuleius, in describing the miraculous appearances exhibited in the mysteries, says, "Nocte media vidi solem candido coruscantem lumine." *Metamorphos.* lib. 11.

Ib.—"*So entirely did the illusion of the scene,*" *etc.*—In tracing the early connexion of spectacles with the ceremonies of religion, Voltaire says, "Il y a bien plus, les véritables grandes tragédies, les représentations imposantes et terribles étaient les mystères sacrés qu'on célébrait dans les plus vastes temples du monde, en présence des seuls initiés: c'était là que les habits, les décorations, les machines étaient propres au sujet; et le sujet était la vie présente et la vie future." *Des divers changemens arrivés à l'art tragique.*

To these scenic representations in the Egyptian mysteries, there is evidently an allusion in the vision of Ezekiel, where the spirit shows him the abominations which the Israelites learned in Egypt:—"Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in *the chambers of his imagery*?'" Chap. 8.

Page 46.—"*The Seven Tables of stone.*"—"Bernard, comte de la Marche Trévisane, instruit par la lecture des livres anciens, dit qu'Hermès trouva sept tables dans la vallée d'Hébron, sur lesquelles étaient gravés les principes des arts libéraux." *Fables Égyptiennes.* See *Jablonski de stilis Herm.*

Ib.—"*Beside the goat of Mendes*"—For an account of the animal worship of the Egyptians, see *De Pauw*, tom. 2.

Ib.—"*The Isiac serpents.*"—"On augurait bien des serpens isiaques lorsqu'ils goûtaient l'offrande et se traînaient lentement autour de l'autel." *De Pauw.*

Page 47.—"*Hence, the festivals and hymns,*" *etc.*—For an account of the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, in the spring, and in the autumn, see *Dupuis* and *Pritchard.*

Ib.—"*The Mysteries of the Night.*"—v. *Athenag. Leg. pro Christ.* p. 133.

Page 48.—"*A peal, like that of thunder.*"—See, for some curious remarks on the mode of imitating thunder and lightning in the ancient mysteries, *De Pauw*, tom. 1, p. 323. The machine with which these effects were produced on the stage was called a ceraunoscope.

Page 50.—"*Windings, capriciously intricate.*"—In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt,—the fifteen hundred chambers under the Labyrinth—the subterranean stables of the Thebaïd, containing a thousand horses—the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the bed of the Nile, etc., etc.—the stories and traditions current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions. "Un Arabe," says Paul Lucas, "qui était avec nous, m'assura qu'étant entré autrefois dans le labyrinthe, il avait marché dans les chambres souterraines jusqu'en un lieu où il y avait une grande place environnée de plusieurs niches qui ressemblaient à de petites boutiques, d'où l'on entrait dans d'autres allées et dans des chambres, sans pouvoir en trouver la fin." In speaking, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Cosseir, "Ils me dirent même que ces souterrains étaient si profonds, qu'il y en avait qui allaient à trois journées de là, et qu'ils conduisaient dans un pays où l'on voyait de beaux jardins, qu'on y trouvait de belles maisons," etc., etc.

See also in M. Quatremere's *Mémoires sur l'Égypte*, tom. 1. p. 142, an account of a subterranean reservoir, said to have been discovered at Kaïs, and of the expedition undertaken by a party of persons, in a long narrow boat, for the purpose of exploring it. "Leur voyage avait été de six jours, dont les quatre premiers furent employés à pénétrer les bords, les deux autres à revenir au lieu d'où ils étaient partis : pendant tout cet intervalle ils ne purent atteindre l'extrémité du bassin L'émir Ala-eddin-Tamboga, gouverneur de Behnesa, écrivit ces détails au sultan, qui en fut extrêmement surpris."

Page 51.—"*A small island in the centre of Lake Mœris.*"—The posi-

tion here given to Lake Mœris, in making it the immediate boundary of the city of Memphis to the south, corresponds exactly with the site assigned to it by Maillet:—"Memphis avait encore à son midi un vaste réservoir, par où tout ce qui peut servir à la commodité et à l'agrément de la vie leur était voituré abondamment de toutes les parties de l'Égypte. Ce lac, qui la terminait de ce côté-là," etc., etc. T. 2. p. 7.

Page 52.—"*Ruins, rising blackly above the wave.*"—"On voit sur la rive orientale des antiquités qui sont presque entièrement sous les eaux." *Belzoni.*

Ib.—"*Its thundering portals.*"—"Quorundam autem domorum (in Labyrintho) talis est situs, ut adaperientibus foris tonitru intus terribile existat." *Pliny.*

Ib.—"*Leaves that serve as cups.*"—*Strabo.* According to the French translator of Strabo, it was the fruit of the *faba Ægyptiaca,* not the leaf, that was used for this purpose. "Le κιβώριον," he says, "devait s'entendre de la capsule ou fruit de cette plante, dont les Égyptiens se servaient comme d'un vase, imaginant que l'eau du Nil y devenait délicieuse."

Page 54.—"*The fish of these waters,*" *etc.*—*Ælian.* lib. 6. 32.

Ib.—"*Pleasure-boats or yachts.*"—Called Thalamages, from the pavilion on the deck. v. *Strabo.*

Ib.—"*Covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses.*"—As April is the season for gathering these roses (See Malte-Brun's *Economical Calendar*), the Epicurean could not, of course, mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.

Page 55.—"*The lizards upon the bank.*"—"L'or et l'azur brillent en bandes longitudinales sur leur corps entier, et leur queue est du plus beau bleu céleste." *Sonnini.*

Ib.—"*The canal through which we now sailed.*"—"Un canal," says Maillet, "très profond et très large y voiturait les eaux du Nil."

Page 56—"*For a draught of whose flood,*" *etc.*—"Anciennement on portait les eaux du Nil jusqu'en des contrées fort éloignées, et surtout chez les princesses du sang des Ptolémées, mariées dans des familles étrangères." *De Pauw.*

Page 58.—"*Bearing each the name of its owner.*"—"Le nom du maître y était écrit pendant la nuit en lettres de feu." *Maillet.*

Ib.—"*Cups of that frail crystal,*"—called Alassontes. For their brittleness Martial is an authority:

> Tolle, puer, calices, tepidique toreumata Nili,
> Et mihi secura pocula trade manu.

PAGE 58.—"*Bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.*"—The bean of the Glycyne, which is so beautiful as to be strung into necklaces and bracelets, is generally known by the name of the black bean of Abyssinia. *Niebuhr.*

Ib.—"*Sweet lotus-wood flute.*" — See M. Villoteau *on the musical instruments of the Egyptians.*

Ib.—"*Shine like the brow of Mount Atlas at night.*"—Solinus speaks of the snowy summit of Mount Atlas glittering with flames at night. In the account of the Periplus of Hanno, as well as in that of Eudoxus, we read that as those navigators were coasting this part of Africa, torrents of light were seen to fall on the sea.

PAGE 59.—"*The tears of Isis.*"—"Per lacrymas, vero, Isidis, intelligo effluvia quædam Lunæ, quibus tantam vim videtur tribuisse Ægypti." *Jablonski.*—He is of opinion that the superstition of the *Nucta,* or miraculous drop, is a relic of the veneration paid to the dews, as the tears of Isis.

Ib.—"*The rustling of the acacias,*" *etc.*—*Travels of Captain Mangles.*

Ib.—"*Supposed to rest in the Valley of the Moon.*"—*Plutarch. Dupuis*, tom. 10. The Manicheans held the same belief. See *Beausobre*, p. 565.

PAGE 60.—"*Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters.*"—Ὑδραγωγον is the epithet applied to this star by *Plutarch*, *de Isid.*

Ib.—"*Was its birth-star.*"—Η Σωθεως ανατολη γενεσεως καταρχουσα της εις τον κοσμον. *Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.*

PAGE 62.—"*Golden Mountains.*"—v. Wilfort *on Egypt and the Nile,* Asiatic Researches.

Ib.—"*Sweet-smelling wood.*"—"A l'époque de la crue, le Nil Vert charrie les planches d'un bois qui a une odeur semblable à celle de l'encens." *Quatremere.*

Ib.—"*Barges full of bees.*"—*Maillet.*

PAGE 63.—"*Such a profusion of the white flowers,*" *etc.*—"On les voit comme jadis cueillir dans les champs des tiges du lotus, signes du débordement et présages de l'abondance; ils s'enveloppent les bras et le corps avec les longues tiges fleuries, et parcourent les rues," etc. *Description des Tombeaux des Rois, par M. Costaz.*

PAGE 64.—"*While composing his Commentary on the Scriptures.*"—It was during the composition of his great critical work, the Hexapla, that Origen employed these female scribes.

Page 65.—"*That rich tapestry*," *etc.*

Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbe
Texta, Semiramia quæ variantur acu.

Martial.

Page 73.—"*The Place of Weeping.*"—v. Wilford, *Asiatic Researches*, vol. 3. p. 340.

Page 76.—"*We had long since left this mountain behind.*"—The voyages on the Nile are, under favourable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. "En cinq ou six jours," says Maillet, "on pourrait aisément remonter de l'embouchure du Nil à ses cataractes, ou descendre des cataractes jusqu'à la mer." The great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what Belzoni tells us:—"Nous ne mîmes cette fois que deux jours et demi pour faire le trajet du Caire à Melawi, auquel, dans notre second voyage, nous avions employé dix-huit jours."

Page 77.—"*Those mighty statues, that fling their shadows.*"—"Elles ont près de vingt mètres (61 pieds) d'élévation; et au lever du soleil leurs ombres immenses s'étendent au loin sur la chaîne Libyenne." *Description générale de Thèbes, par MM. Jollois et Desvilliers.*

Ib.—"*Those cool alcoves.*"—*Paul Lucas.*

Page 79.—"*Whose waters are half sweet, half bitter.*"—*Paul Lucas.*

Page 81.—"*The Mountain of the Birds.*"—There has been much controversy among the Arabian writers, with respect to the site of this mountain, for which see *Quatremere*, tom. 1. art. *Amoun.*

Page 83.—"*The hand of labour had succeeded*," *etc.*—The monks of Mount Sinai (Shaw says) have covered over near four acres of the naked rocks with fruitful gardens and orchards.

Page 84.—"*The image of a head.*"—There was usually, Tertullian tells us, the image of Christ on the communion-cups.

Ib.—"*Kissed her forehead.*"—"We are rather disposed to infer," says the present Bishop of Lincoln, in his very sensible work on Tertullian, "that, at the conclusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion, the early Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace, in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them."

Ib.—"*Came thus secretly before day-break.*"—It was among the accusations of Celsus against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately and contrary to law; and one of the speakers in the curious work of Minucius Felix calls the Christians "latebrosa et lucifugax natio."

Page 85.—"*In the middle of the Seven Valleys.*"—See Macrizy's account of these valleys, given by Quatremere, tom. 1. p. 450.

Ib.—"*Red Lakes of Nitria.*"—For a striking description of this re-

gion, see *Rameses*,—a work which, though, in general, too technical and elaborate, shows, in many passages, to what picturesque effects the scenery and mythology of Egypt may be made subservient.

Page 85.—"*In the neighbourhood of Antinoë.*"—From the position assigned to Antinoë in this work, we should conclude that it extended much farther to the north, than those few ruins of it that remain would seem to indicate; so as to render the distance between the city and the Mountain of the Birds considerably less than what it appears to be at present.

Page 87.—"*When Isis, the pure star of lovers.*"—v. *Plutarch. de Isid.*

Ib.—"*Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.*"—"Conjunctio solis cum luna, quod est veluti utriusque connubium." *Jablonski.*

Page 89.—"*Of his walks a lion is the companion.*"—M. Chateaubriand has introduced Paul and his lion into the *Martyrs*, liv. 11.

Page 91.—"*A swallow,*" *etc.*—"Je vis dans le désert des hirondelles d'un gris clair comme le sable sur lequel elles volent."—*Denon.*

Page 92.—"*The comet that once desolated this world.*"—In alluding to Whiston's idea of a comet having caused the deluge, M. Girard, having remarked that the word Typhon means a deluge, adds, "On ne peut entendre par le temps du règne de Typhon que celui pendant lequel le déluge inonda la terre, temps pendant lequel on dut observer la comète qui l'occasionna, et dont l'apparition fut, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Égypte et de l'Éthiopie, mais encore pour tous les peuples, le présage funeste de leur destruction presque totale." *Description de la Vallée de l'Egarement.*

Ib.—*In which the Spirit of my dream,*" *etc.*—"Many people," said Origen, "have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a sudden turn to their minds, and offering visions to them either by day or night." On this Jortin remarks:—"Why should it be thought improbable that Pagans of good dispositions, but not free from prejudices, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in those days of distress?"

Page 94.—"*One of those earthen cups.*"—Palladius, who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Ptolemæus, who inhabited the desert of Scete, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks. —*Bibliothec. Pat.* tom. 13.

Ib.—"*It was to preserve, he said,*" *etc.*—The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispensation agrees very much with the view taken of it by Dr. Sumner, the present Bishop of Llandaff, in the first chapters of his eloquent and luminous work, the *Records of the Creation.*

Page 95.—"*In vain did I seek the promise of immortality.*"—"It is

impossible to deny," says the Bishop of Llandaff, "that the sanctions of the Mosaic Law are altogether temporal..... It is, indeed, one of the facts that can only be explained by acknowledging that he really acted under a divine commission, promulgating a temporary law for a peculiar purpose,"—a much more candid and sensible way of treating this very difficult point, than by either endeavouring, like Warburton, to escape from it into a paradox, or still worse, contriving, like Dr. Graves, to increase its difficulty by explanation. v. *On the Pentateuch.* See also Horne's *Introduction, etc.* vol. 1. pag. 226.

Page 95.—"*All are of the dust,*" *etc.*—While Voltaire, Volney, etc. refer to the Ecclesiastes, as abounding with tenets of materialism and Epicurism, M. Des Vœux and others find in it strong proof of belief in a future state. The chief difficulty lies in the chapter from which this text is quoted; and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it,—namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner,—appears forced and gratuitous. v. Dr. Hales's *Analysis.*

Page 96.—"*The noblest and first-created,*" *etc.*—This opinion of the Hermit may be supposed to have been derived from his master, Origen; but it is not easy to ascertain the exact doctrine of Origen on this subject. In the Treatise on Prayer attributed to him, he asserts that God the Father alone should be invoked,—which, says Bayle, is "enchérir sur les hérésies des Sociniens." Notwithstanding this, however, and some other indications of, what was afterwards called, Arianism (such as the opinion of the divinity being received by *communication,* which Milner asserts to have been held by this Father), Origen was one of the authorities quoted by Athanasius in support of his high doctrines of co-eternity and co-essentiality. What Priestley says is, perhaps, the best solution of these inconsistencies;—"Origen, as well as Clemens Alexandrinus, has been thought to favour the Arian principle; but he did it only in words and not in ideas." *Early Opinions, etc.* Whatever uncertainty, however, there may exist with respect to the opinion of Origen himself on this subject, there is no doubt that the doctrines of his immediate followers were, at least, Anti-Athanasian. "So many Bishops of Africa," says Priestley, "were, at this period (between the years 255 and 258), Unitarians, that, Athanasius says, 'The Son of God,'—meaning his divinity,—'was scarcely any longer preached in the churches.'"

Ib.—"*The restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness.*"—This benevolent doctrine,—which not only goes far to solve the great problem of moral and physical evil, but which would, if received more generally, tend to soften the spirit of uncharitableness, so fatally prevalent among Christian sects,—was maintained by that great light of the early Church, Origen, and has not wanted supporters among more modern Theologians. That Tillotson was inclined to the opinion appears from his sermon preached before the queen. Paley is supposed to have held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton (the author of the work on the Prophecies) is also among the supporters of it. For a full account of the arguments in favour of this opinion, derived both from

reason and the express language of Scripture, see Dr. Southwood Smith's very interesting work, "On the Divine Government." See also Magee *on the Atonement*, where the doctrine of the advocates of Universal Restoration is thus briefly and fairly explained:—"Beginning with the existence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Being, as the first and fundamental principle of rational religion, they pronounce the essence of this Being to be *love*, and from this infer, as a demonstrable consequence, that none of the creatures formed by such a Being will ever be made eternally miserable..... Since God (they say) would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes, the sufferings of the wicked can be but remedial, and will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness."

Page 97.—"*Glistened over its silver letters.*"—The Codex Cottonianus of the New Testament is written in silver letters on a purple ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is supposed to be the identical copy that belonged to Origen.

Ib.—"*Fruit of the desert-shrub.*"—v. Hamilton's *Ægyptiaca.*

Page 99.—"*The white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger.*"—See, for the custom among the early Christians of wearing white for a few days after baptism, *Ambros. de Myst.*—With respect to the ring, the Bishop of Lincoln says, in his work on Tertullian, "The natural inference from these words (*Tertull. de Pudicitia*) appears to be that a ring used to be given in baptism; but I have found no other trace of such a custom."

Ib.—"*Pebbles of jasper.*"—v. *Clarke.*

Page 100.—"*Stunted marigold,*" *etc.*—"Les *Mesembryanthemum nodiflorum* et *Zygophyllum coccineum*, plantes grasses des déserts, rejetées, à cause de leur âcreté, par les chameaux, les chèvres et les gazelles." M. Delille *upon the plants of Egypt.*

Ib.—"*Antinoë.*"—v. *Savary* and *Quatremere.*

Page 102.—"*I have observed in my walks.*"—"Je remarquai, avec une réflexion triste, qu'un animal de proie accompagne presque toujours les pas de ce joli et frêle individu."

Page 103.—"*Some denier of Christ.*—Those Christians who sacrificed to Idols to save themselves were called by various names, *Thurificati, Sacrificati, Mittentes, Negatores, etc.* Baronius mentions a bishop of this period (253), Marcellinus, who, yielding to the threats of the Gentiles, threw incense upon the altar. v. Arnob. *contra Gent.* lib. 7.

Page 105.—"*The clear voice with which, etc.*—The merit of the confession "Christianus sum," or "Christiana sum," was considerably enhanced by the clearness and distinctness with which it was pronounced. *Eusebius* mentions the martyr Vetius as making it λαμπροτατη φωνη.

Page 108.—"*The band round the young Christian's brow.*"—We find poisonous crowns mentioned by Pliny, under the designation of "coronæ ferales." Paschalius, too, gives the following account of these "deadly garlands," as he calls them —"Sed mirum est tam salutare inventum humanam nequitiam reperisse, quomodo ad nefarios usus traducent. Nempe, repertæ sunt nefandæ coronæ harum, quas dixi, tam salubrium per nomen quidem et speciem imitatrices, at re et effectu ferales, atque adeo capitis, cui imponuntur, interfectrices." *De Coronis.*

THE END.